Collier's
TEN CENTS
DECEMBER 29, 1945
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Christmas: Atomic Age

By NORMAN CORWIN

PAGE 13

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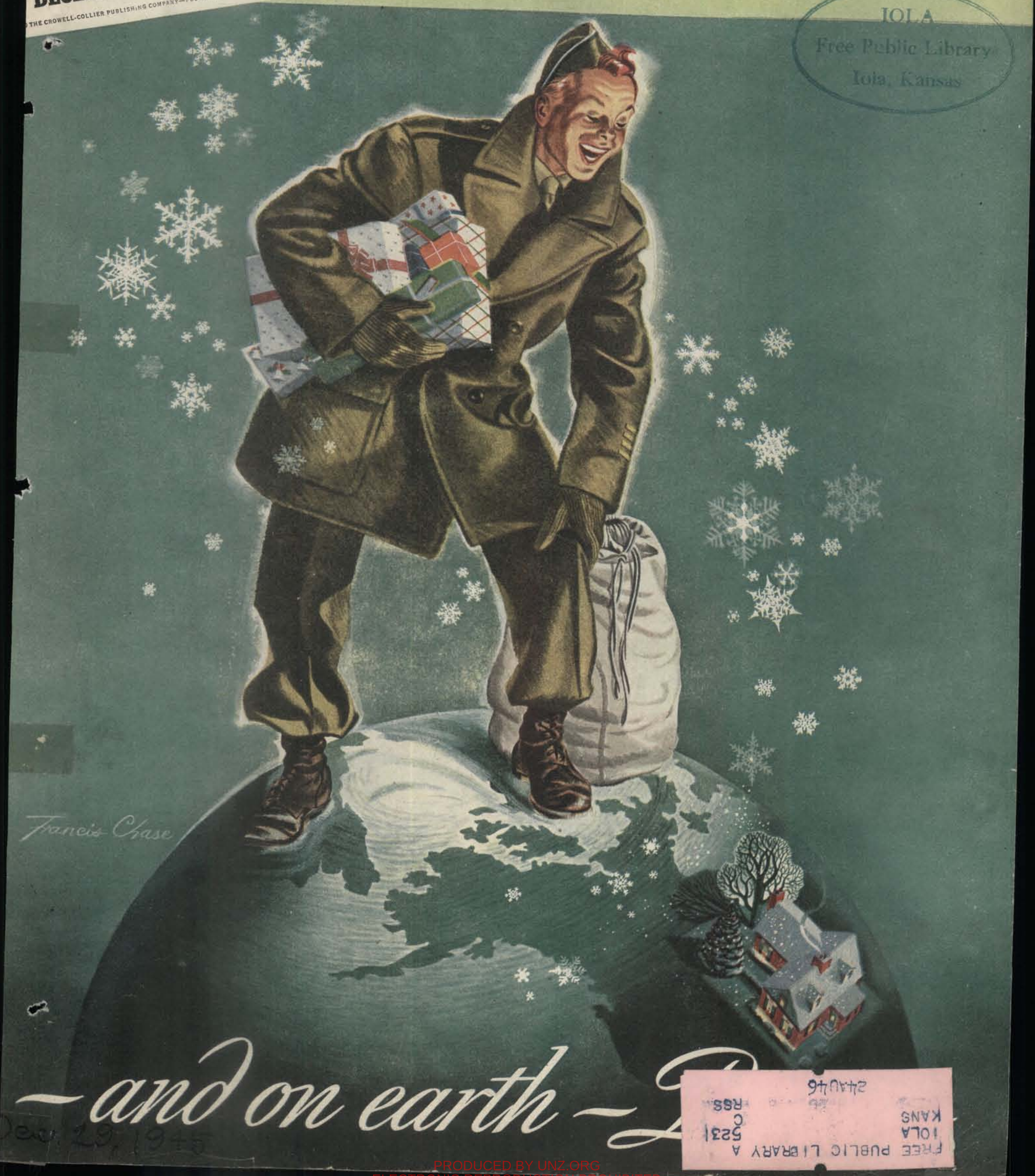

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NO DEPOSIT NO RETURN
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Duraglas

Glass neither adds to flavor, nor subtracts from it. 1946 will bring beer—*glass*-protected—in this "1-Way" bottle. No deposit on it, no return!

Trusted protection plus *new* convenience—the Duraglas bottle!

You know beer will taste like *itself*, when you buy it in bottles. Nothing is added. Nothing's subtracted. Glass holds beer's goodness completely intact. And during this new year—1946—you will have the new "1-Way" bottle shown above. It holds the same amount of beer you're used to getting. But when you have enjoyed your beer, you will simply discard this "1-Way" bottle-of-tomorrow. *There's no deposit on it —and you don't return it!*

There are a thousand and one other things you buy for which Duraglas, the *modern* container, provides ideal, economical protection. Owens-Illinois Glass Company, Toledo 1, Ohio.

Duraglas
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

CONTAINERS THAT GIVE A LIFT TO LIVING

PIN-UP GIRL...MODEL MOTHER

Beauty winner turned model says:
"My dental 'beauty secret' is no secret to my daughter!"

YOU MIGHT THINK that being a model, secretary and singer would be career enough for any woman. Especially when you add beauty prizes and an officers' "Pin-up Club" in the South Pacific.

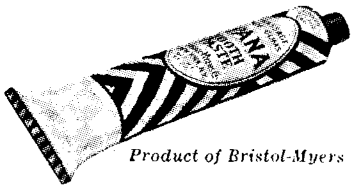
But not for Florida's lovely Laura O'Banion. Her major interest lies in her blond, 7-year-old daughter Patricia, whose wholesome smile already reflects her mother's care.

For Laura's modeling career has taught her the importance of a smile. And she's making sure that Patty practices the same dental "beauty secret" she herself follows: *Regular brushing, followed by gum massage with extra Ipana.* A radiant smile, you see, depends on sparkling teeth. And sparkling teeth call for firm, healthy gums.

A third-grader at seven is Patty. And smart enough to realize the importance of her nightly workout on teeth and gums with Ipana. For Mother has explained that gums should be massaged every time she cleans her teeth with this famous tooth paste. This speeds up needed circulation within the gums, thus helping to safeguard her future smile.

The way to train a smile is this. First, Patty brushes her teeth. Then she massages with Ipana, too, to guard against tender gums. Among adults, sensitive gums often herald their warning with a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—a sign to *see your dentist right away.* He may merely suggest, as so many do, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

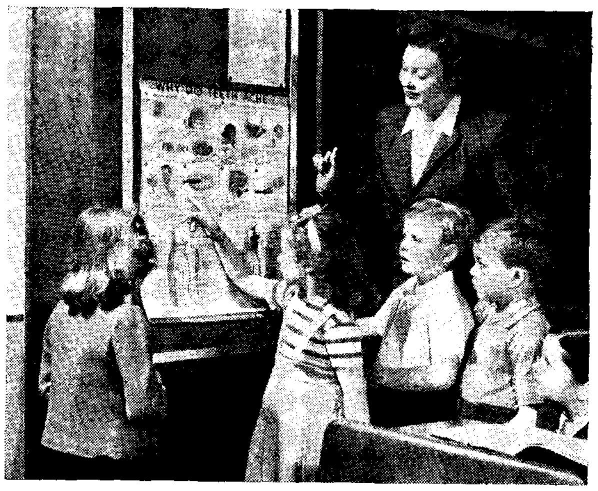
World's two loveliest smiles, according to proud father William O'Banion, a Government aircraft communicator. One reason they're such charmers is because the O'Banion teeth and gums get proper care. Mother knows that today's soft, creamy foods don't give gums the exercise they need—that Ipana is specially designed, with massage, to help gums to healthier firmness.



Product of Bristol-Myers

Firmer Gums—Brighter Teeth with

Ipana and Massage



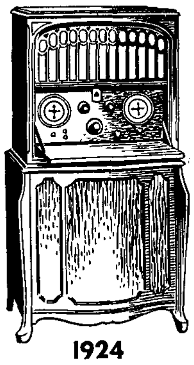
Should parents go to school to learn what so many children already know—the value of gum massage? For proper care of teeth and gums is being taught in thousands of classrooms today. Not only that: 7 in 10 dentists recommend gum massage, as shown in a nationwide survey. Same survey shows that dentists prefer Ipana 2 to 1 over any other dentifrice *for their own use!*

on the Receiving End

BY PAUL PEREGRINE

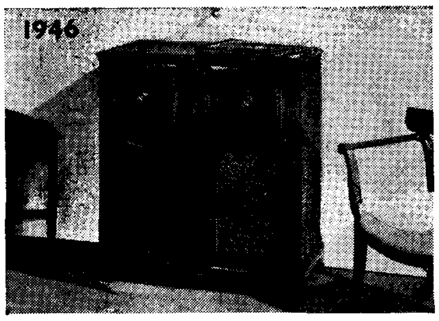
MR. PEREGRINE, whose column appears in this space from time to time, was for 20 years a radio dealer. He calls 'em as he sees 'em.

AT THE Christmas Holiday season it's good to remember old times and old things . . . The traditional wreath on the front door . . . The "oh-I-didn't-know-it-was-there!" mistletoe hanging in the front hall . . . And the centuries-old carols that today sing their way into your living room from a broadcasting station maybe hundreds of miles away—*by radio.*



1924

AND SPEAKING of good old things, this sketch shows an RCA radio of twenty years ago—a set I remember well because it was a best-seller in 1924-25. It's the famous Radiola Super-VIII. Six tubes. No record player. And the price was $425. *less batteries!* You couldn't operate a radio in those days without some kind of batteries because it wasn't until 1925 that RCA introduced receivers operating from house current.



NOW COMPARE that set with the new 1946 Victrola* 59V1, which will soon be on the market for approximately $200. (that's $225. less than its famous battery-operated predecessor). Here's a nine-tube (including a rectifier tube) radio phonograph combination which *does* play records . . . twelve 10″ or ten 12″ records. Plays them with marvelous efficiency, too. Has modulated, variable treble and bass controls and the new, de luxe "roll-out" record changer. The radio part has push-button tuning and many other refinements, but the thing I want to stress most in this radio phonograph is *better listenin'*. The 59V1 has the "Golden Throat"—RCA Victor's exclusive 3-way acoustical system which has to be *heard* to be understood and appreciated.

YOU BEGIN to get the comparison, I guess, so be sure to ask your RCA Victor dealer to tip you off when the new Victrola* 59V1 comes in. In the meantime—

Yours for Better Listenin'

Paul Peregrine

*Trade-mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Advertisement

Collier's

FOR DECEMBER 29, 1945

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				HELEN P. BUTLER	*Syntax*	JOHN SCHAFFNER	*Fiction*

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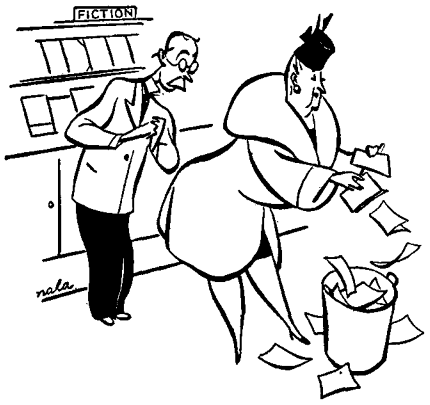
any week

IT'S Mr. Clement Attlee's privilege, of course, to worry about the future of England. But we recommend to him the well-furred and tradition-cleaving lady—elderly—who marched sturdily into one of New York's busiest bookstores recently and purchased a book which in three hundred pages made it clear that the author had discovered that the British Empire was all washed up. She carried the book gingerly to the nearest wastebasket, tore each leaf out down the middle and finally dropped the covers in after them. Then she carefully wiped her fingers, said, "Nonsense," and departed triumphantly, feeling ever so much better.



SETTING a good example of co-operation for the somewhat coy erstwhile Allies, we have got together with Mr. Lige Beard of Waynesboro, Mississippi. Mr. Beard wants to "swap ads with us." He is about to launch a publication to be called The Threshing Floor. In the meantime, however, he announces: "Lige Beard, Captain of the Watch, a Member only of the Human Race, will say a speech (date to be announced) for a greater State, Nation, Race to make the world safe for Babies. He will sing a new love song. Come out early—old and young. Hear the Man rattle his tongue. He will tell nearly all he knows. Admission: Pay Attention." We have decided that there is plenty of room in this world for both Collier's and The Threshing Floor.

AND here's a letter from a gentleman in Bakersfield, California—three large pages, closely written on both sides. More about it later perhaps. He starts out thus: "This letter will reach you on a Friday. It is a very tiresome letter so do not try to read it in one day. Read a page a day if you can. If not, don't bother." Apparently this urge to co-operate is really taking hold.

IF WE had a shred of courage we'd take our shoes and socks off and go to work. As it is, we sit here sniffling and sneezing

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Pneumonia fights a losing battle!

Since 1934, prompt medical care and new drugs have halved deaths among pneumonia patients! But pneumonia is still dangerous, because some kinds defy penicillin and sulfa. Although pneumonia usually attacks those weakened by fatigue, unusual exposure, or grippe, it can also strike healthy people!

Don't Give Pneumonia a Chance!

If you start to sniffle and sneeze, take care of yourself—for a severe or protracted cold is often the forerunner of pneumonia.

Drink plenty of fruit juices, milk, and water. Go to bed if possible. If the cold is a bad one, or hangs on more than a few days, consult your doctor.

Pneumonia's first warning is often a severe chill, followed by a fever. It may already have attacked if you have coughing accompanied by pain in the side or chest, rapid, labored breathing, or thick, rust-colored sputum.

If any of these symptoms appear, call a doctor at once! Go to bed and remain absolutely quiet.

Only your own physician can determine whether it is advisable to use serum, sulfa drugs, or penicillin in your case. Even then they should be used only under his direct supervision.

Unfortunately, certain infections such as virus pneumonia do not respond to such aids. In cases like these, *prompt diagnosis and medical and nursing care* are even more essential, and will increase tremendously the probability of recovery without serious complications.

While medical science is helping to bring pneumonia down in the "cause-of-death" list, its *prevention* is still up to you! For further information about pneumonia, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, 16-C, "Respiratory Diseases."

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Please send me a copy of your booklet, 16-C, entitled "Respiratory Diseases."

Name________________________

Street________________________

City______________State________

THE WAR IS NOT OVER against Infantile Paralysis! Add your support to the annual campaign of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, from January 14th to 31st. The Foundation's research, and its epidemic aid and assistance to Infantile Paralysis victims must go on!

SHALER
RISLONE
REG U.S. PAT. OFF.
"The Oil Alloy"
Motor Gum & Sludge Formations
FREES STICKY VALVES
RESTORES LOST COMPRESSION
"BREAK-IN" PROTECTS NEW & POWER
QUICK FLOWING & IN SUB-ZERO
STARTING & IMMEDIATE
NEW MOTORS

Add one quart RISLONE to every 3 quarts regular oil right in the crankcase.

BANISH WINTER DRIVING PROBLEMS

- Facilitate Easy Starting
- Save Battery Life
- Prevent Gum and Sludge Formation
- Free Sticking Valves
- Restore Engine Pep and Power

Low temperatures cause oil to congeal in the engine and make starting difficult. A heavy load is placed on the battery and starting motor. Gums and sludge form quicker and proper lubrication is retarded. Valves stick, compression is lost and engines become sluggish.

RISLONE added to the regular oil right in the crankcase keeps the oil free-flowing even at sub-zero temperatures . . . it absorbs gums and sludge, frees sticking valves, restores lost engine compression and power.

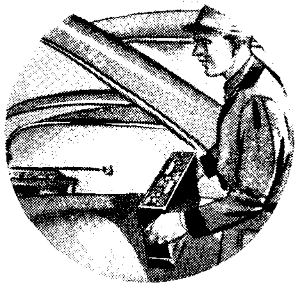
Thus your motor spins easily and facilitates a quicker start because oil is not congealed, valves seat forcibly and full compression is restored.

Prolong Life of Engines

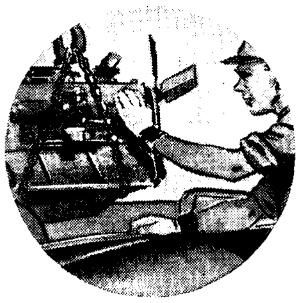
With Shaler RISLONE in your engine, full lubrication is assured to all engine parts *as soon as you start*. Damage to moving parts due to lack of proper lubrication is avoided. RISLONE gives you a smoother, quieter running engine with more pep and power.

Prosecution of the War Effort made it impossible to meet the demand for RISLONE for the past three years. Now increased production has been made available to satisfy the demand of the automotive trade for civilian use. Your car dealer, service garage, or gas station should be ready to supply you now—Ask for RISLONE, The Oil Alloy . . . accept no substitute. It is made by the makers of world-famous Shaler "HOT PATCHES", the safest tube repairs known. . . . THE SHALER COMPANY, Waupun, Wisconsin, and Canadian Shaler Products Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

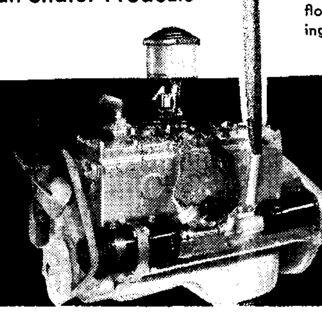
Will Your Car Start?
Don't get caught like this when temperatures drop . . . Add RISLONE to your crankcase oil *Now*.



Avoid Ruined Batteries
Congealed, thickened oil causes hard starting and battery troubles. RISLONE added to crankcase oil will keep oils free-flowing.



Cut Costly Motor Repairs
Engine parts wear faster in cold weather if oil is not kept free-flowing. Worn rings and bearings mean costly repairs. Prevent this with RISLONE.



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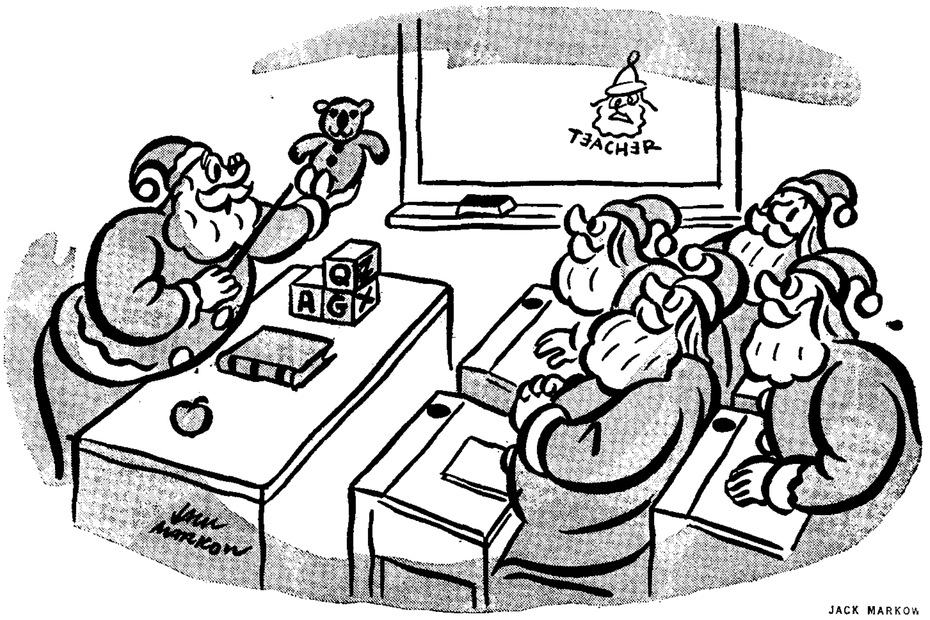

JACK MARKOW

Keep up with the world

by Freling Foster

One of America's unusual educational institutions is the Santa Claus School in Albion, New York. Founded in 1937 by Charles W. Howard, this unique school gives instruction in the various subjects every department-store Santa Claus should know, its 18 courses covering, for example, the art of make-up, showmanship, child psychology, and the recreational and educational value of the different types of toys.

No crown prince of modern times has waited for his throne as long as Sweden's Gustav Adolph, who is now 63 and whose father at 87 is still king after 38 years. The second longest period of waiting was that of Albert Edward, son of Queen Victoria, who was 59 when he succeeded her in 1901.

While a patent issued in the United States for a term of 17 years costs only $60 in fees, those issued in many other countries cost considerably more because, in addition to fees, they are subject to a tax which is increased annually. Shortly before the war the ultimate cost of a British patent for 16 years was $740 and that of a German patent for 18 years was $1,965.

Standing causes about as much fatigue as walking because a person uses at least 300 muscles merely to maintain his balance. Yet Illinois and Mississippi have no laws which require employers to provide seats for workers and Florida alone requires them to provide seats for men as well as women.—*By Dr. Arthur W. Thomas, Cleveland, Ohio.*

The greatest distance swimmer of all time is Pedro Candioti of Santa Fé, Argentina, who has been staging marathon swims since 1922, the most important being his annual attempt, never yet successful, to swim the 205 miles of the Paraná River between Rosario and Buenos Aires. During this period, he spent approximately 3,500 hours in the water and swam about 15,000 miles, a distance equivalent to five crossings of the Atlantic between New York and Southampton.

Today's struggle between the Chinese Communists and the Nationalist government recalls that in 1936 Chiang Kai-shek offered rewards totaling $1,200,000 for the capture, dead or alive, of 13 men and two women members of the Communist army. Of these rewards, the two largest, offered for Leader Mao Tse-tung and General Chu Teh, were $250,000 apiece.

In the United States, only 30 per cent of the men and eight per cent of the women who attempt suicide are successful.

Eight years ago, the York River in Virginia had become so turbulent, through the pumping of its water into industrial plants, that its shifting silt buried and suffocated many of the oysters growing on its bottom. Purchasing the oyster rights of the river at that time, a new company began to grow its oysters in racks suspended in the water, with the result that these beds now produce one of the finest oyster crops in America.—*By John B. Tuttle, New York City.*

The Supreme or highest courts in our 48 states are presided over by a total of 298 justices, the number per court ranging from three to nine. While the annual salaries of 283 of these justices range from $3,000 to $19,500 and average $9,000, the salaries of the other 15, who are chief justices, range from $5,500 to $20,000 and average $12,000.

Since the time of Christ, scholars have discussed the psychological phenomenon of people seeing colors when they hear music. Yet no color organs which play music and show colors at the same time, or compositions for them, were produced until the 18th century. In fact, the only famous composition scored for both music and color was Prometheus by Alexander Scriabin; and its one presentation took place at Carnegie Hall in New York on March 20, 1915. As each person sees a different color when hearing a certain note, the concert was a failure because the audience was confused by the discrepancy between the colors thrown on the screen and those created in their own minds.

For more than two centuries, numerous villages in Japan have competed with one another each summer in making and flying giant kites. Not long ago, one of them, which was circular in shape and cost nearly $1,000, had an area of 3,000 square feet, weighed half a ton, was equipped with 6,200 feet of rope and required 200 men to control it in the air.

A recent study of the public services owned and operated by our 1,077 cities of more than 10,000 population shows that only 728 own their water supply, 500 a sewage treatment plant, 422 an airport, 279 a city incinerator, 247 a public auditorium, 120 an electric generating plant, 34 a bus or street railway system, 31 a slaughterhouse and 28 a gas works; while 96 of these municipalities owned none of these utilities.

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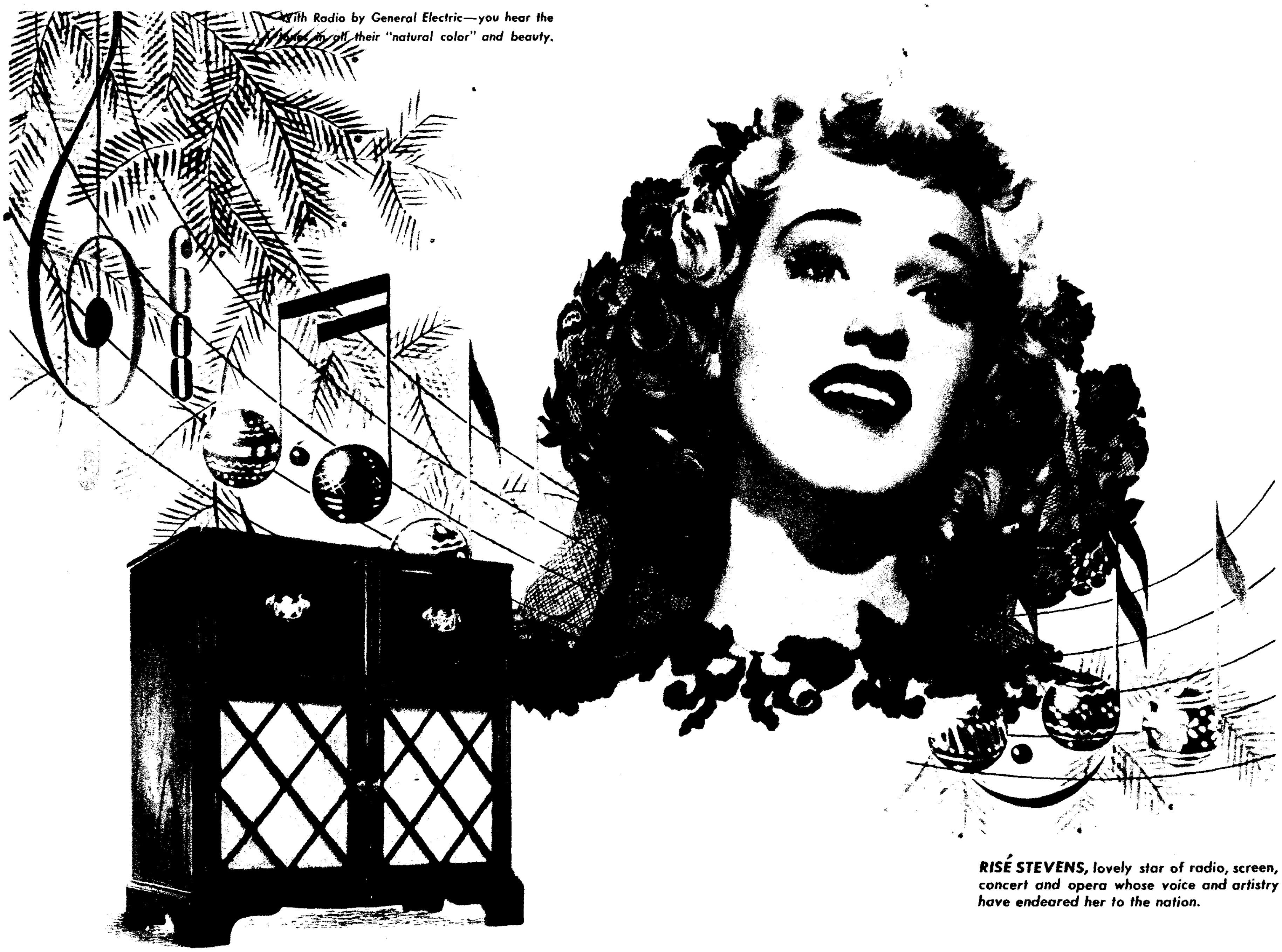

With Radio by General Electric—you hear the tones in all their "natural color" and beauty.

***RISË STEVENS,** lovely star of radio, screen, concert and opera whose voice and artistry have endeared her to the nation.*

A gift to great music—natural color tone on this great new radio-phonograph

YOU'LL never know how fine a popular priced radio-phonograph can be until you hear the "natural color" tone of this magnificent instrument—until you see the exquisite beauty of its authentic period cabinet.

Amazing New Electronic Reproducer

♪ You'll experience a new thrill when with magic touch the amazing G-E Electronic Reproducer recreates delicate harmonies . . . shimmering overtones you never heard before on even your most familiar records. You hear "natural color" music, unbelievably free from surface and needle noise . . . you can forget about wear and tear on your precious records.

New Automatic Record Changer

♪ You'll enjoy the luxury of continuous performance given by the newly designed and very efficient General Electric automatic record changer—so quick—so gentle with records—so dependable. And the generous record compartment will store as many records as former radio-phonographs selling for twice as much.

Greatly Improved Radio Reception

♪ New electronic developments, new G-E features—in this and in all of the new General Electric radios—bring new sensitivity and fidelity of tone—new realism—as though the artists stood within the very room.

Dealers now have superb General Electric radios in many models. Soon they will feature the revolutionary G-E self-charging portable, General Electric FM, and G-E television receivers for the utmost in home entertainment.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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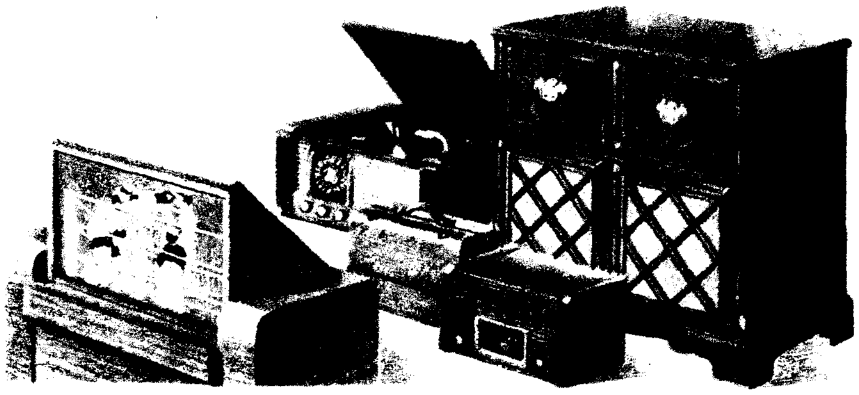
LEADER IN RADIO, TELEVISION AND ELECTRONICS

RADIOS



Type of 6-engine Clipper Pan American World Airways will place in service in the future. Dependable Champion Spark Plugs are used throughout Pan American's far-flung operation, as in most other leading airlines.

PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS

New Horizons...

IN SPARK PLUG PERFORMANCE!

Wartime necessity produced technological advances in Champion Spark Plugs which were outstandingly evident in the performance of the most advanced aircraft engines. Equally great strides were made in Champion Spark Plugs for other engines.

CHAMPION
PATENTED

Today, there are new horizons in spark plug performance for your present car, if you insist on dependable Champion Spark Plugs. The unequalled manufacturing facilities and experience exclusive to Champion are solidly back of every Champion Spark Plug. That's why it will pay you to insist on Champions—the automotive spark plugs with aircraft prestige and efficiency. Champion Spark Plug Company, Toledo 1, Ohio.

DEPENDABLE

CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS

INTERNATIONAL

Now almost forgotten, the hazardous flight of Hugh Herndon and Clyde Pangborn across the Pacific in 1931 won them $25,000 from a Japanese newspaper

Wing Talk

EDITED BY

FREDERICK R. NEELY

JAPAN zealously guarded its home islands against foreign aerial photography in peace, but by the end of the war they had become the most thoroughly air-photographed of all enemy territory. As Fairchild Camera's Dick Bailey was talking about Army and Navy photo-reconnaissance over Japan, we recalled hazily how a couple of itinerant Americans photographed some Jap scenery from a civilian airplane in 1931 and created an international incident that was positively ludicrous.

So we sought out the principal in the case, veteran and master pilot Clyde Pangborn, to tell, even at this late date, just what happened. Pang, by the way, as a civilian pilot, made more ferry flights across the Atlantic delivering planes to Britain than any other airman, his friends declare.

Pang was on a world flight in a single-engined Bellanca monoplane and his companion was Hugh Herndon, described as a New York socialite, and now an airline pilot.

"We had a 16-mm. movie camera," Pang recalls, "and we photographed some ships in the harbor at Hokadati and some fishing boats—nothing of a military nature, but the Japs charged us with having some very fine photos of military installations. Our spy trial lasted 21 days and ran from six to eight hours per day. All the while we were under arrest at the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo. It ended with each of us being fined $1,025. Then it took us five weeks of bartering before we were allowed to take off. We were told that if we had to return after the take-off, we would have to go home by boat.

"We finally got away from Samishiro Beach, 300 miles northwest of Tokyo on Honshu Island on October 3d, and we flew nonstop across the Pacific to Wenatchee, Washington. It is still the only nonstop transpacific flight on record, as the recent flights of the B-29s followed a land route, according to reports. The mileage, including circling back to Wenatchee from Spokane, was 5,300; average speed 129 miles per hour and time in the air, 41 hours.

"And we accomplished it without aid from any source. I overhauled the engine, fixed the landing gear for dropping after take-off to cut down drag and had to use automobile gas. We had no oxygen, no radio, no parachutes, no life rafts and no cushions to sit on. It was some fun, fifteen to eighteen thousand feet all the way."

However, the silver lining for the troubles of Pangborn and Herndon was their winning the $25,000 prize which a Tokyo newspaper had posted for the first transpacific flight.

A SEMIANNUAL duty of this department before the war is now resumed.

Warning to student pilots: Do not carry passengers. Your student license will be revoked, you'll be blacklisted and never allowed to hold any type of pilot certificate.

Warning to people everywhere: Don't fly with a student pilot. He might want to show off. You might get killed!

OLD-TIME test pilots used to bring back reports on a new plane in this succinct manner: "Paint it red and throw it over the fence, it's no damned good," and walk away. Then the performance information for the eager manufacturer took the form of a brief data sheet strapped to the pilot's knee and on which he made a few notations between trying to save his life or that of the new plane. Because that wasn't conclusive, a tiny camera was mounted in the cockpit to record a running photographic story of the instrument readings. But there was a lag between the time the pictures were made and the film processed; and if the test pilot had to leave the ship, the instruments invariably were destroyed in the crash.

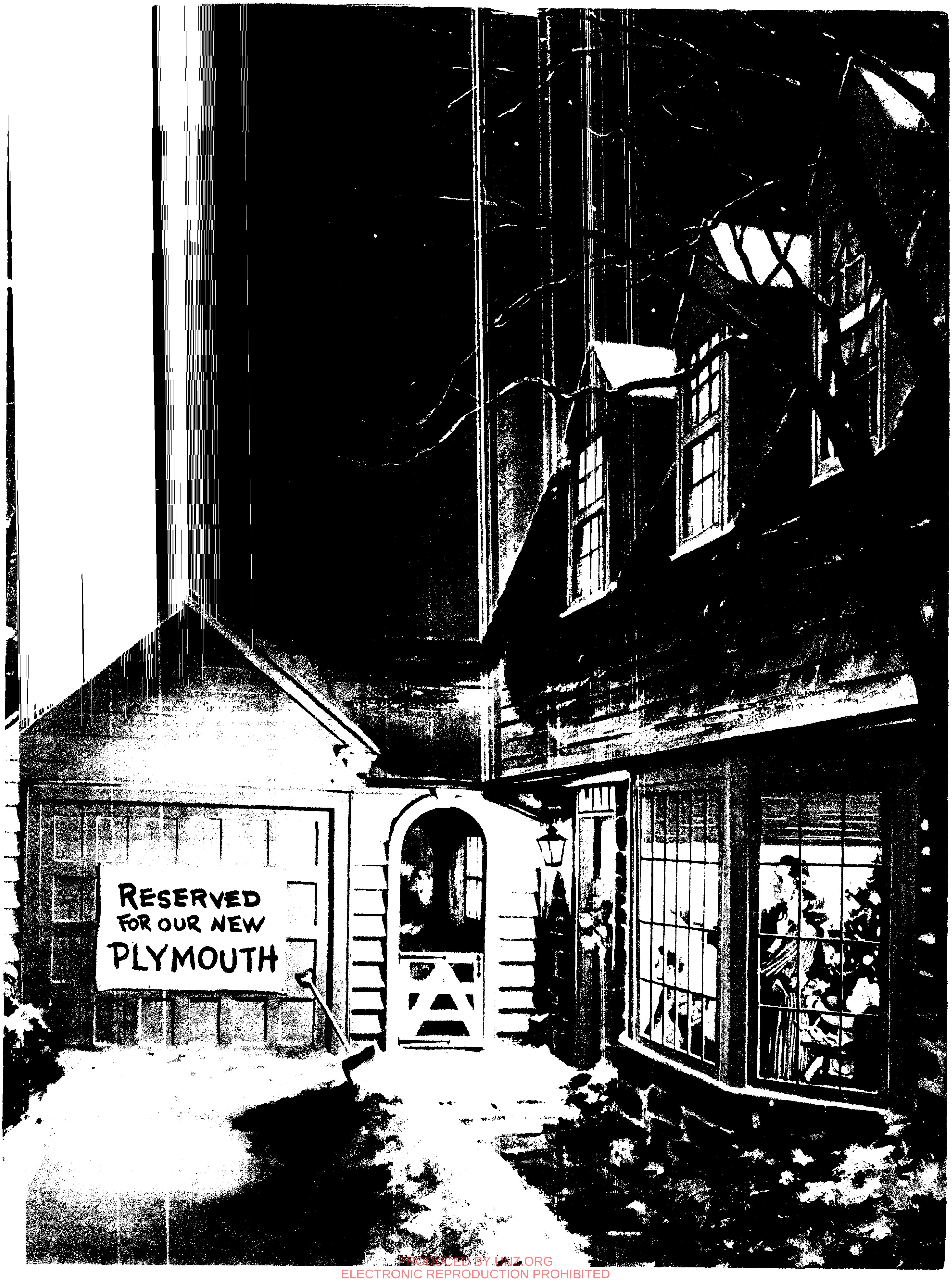
Now comes the final step which plane manufacturers have worked for so long: transmission by television of the instrument panel in flight to research experts on the ground who received an up-to-the-second view of the cockpit and all that goes on therein. It's been worked out by Bell Aircraft for the Army and by Curtiss-Wright for the Navy.

PRETTY little Midge Winters, of Los Angeles, former publicity director for Western Air Lines, sent us a story about how the airplane will revolutionize the film industry by making the synthetic motion picture a thing of the past. It's to be done by flying to the scene of the story, no matter where, instead of erecting it on a Hollywood lot.

Because we know nothing about movies, we sent this story to our West Coast expert, Mr. Jim Marshall. Without removing his feet from the desk or relaxing the grip on his pipe, he hissed out this reply, which we reproduce herewith without his permission:

"I have read Miss Winters' story about the movies going in for realism via airplane. This is obviously insane, because everyone knows that if you want to make a picture showing Washington, Washington is the last place you go to shoot it. Not the type. Besides, it is cheaper to build Washington on the back lot here than to take a troupe there."

MEMO to clannish and irate B-17 pilots: Stop accusing this department of not knowing the difference between a Douglas C-54 Skymaster and a Boeing B-17 Flying Fortress! Sure, that caption on the picture illustrating Mr. W. B. Courtney's excellent story in the September 29th issue was wrong when it identified the plane as a "C-54-E." It was a B-17, and the people who wrote the caption know it now! ★★★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FOR OUR NEW
PLYMOUTH

SOONER THAN YOU DARED HOPE...

...The day will come when you can choose from a breath-taking array of Stromberg-Carlson radios and radio-phonographs an instrument that really measures up to all you've looked forward to in tone, beauty, and performance.

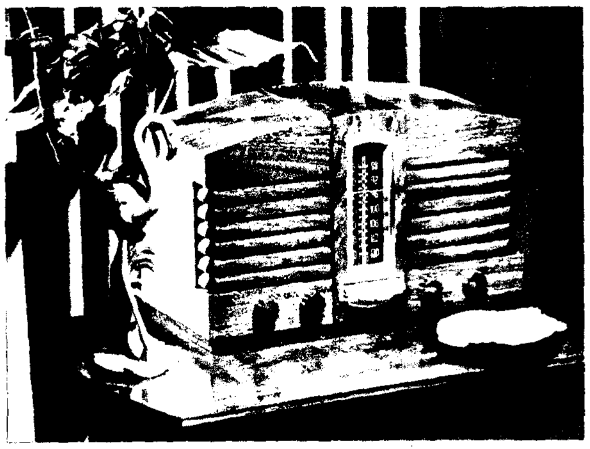
You may have heard that finer tone and reproduction were many months away... *but with Stromberg-Carlson that is not the case.* All we say is... go to your dealer's and listen the day his new Stromberg-Carlsons arrive!

You may have read that real advances would be few in the first models... *but* just take a look at the swifter, quieter, smoother Stromberg-Carlson record changers! See how much more big set selectivity and fine tone have been built into even the smallest table models! How advances engineered into Stromberg-Carlson FM receivers will assure you breath-taking reception on both the present and newly approved FM frequencies and put you in a position to make the most of coming Stromberg-Carlson Wire Recording developments in FM type receivers.

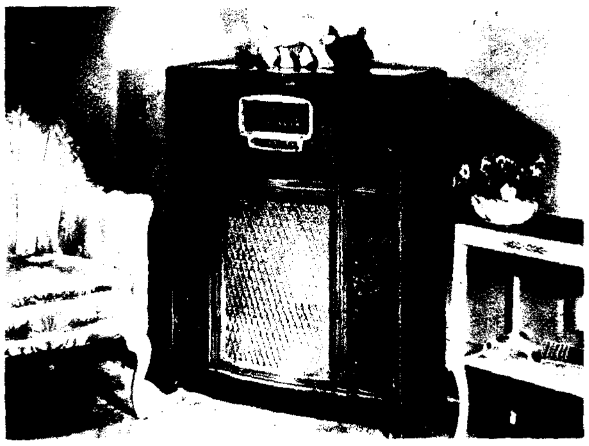
Yes... new wartime technological advances and 51 years of experience are working wonders at Stromberg-Carlson. You will have them sooner than you dared hope... and they'll be available over a range of prices which will make it possible for every family to enjoy all that Stromberg-Carlson alone can offer.

THE NEW WORLD *(left)*—Pan-American in the trend of its pattern, with uniquely original disappearing doors, this automatic radio-phonograph contains all the famous S-C technical advances. Receives on standard, two FM bands, and short wave with spread-band tuning. Phonograph engineered for wire recording.

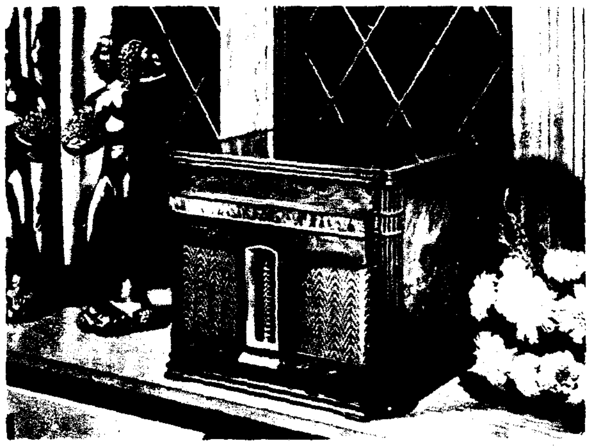
SOON AT YOUR AUTHORIZED DEALERS...THESE FINEST STROMBERG-CARLSONS IN HISTORY



THE STYLIST—AC 3-gang table radio in an attractive, modern, louvered-front cabinet. Standard broadcast band and spread-band short wave. Six station push buttons.



THE IMPERIAL—The ideal console radio. Outstanding reproduction on standard broadcast, both present and newly approved FM bands, and spread-band International short wave. Incorporates all new electronic advances.



THE IMPRESARIO—A highly compact, 3-gang AC radio and automatic phonograph combination in a traditional cabinet of rich mahogany veneer. Standard broadcast and spread-band short wave. Six station push buttons.

For the main radio in your home...there is nothing finer than a **STROMBERG-CARLSON**

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COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR DECEMBER 29, 1945

Light the Candles

By Nancy Shores

A blizzard, a girl's handbag, a motherly cabdriver, and a long chance — it took all these to make Christmas come true for a soldier who thought the best things in his life were lost forever

WHEN he walked slowly, he didn't limp. But he walked as if he were very tired. The silver wings glittered under the double band of bright ribbons on his breast. He looked as if he had once weighed more—as if something had shrunk the great muscles that barreled up to wide shoulders, and he seemed to stoop. The silver leaves of a lieutenant colonel shone on his shoulders. His name was Richard Thorp, it was not long since he had been released from a Japanese prison camp, and he was just off the train from Washington, where a man with a tired face and kind, shrewd eyes had hung another medal on him. He had made his manners, he had been properly impressed with the honor history was doing him—but his weariness had come through in spite of him; there was nothing young in his face. And on this evening when he walked slowly through the great station, in spite of the fact that he had forgotten the anniversary, he was twenty-five years old.

He was on terminal leave. And he had no place to spend it—no one to spend it with—no one who knew him well enough to care. There was Carl, but the Tunisian sands had covered Carl. And there was Barney—but Barney had spiraled into the China Sea. Their bright faces, laughing, taunting, fled before his mind's eye. He flung away his cigarette and walked out to the cab rank. He tossed a bill to the redcap and gave an address. It was a little hotel where he and Carl had stopped on their leave so long before. A lifetime and a death time.

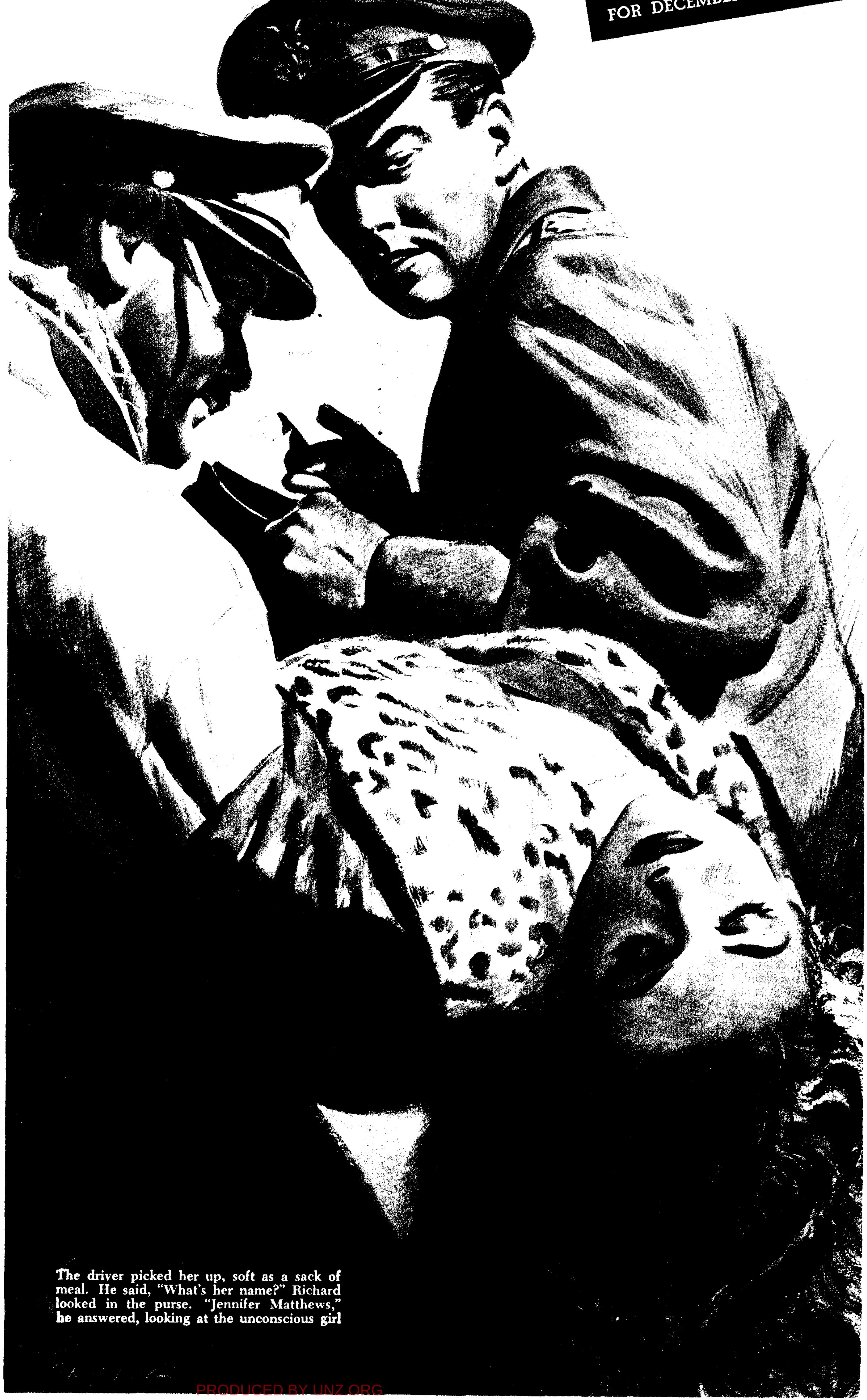
While the cab fought through the small clouds of snow, he tried to think what was the matter. What ailed him? He was alive, and free, wasn't he? The war was over. But it was like trying to see down through an overcast, and he brushed his eyes with a slow hand. Nothing got through the icy glaze that had settled on him.

There was a scream of brakes and a cab came out of the snow beside them, crossed them in a long skid and lurched to the curb. His own driver put the brakes on and stopped and leaned out—"You okay?"

The other driver looked at him bitterly. "Busted axle, it feels like. Hey, lady, this is as far as I go." His passenger stepped out of the cab as if she were coming down her family staircase, small and unaware. Richard's cabdriver called out, "Where you goin', lady?"

Richard didn't hear her answer, but the driver reached back and twisted the door

ILLUSTRATED BY
HOWARD FORSBERG



The driver picked her up, soft as a sack of meal. He said, "What's her name?" Richard looked in the purse. "Jennifer Matthews," he answered, looking at the unconscious girl open, and she got in. He muttered, "Share the ride, pal," and slammed the door shut and they went on.

She discovered Richard, and she said, "Oh," as if she were acknowledging an introduction. He smiled vaguely and looked away, remembering only that her face was a child's face, and that she had some kind of brown fur on her arm. Neither of them spoke, and they all went on, each in his own silence. The driver was trying to remember which guy had tapped him for a fin the night before at Louie's. Richard was trying to feel his way out of the icy fog that was on him. Whatever the girl was thinking, it kept her chin in her hand while she looked out at the snow.

She said, finally, "The next corner, driver," and reached for her purse. The fur draped over her arm discovered itself to be a little brown dog who wanted to play, and Richard helped get the small dog back on the seat. He said, "No. Never mind; let me pay. A pleasure, really." And she got out without a backward look.

They went on through the white swirl. As they wheeled in to the curb, the driver said, over his shoulder, "You got a reservation, Mac?"

Richard raised an eyebrow in acute anger, as swift as a gust of wind, and brushed it away. He said, "No. Should I have phoned?"

The driver said, "You better leave the stuff here and see."

RICHARD got out, slipping a little on the slick pavement, and he went across the walk very slowly. The clerk was surprised to see him. There wasn't any room. He said something about reservations. Richard went back out to the cab. He stopped at the curb and lit a cigarette. The cold made him shiver, and he reached for the handle on the door, swung it open, slipped and sprawled on the floor. His fingers touched something, even while he regained his balance. It was a small handbag. He said, "No, I'm all right. Is there a light here?" He opened the bag. There was a Social Security tag in it, and forty-one dollars, and her address. He said, "Turn around and go back. The lady dropped her purse."

They went back in the furry silence, with the cab's lights faulty on the snow. Girls had to have money; people had to eat . . .

It was the same corner where the small girl had got out. They turned and went down the street—three, four, five blocks, and Richard realized that she had tried to spare him, to save him time on his home-going. She was sitting inside, on the cold marble steps, when they got there, the little dog asleep on her lap. She didn't look up; didn't look at them. Richard touched her on the shoulder, and she fell forward and lay at his feet.

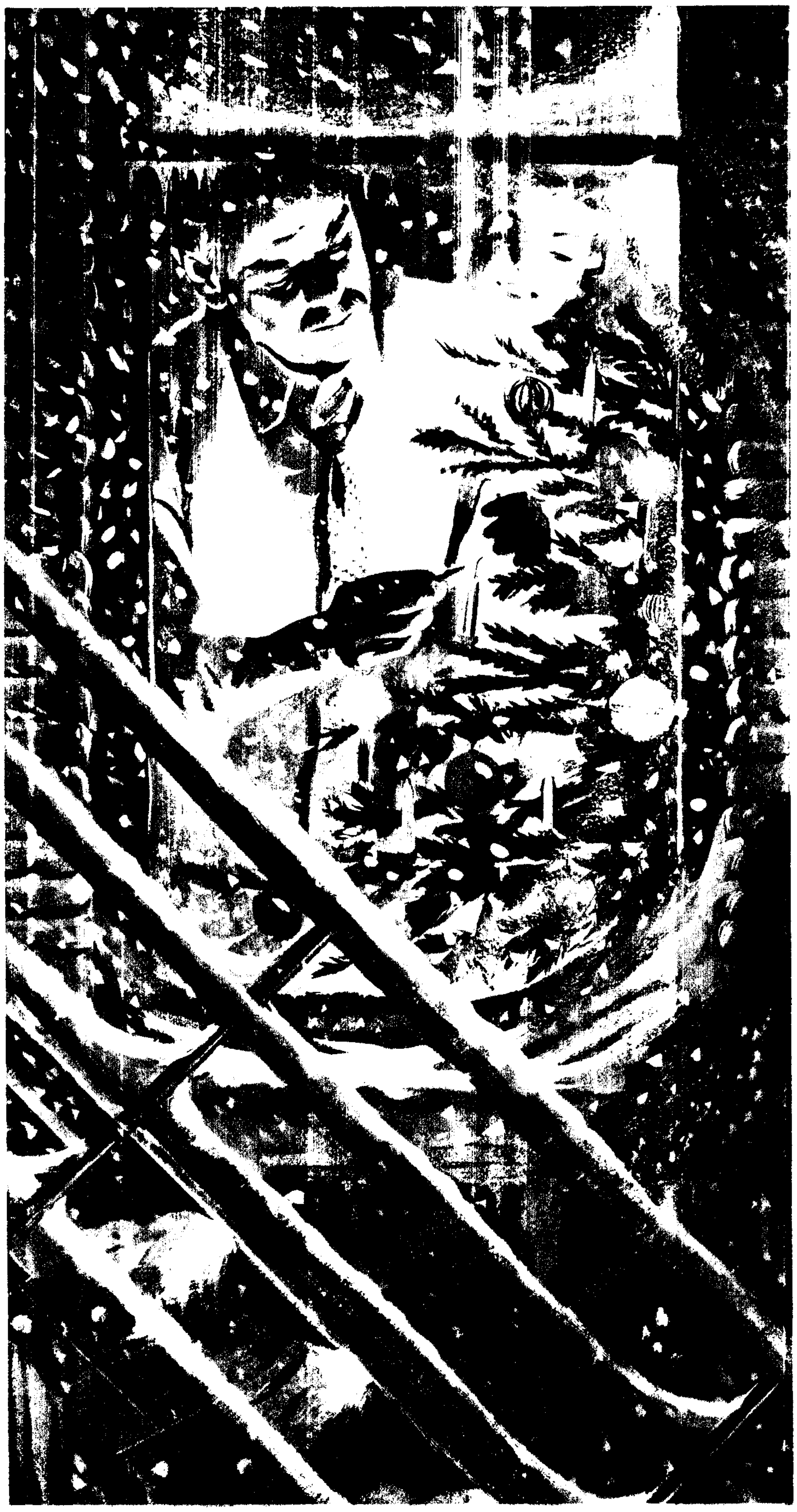
He said, "Oh, God," and looked down at her. The driver gave him contempt with a glance and picked her up, soft as a sack of meal. He said, "What's her name?"

Richard looked in the purse. He said, "Jennifer Matthews." They both looked at the bell cards. Richard found it first. He said, "I-F." The driver said, "Get the key?" Richard fumbled and found it. He went up the short flight, one foot at a time, and the driver said, "Sorry, Mac. I didn't notice." The little dog padded beside them.

The key let them into a small foyer, but the apartment beyond was dark. Richard's lighter found the switch, and he thumbed it down. The scene opened in front of them, with shaded lights dressing it. There was a Christmas tree. Both of them saw that first. The driver said, "Gee, I wonder if she's sick." He put her down on a sofa, and both of them stood there and watched her. Her face was a child's face, brown lashes down on young cheeks. The driver said, "Hey, Mac, wait a minute. I left my engine running." He went out and left the door open.

Richard bent down and felt for her pulse. His hands were too cold. He looked around and saw a hall, went down it and found a bath. He ran hot water over his hands, filled a glass he found there with cold water and went back. The driver was just coming in the door, carrying Richard's bag. He said, "People might swipe it," and put it down.

Richard said, "There's a flask of brandy in there. Get it out," and bent over the girl. The driver was fast, and they forced a few drops between her lips. The little dog stood on his hind legs, his front paws on the couch, and whined anxiously. Presently a little color came into her face.



"Would you like the candles lit on the tree?" said Jennifer. "I'll do it," the cabby said, and promptly began to patiently light them one by one

The driver sighed, and took her shoes off. He pulled off his leather jacket and wrapped it around her feet. They both looked around the room.

The tree was beautiful, and it had candles on it. There were packages under it, very brave in white snowy paper, wrapped in red ribbons. At the end of the room was a table, with two places set, candlesticks, glasses in place, napkins folded. Richard saw that the bayberry candles had never been lit. The driver said, "He never came. She must've waited at the station a long time. Too bad. Give her some more of that brandy."

Richard went slowly to the table and got a wine glass. He put a little brandy in it and bent to the girl.

The driver said, "Scared, you think? Or just got too cold?"

Richard shook his head. Two tears squeezed out of the girl's eyes, and she turned her head a little.

They looked again at the room. The little brown dog struggled up on the sofa and sat beside her, the hairs on his muzzle puffing out with his breath. He whined again.

"Christmas," Richard said. "That's right. It's Christmas."

The driver said, "It's Christmas Eve, matter of fact, Mac."

Richard said, "She's coming to," and watched her eyes open. He remembered what it felt like to come to, and he said, "It's all right, Miss Matthews. You keeled over downstairs. We were in the cab with you. I found your purse, and we came back."

She shut her eyes again, and tears rolled down her face.

The driver said, "Cripes. This won't do." He went over and shut the door. He said, "Where's the bedroom?" They both looked around. The driver went down the tiny hall, and lights went on. He came back. He said, "You ever been married?"

Richard shook his head. "What can I do?"

"Run a hot bath."

Richard went back to the bathroom, small and immaculate and turned the water on. He took the bath mat off the edge of the tub and spread it on the floor. A scent rose gently around him—and he saw a jar on the ledge. It said, Bath Salts, and he threw a handful into the tub. It seemed little enough to do, but the result was startling. Hedges of gardenias bloomed around him; and he felt the temperature of the tub hastily and turned the water off. The lights were on in the bedroom, and the driver was sitting on the bed, taking the girl's coat off. He said, not looking up, "I'll take care of this, Mac," and Richard went on down the hall.

He let himself down on the sofa, and the small dog nosed him anxiously. Richard thumbed the base of one flopping curly-haired ear, and said, "It's all right, Mister. She'll be all set. Take it easy, guy." The spaniel sighed and crowded against him. There was something pathetic about the unlit tree and the table set for two. He got up and went over to it. There was a screen on the right, and he looked over the top of it.

He folded back the screen, discovered the lights of the kitchen and opened the oven. A blackened paper bag gave off good odors. He turned the switches on the stove to "Off" and went back to the sofa. The driver was standing there, grinning at him. The door to the hall was closed.

Richard said, "This is worse than I thought. There's a turkey in the oven. How is she?"

The driver said, "She's up on her feet. She come to while I was taking her coat off. I told her if she didn't get undressed and into that tub I'd come and throw her in it." He said, "A turkey, huh? The sucker that stood her up. . . . Say, what outfit was you in, Mac?"

Richard leaned his head back on the sofa and tried to think, but his eyes blacked out. A hand pressed his cheeks together, and fire poured into his mouth. He coughed and let his head sag.

The driver said, "Gee, two of them. This must be my night."

Richard got his head up, and said, "That's pretty silly of me. I didn't eat, I guess."

The driver said, "Well, if there's a turkey out there . . ." He reached for the flask and let its sweet fire gurgle into him. He said, "That's good, Mac."

Richard said, "Don't call me Mac," in weak irritation.

The driver said, reasonably, "Okay. What's your name?"

Richard said, "Richard—Dick. Barney called me The Cornell Beauty. Carl called me You Damn' Lug. Ben called me bad words. Take your pick."

The driver said, "You're a little nuts, guy. I'll call you Dick." He sniffed the air. He said, "You're right. That is turkey!"

RICHARD must have fallen asleep or something. When he woke up, there was what seemed to be a strange girl on the other end of the sofa, wrapped in a red house coat, with bright curls falling around her face. He looked at her in alarm. She was smiling at him. Someone had taken his blouse off and he was wrapped in a silken puff. He tried to get up, but his foot sagged and defeated him and he fell back. He said quickly, "I'll be all right. Just give me a minute."

She said with infinite gentleness, "It's all right. I'm very grateful to both of you."

A hand held a cup to his mouth, and he drank. It was bitter with salt and strong with beef. It tasted good. He drank it thirstily. He said, "There wasn't any room at the hotel," as if that explained everything.

A voice said beside him, "He's coming out of it. He'll be okay." Fire ate at his mouth again, and the salty taste. The room came into focus, and he huddled down into the soft warmth and enjoyed it.

The driver said, "However they come to let this guy loose of the hospital—I guess they were scared of them ribbons on him."

Richard got his hand up to his face. It felt all right—not too hot. He said, "I went to Washington. No, I was in Washington, so I came here. And there was a girl who lost her purse."

Jennifer said, "Yes, I did. Would you like the candles lit on the tree?"

He smiled at her, and the age went out of his face. He said, "I'd love it. It's been years—"

The husky Brooklyn voice said, "I'll do it, kids," and a match scratched on the seat of

(Continued on page 43)

CHRISTMAS: ATOMIC AGE

Christ Jesus, born in winter, of a Jewish maiden,
Born in a hard time, in a crowded city,
Born in what now would be a garage in a working-class district,
Born in an ox stall, where today a truck would be backed out to make room,
Christ Jesus, homeless boy, bedded on straw, the light of candles flickering on the dumb faces of ox and ass (today a 60-watt bulb on an extension cord), while above in the frosted holy night the great star burned,
Christ Jesus, born to save us, to save us and die of crooked politics, to die as criminals die, shamed before the public:
Christ Jesus, for Whom there was neither a bed to be born on nor to die on:

Here again is winter, and cities crowded, and once more the displaced persons:
The Yule is come again, and the jolly wassail; carols are sung as before:
Only there are fewer by millions to sing them this year, the absent lying under crosses where the fighting passed:
Another war is ended: we hope is ended: a war against the total evils of the earth: the blood of soldiers having run red as the berry of the holly:
Gethsemane was every place, and in the clouds as well: the Passion of the peoples lasted many days.
The agonies were nameless, but they had a number: World War II.
Jesus: did they have also solid purposes beyond the winning?

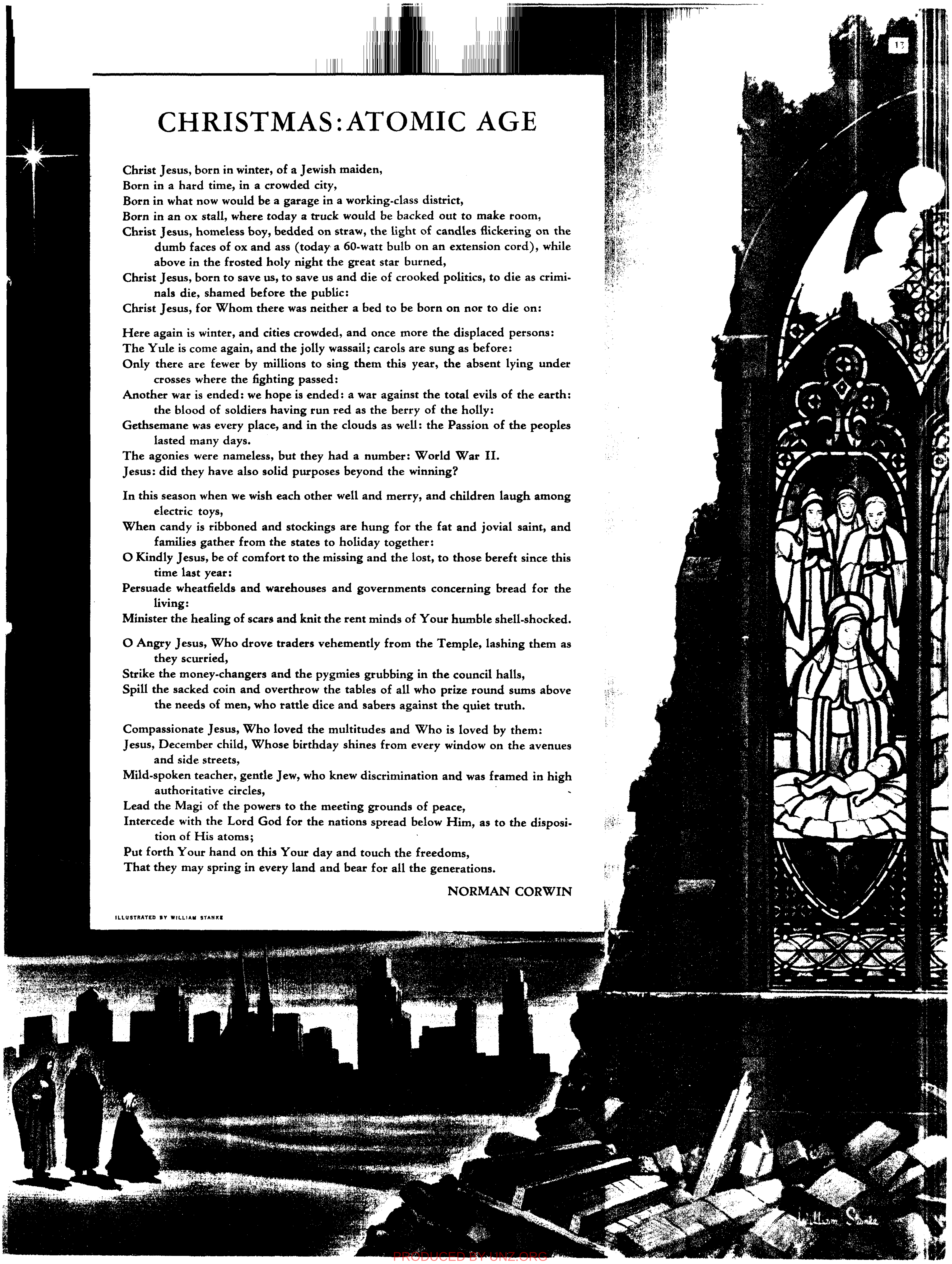
In this season when we wish each other well and merry, and children laugh among electric toys,
When candy is ribboned and stockings are hung for the fat and jovial saint, and families gather from the states to holiday together:
O Kindly Jesus, be of comfort to the missing and the lost, to those bereft since this time last year:
Persuade wheatfields and warehouses and governments concerning bread for the living:
Minister the healing of scars and knit the rent minds of Your humble shell-shocked.

O Angry Jesus, Who drove traders vehemently from the Temple, lashing them as they scurried,
Strike the money-changers and the pygmies grubbing in the council halls,
Spill the sacked coin and overthrow the tables of all who prize round sums above the needs of men, who rattle dice and sabers against the quiet truth.

Compassionate Jesus, Who loved the multitudes and Who is loved by them:
Jesus, December child, Whose birthday shines from every window on the avenues and side streets,
Mild-spoken teacher, gentle Jew, who knew discrimination and was framed in high authoritative circles,
Lead the Magi of the powers to the meeting grounds of peace,
Intercede with the Lord God for the nations spread below Him, as to the disposition of His atoms;
Put forth Your hand on this Your day and touch the freedoms,
That they may spring in every land and bear for all the generations.

NORMAN CORWIN

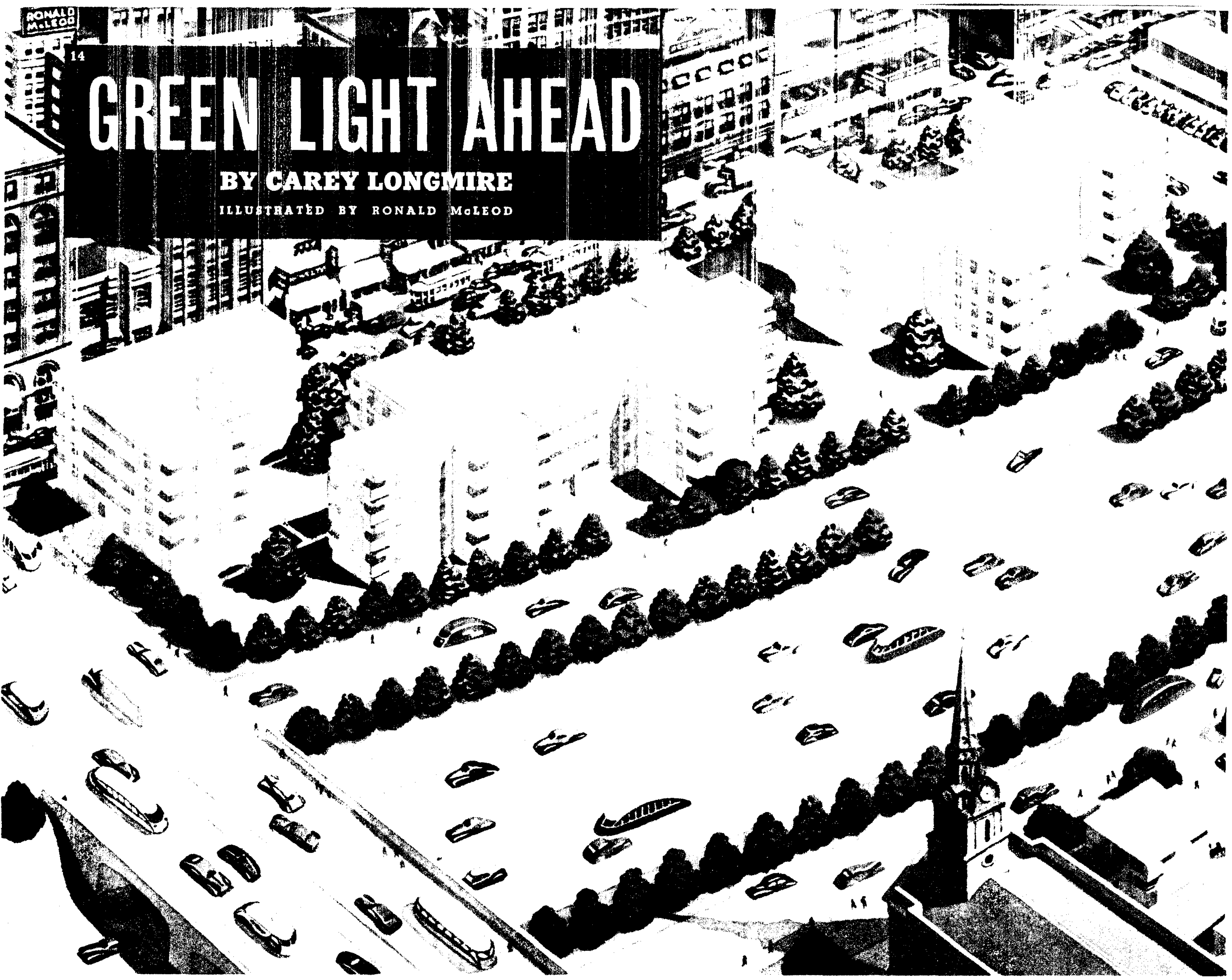
ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM STANKE



GREEN LIGHT AHEAD

BY CAREY LONGMIRE

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD



Swift, safe new highways across the land—$3,000,000,000 worth of them—will break the national traffic jam that is strangling our cities and crippling our industries

AN EDITORIAL writer for the Washington Post slumped at his desk a month or so after V-J Day, glared at the lines of honking automobiles outside his window and wrote in bitter earnestness:

"Although we have now entered the third month of the Atomic Age, we still seem to be troubled by that anachronism, the motorcar and where to put it."

This editorial outburst was mild compared to the vocal and detailed explosions of auto-driving citizens not only in Washington but in practically every big American city—drivers who must daily risk their cars and tempers in traffic which has heavily increased since the end of wartime gasoline rationing.

Everyone knows the auto is here to stay, of course; even the angriest driver, fighting his way through swollen traffic, is ready to admit he could hardly get along without his automobile. The vast distribution system for America's whole industrial economy is built squarely on the auto and truck. America is today mainly an urban nation, and mass distribution of mass-produced goods depends on fast roads and motor transportation. Autos are vital necessities; in the huge and sprawling factory town of Detroit, for example, seven out of every ten depend on their cars every day to get to work. Cars account for 85 per cent of all passenger travel in the country—for business or for pleasure.

Two things are required for safe, comfortable, rapid auto transportation. One is a good car, the other is a good road to run it on. Neither is any good without the other. But the fact is that one half of America's automotive setup—the basic factor of our economy—has failed to keep pace with the other half. Our auto roadways have lagged far behind the improvements in our cars.

Economically, our lack of real rapid-transportation capacity is crippling. When traffic arteries are so blocked that people store their cars away instead of driving them, consumption of almost every industrial product declines, along with our chances of achieving our postwar aim of full employment.

The nation's highway experts, however, possess a cure for the traffic headache. Their name for it is "expressway." An expressway, in the experts' terminology, is a "controlled-access highway." Eventually these expressways will cut to the heart of every city, wiping out hundreds of traffic obstacles in the most sweeping highway transformation ever accomplished, and will speed traffic on rural primary highways too.

Today, by authorization of Congress, the engineers are starting work on $3,000,000,000 worth of new road construction; a substantial share of it earmarked for brand-new expressways. Last fall Congress voted $1,500,000,000 in federal money, to be matched by the states, for a three-year postwar highway program. This is the biggest road-construction fund in history. All the previous federal highway grants since 1916 totaled only $4,600,000,000.

Thomas H. MacDonald, chief of the Public Roads Administration in Washington, who has handled the planning of Federal Aid highways since the present Federal Aid system started in 1921, warns, however, that it will take perhaps twenty years to wipe out traffic headaches completely. In the new program, the engineers are building roads for the vastly greater traffic of twenty years from now.

The Drama of the Expressways

What will expressways accomplish? Easily the most dramatic fact about them is their speed. Out in the country, an autoist on the new superhighways will be able to keep his foot lazily on the gas pedal as he skims along at 70 miles an hour, in safety and comfort. Inside a city, he can travel at 45 miles an hour with no difficulty whatever. If those speed figures appear amazing at first sight, it can be reported that they are simply official design standards. The experts know what they are talking about.

The expressway has no cross traffic and no stop lights. Other roads and streets either go under or over, by tunnel or overpass, so that there is never any question about right of way. To eliminate accidents, opposing streams of traffic are divided in the middle—usually by an attractive space of grassy park—an important feature in view of the fact that in 1941, the last year of peacetime auto travel, 40,000 Americans died in traffic accidents.

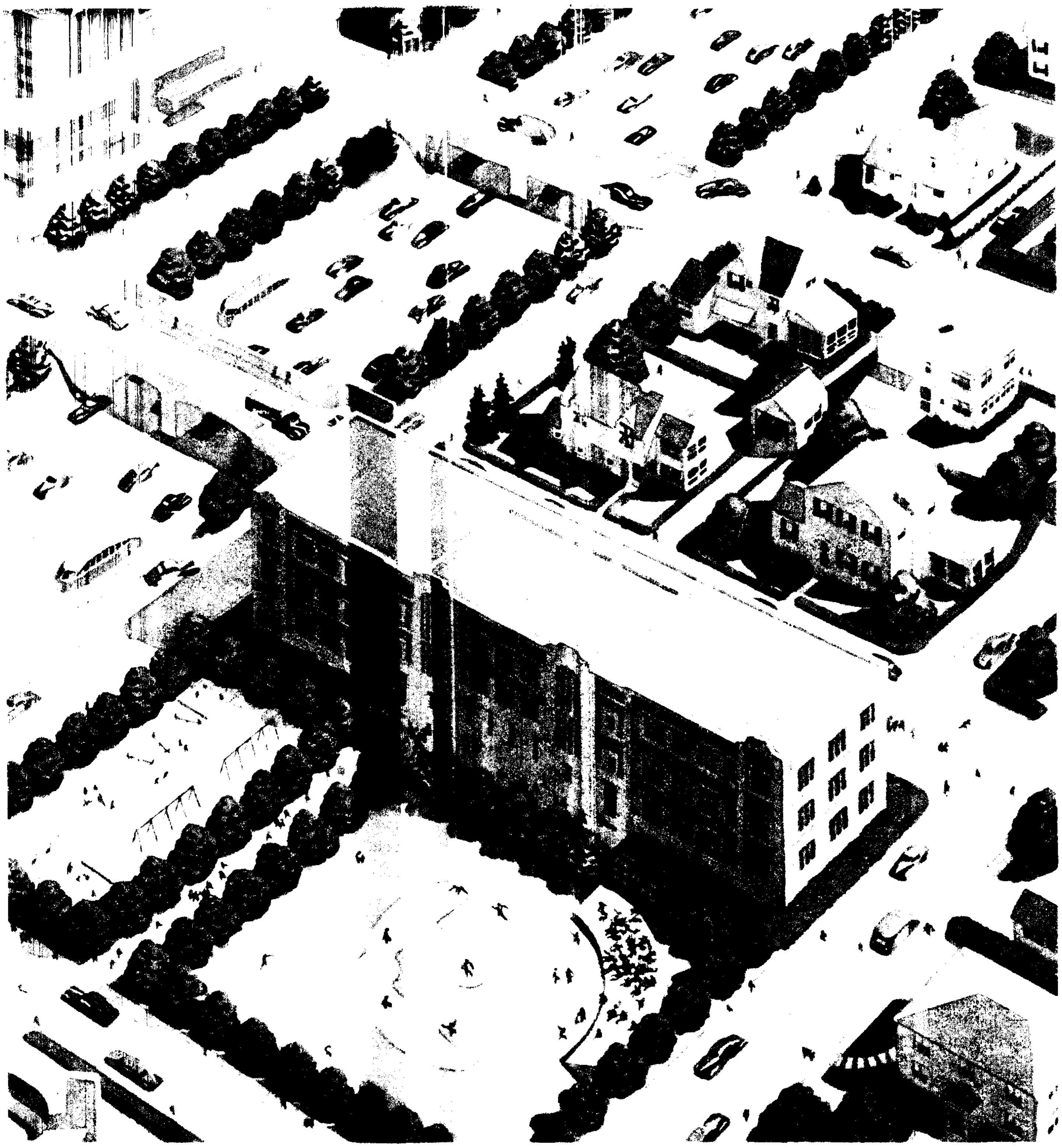
The only way that drivers can move into or out of the fast-moving, nonstop traffic—this is where the "controlled access" comes in—will be by auxiliary lanes at the side, or by clover-leaf approaches at periodic distances. Most of us have seen photographs of the over-and-under twists and turns of one of those clover leaves. At first it looks complicated but once you learn how it works, it becomes a device of simple wonder.

The suggestion of grass and park space along the road of the future brings up another favorite point of the planners. They are convinced that highways must be attractive, or even beautiful.

Shrubs and grass, perhaps trees, will line most expressways in the land, if men like H. S. Fairbank, one of the top officials of the Public Roads Administration, have their say about it. G. Donald Kennedy, former Michigan State Highway Commissioner, now an official of the auto industry's Automotive Safety Foundation, which works for better road design and for traffic safety, puts it this way:

"We ought to make life as comfortable as we can; it will pay dividends if we do. There's no point in living in an uproar of nervous tension all the time. Everyone wants a comfortable and pleasant home, and an agreeable place to work. There's no reason why highways can't be built for pleasant surroundings, too. If we can ease some of the tensions of the industrial age, we'll all live longer."

Some expressway systems already exist, and the drivers who use them are so enthusiastic that they would shell out any reasonable toll fee. The best known are those in and around New York City. Virtually every mile of these "parkways" is beautifully landscaped.



The modern expressway is the engineer's answer to the traffic that is choking our big cities. It will carry the main traffic stream through the heart of a city at 45 m.p.h., feeding it swiftly and safely into all sections, and in most cases will replace slum squalor with beauty and utility

When you glance out the windshield as you speed along on one of the Westchester County or the Long Island parkways, or on the Merritt Parkway in Connecticut, you get the impression that you are skimming through a world of greenery and flowers.

There is far more to an expressway, though, than simple beauty. Uninterrupted driving, without slamming on the brakes at stop lights every few blocks, means money saved in time and in gasoline and rubber. There is real economy in a modern highway.

That fact is amply proved by the fleets of trucks on the Pennsylvania Turnpike, a 160-mile-long stretch of new highway between Harrisburg and Pittsburgh without a crossing on it. The Turnpike is a toll road. Yet truck owners are glad to pay the Turnpike's tolls. They save money.

The record-breaking three-year construction program just adopted is divided into three segments. The first is a $1,350,000,000 program for main highways, including a network of interstate highways now being designated, the result of three years' study. The interstate network will add up to 40,000 miles. It will connect directly all cities of 100,000 or more, and nearly all of the cities of 50,000 population and many of the smaller towns.

This network will contain little more than one per cent of the country's total road and street mileage, but it will certainly carry more than 20 per cent of the traffic. Some of the roads on it are still crooked and narrow; they will be straightened and widened. Design requirements for this superspeed system are the highest ever adopted. Much of it will eventually be at least a four-lane road, with center strips separating the opposing streams of traffic. Sharp curves will disappear, and wherever possible, stop signs and intersections will be wiped out.

Item Number 2 in the postwar program is improvement of rural farm-to-market roads; $900,000,000 in Federal Aid and state money in the next three years is earmarked for that.

The third segment of the Postwar Highway Act funds is easily the most vital of all. This is something brand-new in highway history, the earmarking of $750,000,000 for new highways in the cities. Many experts think the proportion of funds to wipe out the traffic log jam in and near the cities ought, as a matter of fact, to be sharply increased.

Cities Full of Bottlenecks

This is because the real traffic bottleneck is the layout of America's largest towns and cities. The cities are the biggest barrier to fast motor transportation. Mostly they follow the old and familiar grid pattern of streets crossing each other at right angles, all the way to the city limits and beyond. Every street is automatically a through street, and every corner a potential source of accidents and traffic delay.

The cities are suffering, as a result. In many big urban areas a motorist is lucky if he can drive 12 or 15 miles an hour at rush periods. Because old business centers are clogged with trucks and cars and busses moving at the pace of a turtle, industries and home-dwellers in recent years have taken to moving to the suburbs—or beyond. Many stores have moved with them, or set up new branches. The old centers may tend to become mere industrial slums, full of tenements and sweatshops, with flophouses and pawnshops occupying the business buildings which fifty years ago were homes of established trade.

In many cases the new suburbs develop into new metropolitan districts of their own. Not having been planned with any greater foresight than the old ones, they soon show the same blight as the cities themselves.

The cities must pay the bill for these migrations. They must extend bus and car lines and police and fire protection to outlying sections. As business leaves the blighted central areas, cities lose tax income. Cities all over the nation are sick, and efficient transportation is the best possible remedy for most of their ailments. Modern expressways are much more needed in the cities than anywhere else.

The proof of this is simple. More than half the total mileage driven every year is on city streets. Furthermore, at least seven out of every ten cars on main rural roads are coming from or going to a city. Yet it may take longer to drive through congested Baltimore than to travel on from there to Washington.

The distance of the average auto journey—again according to official and exhaustive count—is only ten miles. Thus the thing which vitally interests most drivers is simply how to get into town faster and more comfortably—for business, shopping or pleasure—and back home again with equal ease.

The cities, to repeat, are the bottlenecks which keep the auto age from coming into its full flower.

This is the first time that Congress has specifically directed the spending of funds to break the big-city log jam. Whether something is really done to cure this national cancer depends on whether enough two-fisted mayors and city councils go to bat and force appropriations through their state legislatures, in which rural constituencies always outnumber the representatives of the cities.

One planner sizes up the situation like this: "Federal Aid has got the farmer out of the mud. Now it must get us all out of the muddle."

We've already had a glimpse of what the expressways can do. Their names in various localities are different; sometimes these superroads are called parkways, throughways or freeways. California, for instance, plans a huge postwar program of "freeways." Whatever the name, the aim is the same: wiping out the gap between 1921-model highways and 1946-model autos.

Inside big cities, expressways may have three, four or more lanes of traffic on each side of the grassy park strip separating the opposing streams of autos. While local traffic on the old streets still creeps in stops and starts, the expressway driver can speed along in the heart of a rushing metropolis.

In the ideal city plan, radial expressways will take nonstop traffic to the city center from half a dozen points of the compass, while there may be two or three circular loop expressways, formed like concentric circles, to get from one corner of town to another and by-pass the city center.

As we have already seen, there is no cross traffic, always a big cause of accidents. Overpasses or underpasses will be put every six blocks or so. Exits at main cross streets will let the driver take to the old streets from there on, to reach his local destination.

There will be no parking on the expressway proper. To reach stores and gas stations one will drive into lanes on each side.

Expensive But Worth-While

All this—adding in the parks and shrubbery—sounds expensive. There is no denying that these urban superhighways will cost much money. But every inch of them will add critically needed traffic capacity. The engineers have no intention of going through the costly motions of simply widening existing streets, a process involving expensive buying up of business properties.

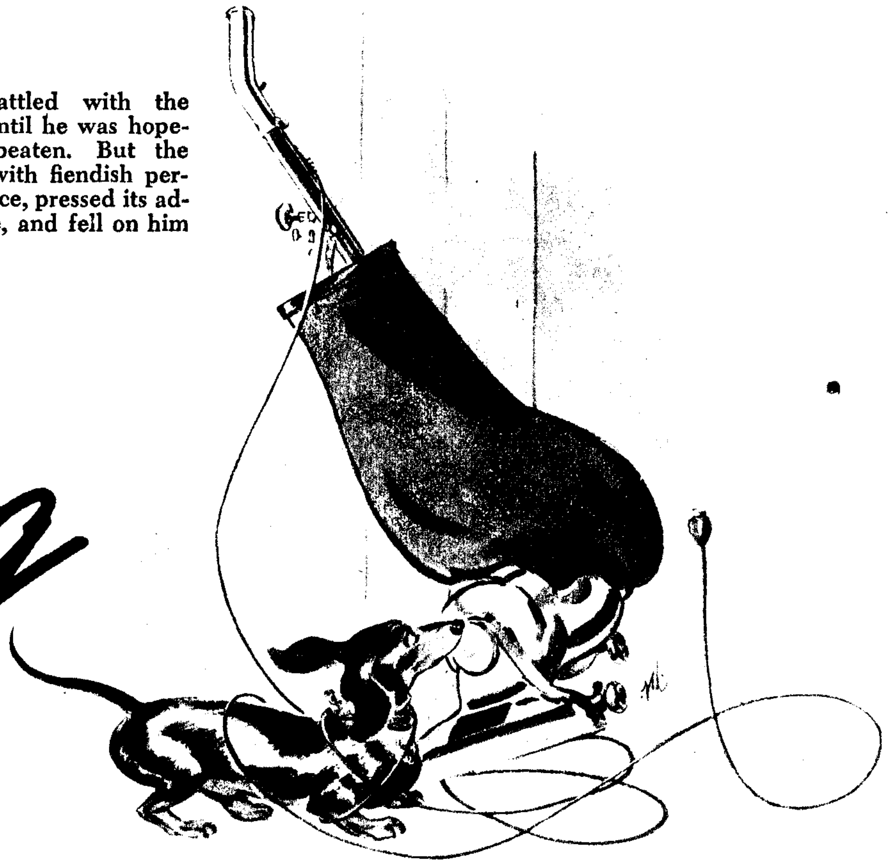
Instead, the engineers will condemn a new one-block-wide strip of land and build the new expressway on land that was once the middle of the block. Existing parallel streets can then become lateral lanes. Often the engineers will rip up blocks of slums or other down-at-heel properties, on which cities lose tax money anyway. The cost of condemning the needed land may run as high as a third, or even almost a half, of the expressway's total cost.

Officials are fully confident that the new ease of transportation will wipe out the bottlenecks which literally choke life out of a city's heart. Lost values will come back to city properties. This one fact, the experts declare, will easily repay every bit of the expressway system's expense. It is the only sure method they see to keep population and trade from pulling up stakes and heading on out farther and farther to the outskirts in so-called "ribbon developments" along existing highways, threatening to make mere ghost lands of once-prosperous areas.

Let's take a look at a specific city—Detroit—and how it proposes to solve its specific problems.

Detroit is the world's automobile workshop, and it believes in using its own product. As we have seen, 70 per cent or more of the working men and women in the auto town travel to and from their jobs by car; some have to go 20 and 30 miles a day. The city has more than 500,000 autos in daily use. At one busy intersection alone, where Grand River Avenue crosses Grand Boulevard, you can count 60,000 cars a day.

(Continued on page 28)



Gus battled with the loops until he was hopelessly beaten. But the thing, with fiendish perseverance, pressed its advantage, and fell on him

Diggin' Dawg

BY RICHARD STERN

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

The story of a dachshund with a winning smile, forelegs like a duck and a winsome sort of inferiority complex

THERE were fifteen dachshunds at the Crestview Kennels and all of them were for sale. But for Cecily, from the start, there was only one. She looked them all over carefully, of course, to make sure—although she did not know what she was looking for—but in the end she returned to the one who had first caught her eye. "That one," she said to the kennel man. "That little one with the sharp nose and the personality. May I see him, please?"

The little dog regarded her hopefully from the center of his pen. His pointed mouth was open and he was grinning and there was a twinkle in his soft eyes. He lowered his head until his black nose almost touched the ground and he whuffed once. Then he settled his hind legs in the approved digging crouch and for a moment his sturdy forelegs were nothing but a blur, and dirt flew magnificently. Then he stopped and stood with his forelegs half hidden in the new hole and eyed Cecily expectantly, and his grin was a thing of beauty and pride.

Cecily said: "Isn't he darling! And his front legs are so cute; they're bowed much more than the others' legs."

"Yes'm," said the kennel man. "That's 'cause he digs so much. He's part gopher."

"I like him," said Cecily. "And I want him. And my husband will love him when he sees him tonight." She looked at the kennel man questioningly. "He is pedigreed, isn't he?"

"They all are, ma'am," the kennel man said. "He's not—uh—he's not any different from the others." Which was partially true. After all, business was business, and what this woman didn't know probably would never hurt her.

"I'll take him," said Cecily.

THE little dog rode home on the front seat of Cecily's car with his hind legs asprawdle in the manner of all dachshunds and his sharp black nose sticking out of the window and his soft eyes taking in all of the fascinating things that were to be seen. He spoke no word and when, at stop signals, Cecily's hand touched his silken forehead gently, he turned his head and regarded her with friendliness.

Cecily turned him over immediately to Joe, who was spading the zinnia bed. "This is Gus," she said. "He has come to live with us. He's going to win ribbons and cups and all sorts of honors for us."

Gus eyed the giant black man breathlessly, and Joe hunkered down and extended his huge black hand and allowed Gus to sniff it. "Little dawg," he said gently, "me an' you is gwine to be frens." And he rubbed Gus' forehead and found the tender spot behind Gus' ear and the friendship was sealed on the spot.

The friendship was cemented when Joe resumed work in the zinnia bed. Joe dug deep and turned the first spadeful. Gus watched, sitting with his hind legs sprawled. Joe turned the second spadeful and Gus got up and investigated the fresh earth with his sharp black nose. Joe turned the third spadeful and a newly exposed worm wriggled entrancingly. It was too much. Gus chose his site, settled his hind legs and began to dig, sniffing and whuffing with vigor, and Joe's shouting laughter was wonderful to hear.

"Hyah! Hyah! Little diggin' dawg, you catches on quick! " And the work progressed.

At lunchtime, Gus accompanied Joe out to his little car and together they gobbled down the triple-sized meat-loaf sandwiches and the hardboiled egg and the slab of cold apple pie. When it was done, Joe got out his dice and practiced with them, explaining to Gus the intricacies of the game called craps.

"Luck," said Joe, "is the mostest thing Ah ain't had. When a six is what Ah wants, a four an' a three turns up. An' when a natural is what Ah mostly craves, out comes boxcars."

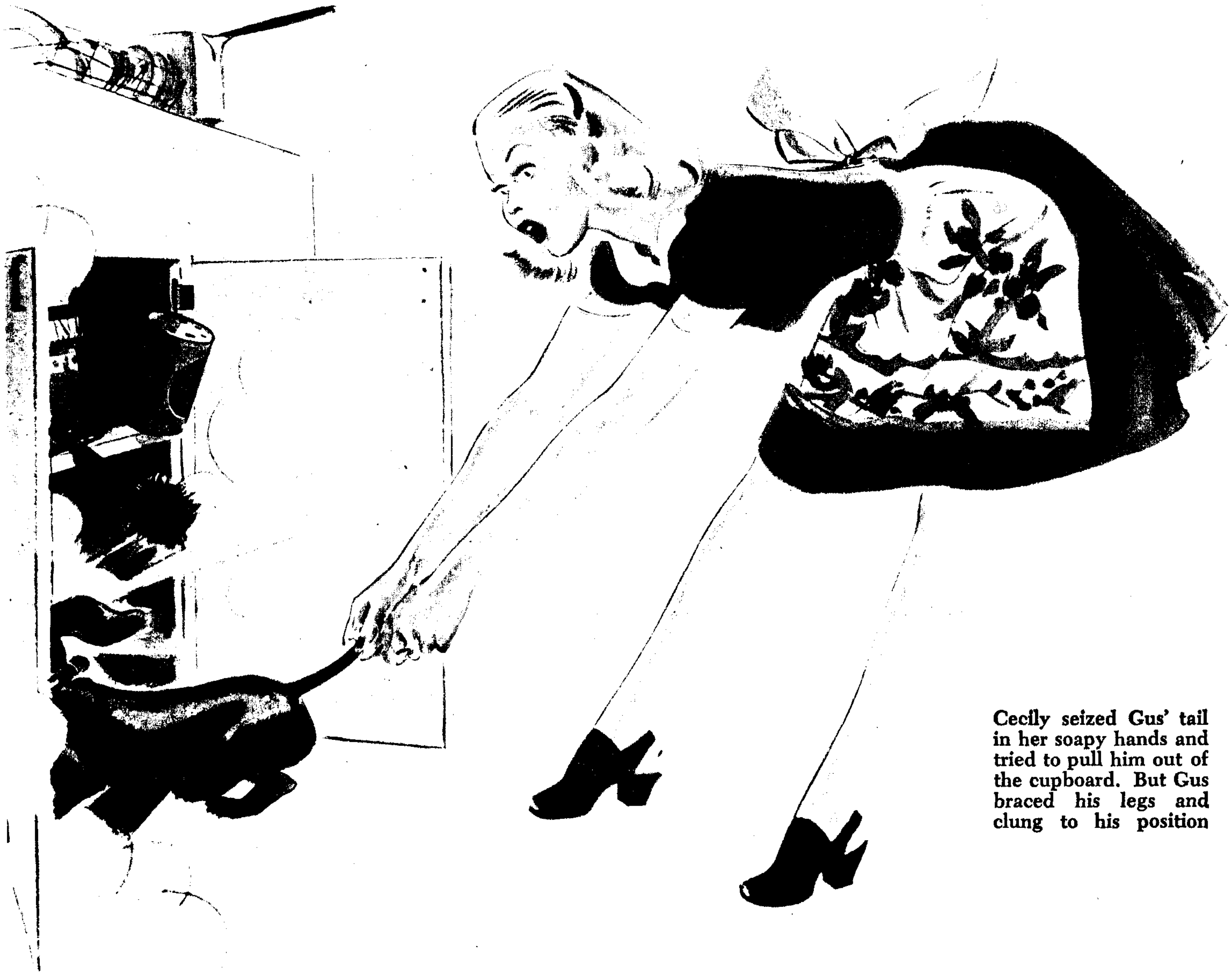
Gus listened attentively and his grin was sympathetic.

"Maybe," said Joe, "maybe a little diggin' dawg is jest what Ah've been needin'." He smiled at Gus and rubbed Gus' forehead with the dice, gently, and Gus' grin spread. "You bring me luck, little diggin' dawg," Joe said. "Tha's what. You bring me luck." And Cecily, seeing them from the living-room window, took joy in their comradeship, and hoped that Fred would react as favorably.

Fred did. After the first shock and the explanation, he warmed when Gus came over to him. "He's a cute little devil," Fred said tentatively. And then Gus extended a pink tongue and licked Fred's fingers and the ice was broken.

"Say," Fred said wonderingly, "look at that!" And his fingers tickled Gus' chin and rubbed Gus' forehead and Gus settled down with his hind legs sprawled and his stiff tail swinging arcs on the floor.

(Continued on page 49)



Cecily seized Gus' tail in her soapy hands and tried to pull him out of the cupboard. But Gus braced his legs and clung to his position

LET'S WIPE OUT TUBERCULOSIS

BY DR. LOUIS I. DUBLIN and J. D. RATCLIFF

FREE
CHEST
X-RAY
THIS WAY FOR
FREE Chest X
AT THE
CHEST X-RAY

A chest X ray for every citizen is one of the goals in America's battle against tuberculosis. This is one of the mobile X-ray units that make mass X-raying possible

Tuberculosis can be stamped out completely, once and for all, within the next twenty years. We've the knowledge and the money, and we can easily build the facilities. The only thing we lack is organization for the all-out attack

IN 1944, the lives of 55,000 Americans were snuffed out by tuberculosis. This fact was not headlined in the newspapers. It was hardly noticed, even though measures that could have prevented this huge loss of life are well known.

Tuberculosis is not an act of God. We can wipe out this disease as surely and as completely as we have eradicated smallpox. What is more, we do not have to wait for the discovery of some magic drug to do the job. We have the necessary knowledge. All we lack is the purpose and will to apply it.

Tuberculosis has taken a bad beating at the hands of American medicine and the American public health movement. In the past forty years, it has been pushed down from first to eighth place among the causes of death. In at least twelve states, the disease is now a minor cause of death. Yet, in spite of all this, tuberculosis continues to plague large areas of the country. It is a major catastrophe among certain racial groups of our population; and it is still disease-killer Number 1 and the greatest cause of disability among people in their prime—in the age group 15 to 35. During the last four war years, it killed two thirds as many Americans as were lost to enemy action.

The title of this article, Let's Wipe Out Tuberculosis, is not just a pious hope but a real possibility that has already been achieved among one group of people—the nearly 50,000 employees of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company.

In 1913, this company opened its own sanatorium at Mt. McGregor, New York. Tuberculosis was a serious problem in the company, which felt that it had an obligation to the men and women in its employ. At the same time, it hoped that it might prove to the whole country that a successful planned attack on tuberculosis could be carried through.

At the outset, this company built a sanatorium with 200 beds, and later increased the number to 350. Last June, after a little more than 30 years of operation, Mt. McGregor was closed because there were not enough patients to keep it open! Only 26 of its 350 beds were occupied. These few remaining patients could be cared for much more economically at other institutions. The closing of this sanatorium established a landmark in the history of tuberculosis control.

A miracle that out of nearly 50,000 people only 26 were sick enough with tuberculosis to be put to bed in a hospital? Nothing of the sort. The job was accomplished by using to the fullest extent the knowledge that was available to every physician and public-health administrator in the country. Here's how it was done:

At least once a year, the Metropolitan employee received a routine chest examination with X ray. Examinations were made at shorter intervals if the employee was frequently ill or had had a long spell of illness. When tuberculosis was detected, it usually had less than six months head start. So, for the most part, the company was dealing with tuberculosis in its earliest and, therefore, most curable form. Employees who contracted it were sent to the sanatorium without delay.

In view of the large number of early cases, a relatively short period of bed rest was usually sufficient to bring about an arrest of the disease. In those instances where more damage to lung tissue had occurred, the duration of treatment was longer. This procedure protected not only the man sick with tuberculosis, but the people working in the office with him, and his wife, children and neighbors. When he was safe in a sanatorium, there was little chance of his passing his disease along to others.

How did the Metropolitan succeed in holding patients in the sanatorium? For one thing, by freeing them from financial worries. Ordinarily, a tuberculosis patient goes to a sanatorium with a heavy heart. His earning power is cut off and he worries about his family's finances. How will they manage without him? In time, this worry may become too much for him. He feels well after a few months of bed rest. Then, why not go home and go back to work?

In many instances, the patient in the average public sanatorium does go home in spite of his doctor's orders. He thereby ruins his chance of permanent cure. After a few months he often breaks down again and has to go back to the sanatorium in a far advanced stage of the disease. In the meanwhile, he may have spread his disease to his children and other members of his family.

The Metropolitan solved this acute problem by paying about two thirds of the patient's salary as well as all the hospital expenses.

Finally, the Mt. McGregor doctors set as their goal the hospitalization of patients until they were practically ready to resume normal activity. And once the patient was back on the job, he was kept under careful observation as long as necessary. In the Metropolitan experience, over 80 per cent of Mt. McGregor's early cases were alive, well and at work ten years after discharge.

When a patient is released with his disease arrested, the physician usually recommends that he should have lighter work for a while until he can carry on a full day's work as before. In the Metropolitan, the doctor's orders are company law. The man gets the kind of

(Continued on page 52)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY CLAUDE W. HUSTON—PIX

JANE RUSSELL

JUNE ALLYSON

BETTY GRABLE

VIVIAN BLAINE

MARTHA VICKERS

In the expert opinion of Willy de Mond, these women have the most beautiful legs in the movies:

LESLIE BROOKS
EVELYN KEYES
JOAN LESLIE
MARTHA VICKERS
ADELE JERGENS
VIRGINIA MAYO
JUNE ALLYSON
MARLENE DIETRICH
JANE RUSSELL
BETTY GRABLE
VIVIAN BLAINE
MARIA MONTEZ

JOAN LESLIE

ADELE JERGENS

MARLENE DIETRICH

The Golden Dozen

BY BETTY ETTER

WHEN Willy de Mond goes to the movies, he sits hunched nervously on the edge of his seat until a pair of decorative legs flashes onto the screen. Then he sits back and begins to enjoy the picture. The legs may be Hayworth's or Dietrich's or Grable's, but the stockings which set them off are usually Willy's. For Willy of Hollywood, as he's known these days, has a virtual corner on the business of glamorizing the legs of motion-picture beauties. He supplies the stockings for practically all of Hollywood's Grade A productions.

What is probably the last word in lily gilding is not, however, so simple as it seems. Willy worked hard and long, for example, before movie audiences were treated to the sight of Carmen Miranda in the opera-length mesh hose, studded with sequins which she wears in one scene in Greenwich Village. The mesh was simple enough. Willy had already concocted, for the chorus of Tonight and Every Night, a highly twisted cotton thread to replace the elasticized yarn used in prewar meshes. But the sequins were something else again. At first Willy sewed them on, but they were made of gelatin, and when Miranda began to get warm the sequins started to melt. Production was halted until Willy, after some hectic experimenting, came up with a heat- and perspiration-resistant glue with which to cement the sequins to the hose.

For the Technicolor picture, Tonight and Every Night, Willy not only had to evolve the special cotton mesh; he was also faced with the problem of supplying purple stockings for one of the ballet scenes. Ordinary hose, with seams down the middle of the foot, hurt ballerinas' toes; hence they usually dance either barelegged or in a sort of de luxe version of children's sleeping suits, with the feet built right into the ends of their tights. For them, Willy made stockings with the seams down the sides of the feet, then dyed them purple to match the costumes.

All of these are routine jobs, which the Hollywood hosiery czar takes in his stride. The most difficult problem he's encountered so far was that of Loretta Young for the part of a ballet dancer in The Men in Her Life. Not that there's anything wrong with Loretta's legs—only they are not the muscular underpinnings of a ballerina. But Willy finally reached a satisfactory solution—plaster casts, practically, attached to flesh-colored hose so they would stay put. Over these Loretta wore whatever stockings the various scenes called for.

Such things as this run into money. What with the special purple stockings for the toe dancers, the elasticized cotton for a jitterbug sequence, and the ultra-sheer, seamless opera-lengths worn by Rita Hayworth, the stocking bill for Tonight and Every Night amounted to $7,500. And this, says Willy, is a fairly modest sum for a top-budget musical, with plenty of girls displaying plenty of gams.

Peppermint-striped bicycling stockings, hose with lace inserts, and other feminine fancies of the gold-rush days brought the cost of stockings for Belle of the Yukon, Gypsy Rose Lee's latest picture, up to $10,000. One pair worn by the ex-burlesque queen, with vertical sequin stripes, accounted for $50.

A fabulous price even to women of the mink-coat set, this is fairly common for Willy's custom-made merchandise. International Pictures is paying it for the sheerest stockings Willy has made to date—for Sonja Henie in It's a Pleasure. They're one-quarter thread (two thread are the sheerest worn by most women, and then only for evening) and Sonja needed two pairs of each for her 22 costume changes. And dozens of pairs were worn by the rest of the large cast.

The most expensive job Willy has done so far, however, was on The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle, the Ginger Rogers-Fred Astaire extravaganza of a few years ago. It took a special trip to New York to find the laces needed to reproduce stockings of the kind worn by Irene Castle just before the first World War, and dozens of workers labored for weeks to make them. According to Willy, the studio paid $25,000 for the finished product.

Period films such as this, where luxury items of former years have to be duplicated, are always costly. The top price for a single pair was for those worn by Alice Faye in In Old Chicago. Adorned with semiprecious stones, they were billed at $2,500. A pair of mesh hose for the same film, of 14-carat gold thread to match a gold lamé dress, cost $1,100.

Nature's Most Willing Assistant

Besides matching difficult shades, doing research for costume pictures, and designing and making such trick jobs as stockings with zippers down the back, Willy also has to create the illusion of perfect legs where nature fell down.

Even among screen stars there is the usual assortment of bowlegs, knock and knobby knees, thick and thin ankles. For girls with bowlegs, Willy makes stockings with seams which slant inward, to counteract the outward slant of the legs. For knock-knees he reverses the procedure. Thick ankles are made to appear slender by the insertion of V-shaped heels, thin ones get no heel reinforcement at all. Knobby knees disappear, for picture purposes, when padding is used to build up the rest of the knee, and at least one top-flight star wears stockings with a very fine up-and-down weave to make her legs (too short from knee to ankle) appear longer.

In Willy's opinion, the best legs in the picture business belong not to Grable or Dietrich, but to Leslie Brooks and Evelyn Keyes. Their measurements are identical . . . ankle, 8½ inches; calf, 12½ inches; thigh, 19½ inches. Willy says that if there are four inches difference between a woman's ankle and her calf, and seven between calf and thigh, she has perfect legs, no matter what the actual measurements may be.

Nowadays Willy is devoting his time entirely to supplying stockings for pictures, USO Camp Shows, and the like; he's taken on the job of designing and furnishing hose for the famed Rockettes of Radio City's *(Continued on page 40)*

MARIA MONTEZ

VIRGINIA MAYO

U.S.N. (RETIRED)

BY BENEDICT THIELEN

An amusing and revealing story about an admiral who had a much tougher time winning in his own home than he'd ever had when he commanded a fleet

STANDING in front of the shaving mirror, beginning to lather his face, the admiral turned to look out the window at his garden. As he saw the pink, yellow and cerise hibiscus, the bougainvilleas and the flame vines, and heard the gentle whirring of the palm leaves in the early breeze, he thought with a momentary grim pleasure of all the people freezing up North. It was a damn' good thing he and his wife hadn't settled down in Jamestown when he retired, as most of their friends had done. The climate around Newport was decent for only a few months of the year and, besides, he had heard lately that more and more Army was moving in. It was even rumored that a noncommissioned officer, a sergeant or something, had taken a place there. That hardly seemed possible but in any case the place was going to hell. Florida was all right.

When he had bought this house less than a year ago the garden had been practically a jungle. But as soon as they moved in he had started to clear things out and by now he was really getting it pretty well squared away. He looked down at it now with the same kind of satisfaction he used to feel after he had taken over some new command, after he had reorganized, swept aside, and demonstrated how wrong his predecessor had been about everything. "Clear out the deadwood!" had been his motto and for the first few months after he had taken over, everyone, from his Chief of Staff to the newest Seaman Second, in every department—Operations, Supply, Training, Communications—had sat on the edge of his chair, waiting for the ax to fall.

Now as he turned back to the mirror he remembered the sound of his ax against the tree trunks, the soft, resinous chips flying, and then the groaning creak of the roots, the splitting, the slow bending over; and at last the sudden hard, sharp crash as the tree hit the ground, and the coral dust rising, drifting like smoke. A few trees here and there were all right but you didn't want to be hemmed in; you wanted to be able to look around and get your bearings. And there were still some trees left that could come down. There was a very big one with bright scarlet blossoms that gave entirely too much shade. People exclaimed over it and it was probably a very fine tree but there was no use getting sentimental about it.

He had just started to shave when he noticed some spots on the wall next to the mirror. He called back over his shoulder.

"Nan! Damn it all, there's some more of that stuff on the bulkhead, here."

Her voice came back from the next room, unintelligibly because she was speaking with hairpins between her teeth.

"Mildew," he said, raising his voice. "It's too damned dark in here. The whole place is getting covered with it."

He paused, waiting for her reply, but no sound came from the other room and after a few seconds he turned back to the mirror and, glancing occasionally at the spots on the wall, went on shaving.

He had finished one side of his face when he saw her reflection in the mirror, going by the door toward the hall.

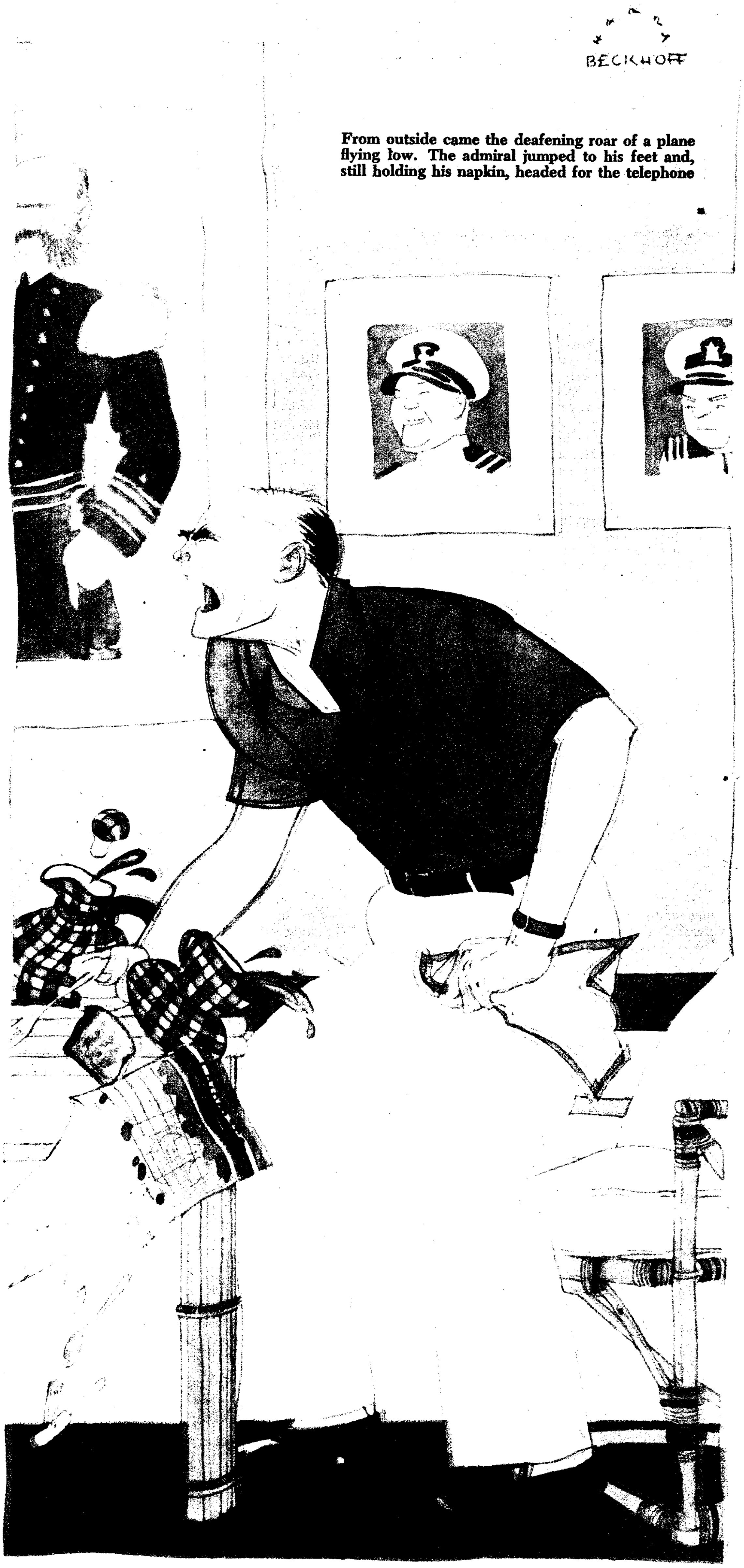
"Have the girl give the place a good scrubbing down," he called, and thought, as he spoke, of the Guam messboys, Pedro and Ramirez, who used to keep his quarters so clean you could eat off the floor. Then he thought of himself, retired, although as a rear admiral, but retired—at sixty-five when lots of fools were still going strong. His eye caught the tree with the scarlet blossoms. He turned around and looked at his wife who had paused on her way out.

"That damn' tree. It shuts off all the light. We ought to get rid of it." He looked at her accusingly. "You know how everything mildews in the tropics."

She nodded her head and looked past him out the window. "Yes, I know. But still it's a pretty tree. All those red blossoms. I don't know . . . It always reminds me of China, somehow."

"China? Never saw a tree like that in China." He turned away from the window. "Anyway, what's that got to do with it?" he said. But as they stood there something warm went between their eyes, some soft flowing current of memory, as they thought of China, and the great river, and the cries of the street sellers, and the junkmen at Chungking at dawn, all whistling together for a favorable wind.

"Of course, you're probably right, *(Continued on page 39)*



From outside came the deafening roar of a plane flying low. The admiral jumped to his feet and, still holding his napkin, headed for the telephone

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

PASSING SHOWMAN

BY FRED RUSSELL

Harry Gilmer of Alabama, the latest passing sensation, is showing the experts something they never saw before

AT THE moment Harry Gilmer, sorghum-haired, 19-year-old, 159-pound halfback of the University of Alabama, is the most talked-about young man in the South. He's just a sophomore, with two more years to go in college, but he has a special talent—he can throw a football about as well as anybody in the world. Football experts not only mention him in the same breath with Sammy Baugh and Sid Luckman; many think he is superior to these renowned forward passers.

"I rank Gilmer as the best passer in football, college or professional," said Grantland Rice recently, and Steve Owen, coach of the New York professional Giants, nodded approval of the statement.

A little later Rice became even more enthusiastic about Gilmer; he covered a bit more territory. "Beyond any argument," he said, "Gilmer is the most amazing back that football can show today."

It is not so much what Gilmer does, as how he does it, that electrifies the spectators and flabbergasts the opposing teams. The boy from Birmingham has brought a fresh technique to forward passing, a last instant leap as he throws the ball. The jump and the throw are in one motion, a gem of muscular co-ordination.

Numerous passers jump up for short tosses over the line, but Gilmer, apparently suspended in air, can fire the ball more than half the length of the field.

Lieutenant Commander Red Drew, recently rejoining the Alabama staff as end coach and awed by the distance Gilmer was getting on some of his leaping loopers, halted a scrimmage before the Vanderbilt game to make an actual measurement. One heave had traveled 72 yards.

Harry honestly doesn't know how he began throwing this way. Reared near the campus of little Howard College, his favorite pastime as a kid was playing catch with some neighborhood acquaintance, whether with a football, baseball, volleyball or basketball.

"I believe I picked up most of it from basketball," he reflects. "Somehow I just got the habit of jumping up every time I threw, and before I left grammar school I was jump-throwing the ball from one end of the court to the other."

Though Harry's father, a carpenter and housebuilder, had little interest in sports, his mother's brother was the best all-round athlete in Sumter County, Alabama.

"I think Harry gets most of his sports ability there," says Mrs. Gilmer. "As a child, he never did but about two things—play ball and tinker in his daddy's tool shop. He always was good with his hands; could make chairs and tables.

"For a long time Harry had us worried because he never talked. He's still mighty quiet. He never ran around much with boys or girls, and seldom went to movies or dances. He was a home boy.

"You wouldn't call him a good student, but one thing he just wouldn't do, and that was to miss classes. He went for three whole years one time without missing a single day at school. He was the same way about Sunday school and church. When he's back home he still goes with his daddy to the Methodist Sunday school, then goes with me to Baptist church services."

Swimming and diving built up Harry's legs and contributed to his passing rhythm, but a lake accident when he was 16 almost ended his athletic career. Diving off a stump, he hit a sunken tree and fractured the bones of an instep. After weeks of cast and crutches, the injury healed completely.

His high-school coach, Malcolm Laney, still has Gilmer by the mental scruff, leading him along gently. Laney came over to the Alabama campus from Woodlawn High School in Birmingham in February, 1944, and brought Harry with him, to show his ability to the Alabama coach, Frank Thomas. Since then, Laney has coached the 'Bama backs, and Gilmer follows the same pattern of familiar Notre Dame box-formation he learned in high school.

Gilmer's first appearance for football practice was not a matter of kicking a football over a fence in front of the coach and having that gleeful individual hail him out as a marvel. He was 15 years old, weighed 145 and wanted to play football in his sophomore year at Woodlawn, 1941. So he went out for the team.

Rangy and raw and freckled, he was used by Laney as a substitute right halfback. He wasn't tried as a passer that year or the next; not until his senior year did he begin to throw.

Laney had noticed that Harry liked to toss the ball around before practice, but the system of offense being used didn't call for him to pass. The coach began to fiddle with the idea of a switch. The opportune moment came in the fall of 1943, when another Laney find, Travis Tidwell, a good passer, went off to the Navy.

When Tidwell took to the sea, Gilmer took to the air, and so engrossed did he become in the business of forward passing that he took an autmun leave of absence from his night job in a Birmingham bakery just to get more sleep and stay in better condition.

In scrimmage, Harry showed one peculiarity. He wouldn't stay braced when he threw the ball.

Laney tried to get him to plant himself before pegging. It wouldn't work. Harry had to jump. He would fade back from his tailback spot, weave around, then leap and throw. Or when Laney gave him the nod and a play that called for it, Gilmer shoved off on the nifty running passes which are now such important weapons in Alabama's arsenal.

Accounts of the prowess of the blond Birminghammer had reached Tuscaloosa, where Alabama had suspended football for the 1943 season. Coach Thomas pished and tushed the reports about "the boy who threw like a man with a black-snake whip." More than one boy had been heralded as another Dixie Howell, Alabama's 1934 bomber, and had fizzled.

Then one week end Thomas decided to go up and see Woodlawn play. Called suddenly to Chicago by the illness of his mother, he sent his freshman coach and scout, Paul Burnum.

Burnum reported when Thomas returned. "Listen, I've seen it!" he raved. "I've seen a passer who throws on the dead run and can change direction in mid-air."

"That's impossible," Thomas snorted. "There's no player living who can do that."

But Thomas remained curious and when Laney joined the Alabama staff, the first thing Frank told him was of Burnum's disgraceful report on Gilmer. Laney amiably backed up Paul and backed down Frank.

"I'll get him over here and you can take a look at him," he proposed.

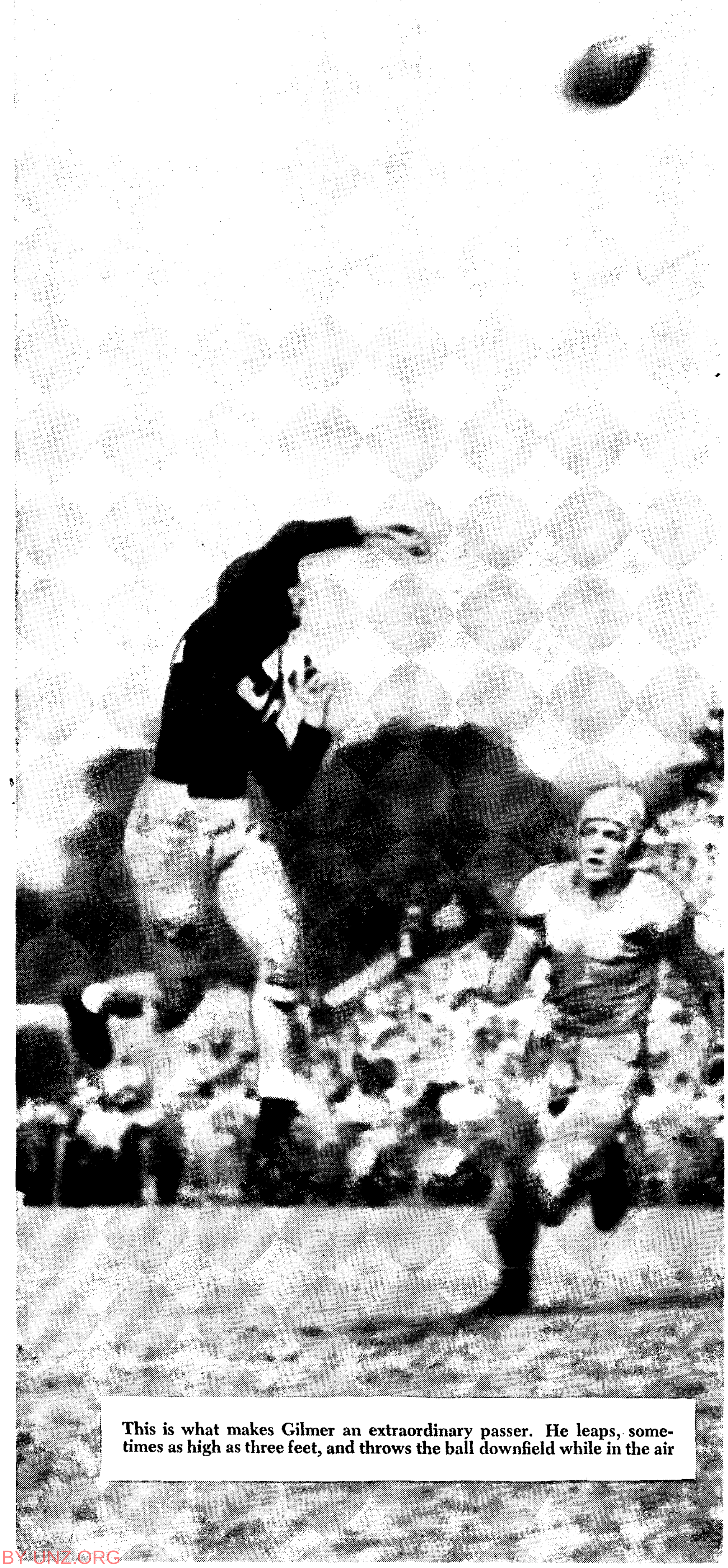
Gilmer reported in June immediately after high-school graduation. Thomas admits no love for the first few days he worked with the youngster. He let him pass when he wished, but he was still watching for that change-in-direction business.

"One day we had a pass that called for Gilmer to throw to the other halfback in the

(Continued on page 61)

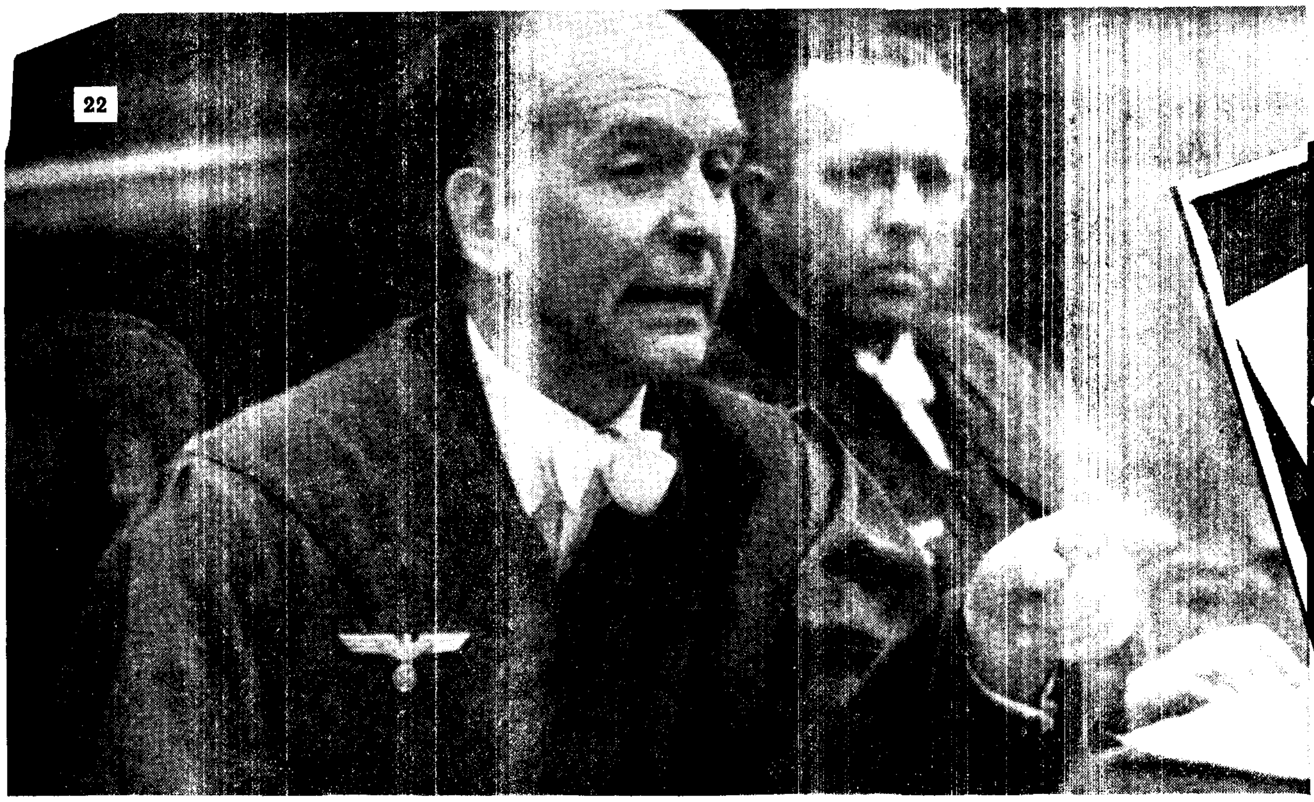
JOHN FABER

Harry Gilmer and his young bride look over Harry's press clippings

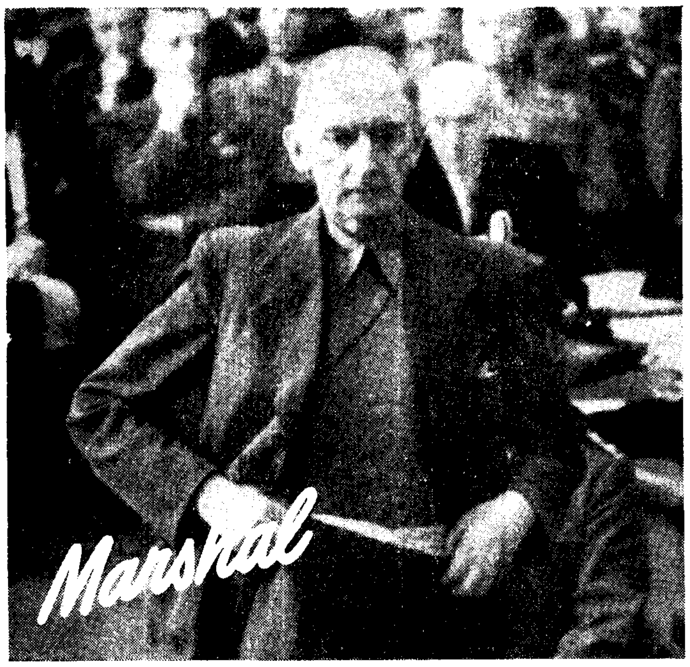

This is what makes Gilmer an extraordinary passer. He leaps, sometimes as high as three feet, and throws the ball downfield while in the air

TRIAL BY F

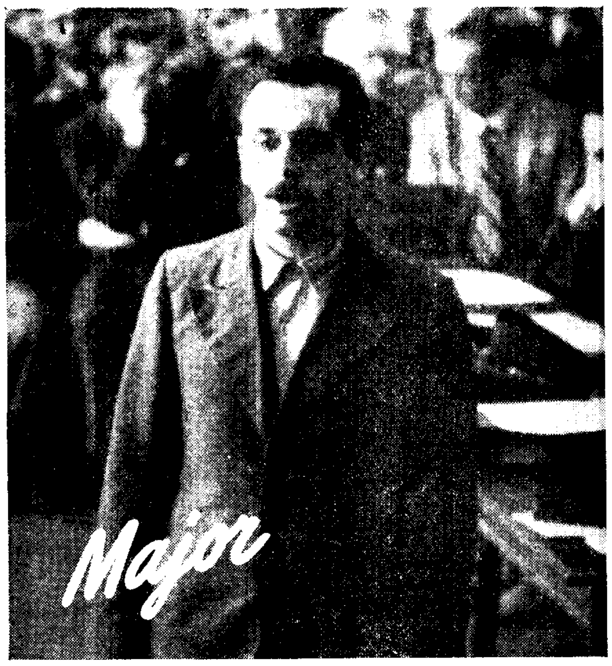
BY KENN T. DOWNS



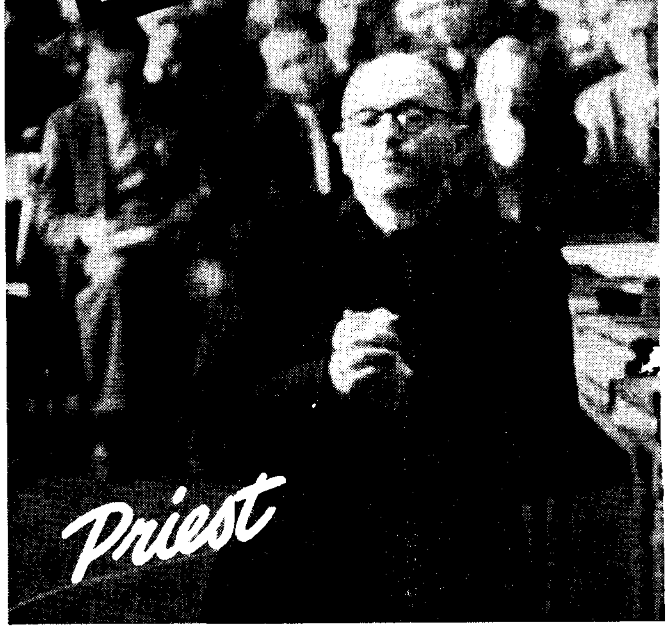
In July, 1944, the attempt on Hitler's life failed. Afterward, almost 5,000 persons were hanged or shot. The man shown here is Roland Freisler, one of three judges in the Berlin People's Court. For posterity, the Nazis recorded his gripes, grimaces and gestures on sound film. On the same strip, they recorded the pathetic attitudes of the defendants and their slow strangulation by rope. These stills are from the film



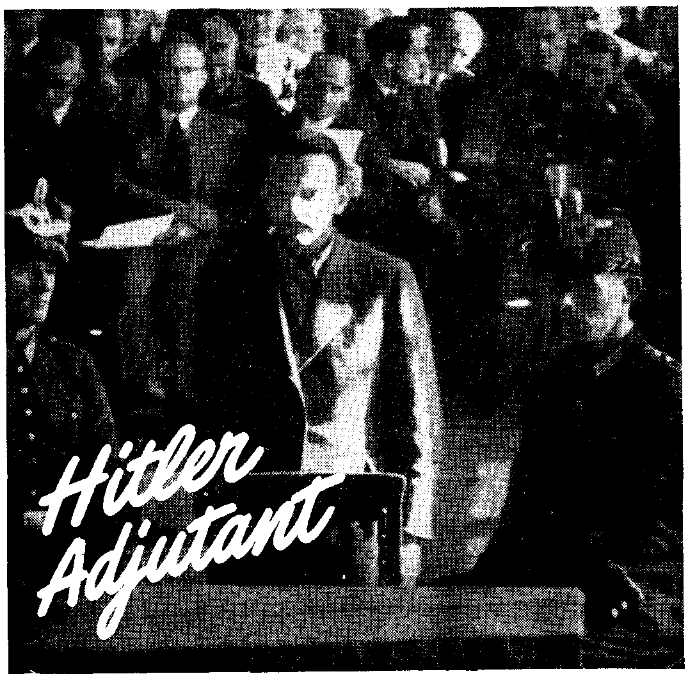
To humiliate old Field Marshal von Witzleben, the Nazis gave him oversized trousers, so that he had to hold them. The Nazis hanged him just as they hanged the others—by suspending him gently from a rope. He writhed for a full eighteen minutes



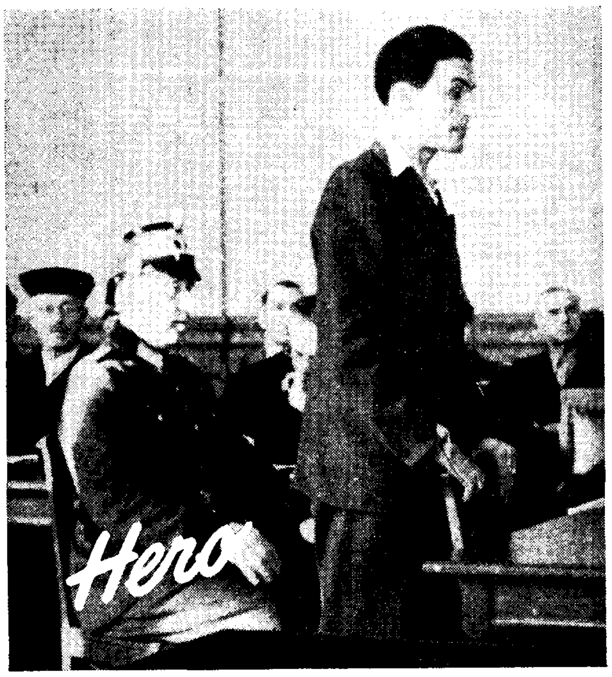
Count von Leonrodt was a staff major. He said that he asked a priest if it would be a sin to kill a tyrant. The priest said no. Freisler asked the prisoner to call the priest as a witness in his behalf. It was done and the major was hanged



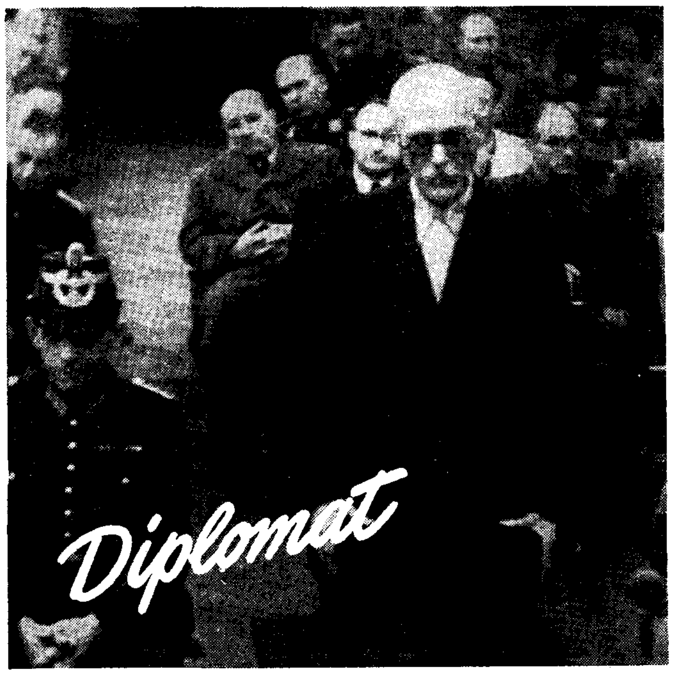
The priest, Chaplain Wehrle, said that the major had asked a hypothetical question and got a hypothetical answer. Here, Father Wehrle has just been told that he is no longer a witness, he's on trial. He was not a plotter, but he was hanged anyway



This tiny man is Lt. General Stieff, of Hitler's staff. He knew what was coming so he told bluntly how he hid the bomb in his Berlin apartment and later hid it in Berchtesgaden until the day of the assassination attempt. He asked no mercy



Roland von Hoesslin, at 30, commanded a division in the famed Afrika Korps. He lost part of his right hand, wore the Knights Cross of the Iron Cross. He had nothing but scorn for Freisler and told him so. He shouted his judges down in court



Count Werner von der Schulenburg, 69, was ambassador to Russia and opposed the war with Russia. He was shattered by the Gestapo and tearfully begged for mercy. He was held until the Russians approached Berlin, then he was shot

YOU are looking at the faces of the dead. These are the men who tried to kill Adolf Hitler on July 20, 1944. The pictures are from a Nazi sound film of the trials. Each man tried to plead or beg or argue. But the Nazi standard of court procedure did not permit these things. The judge—that finger-wagging man at the left—asked questions and then, before the defendant could answer, screamed "*Schweinehund!*" or worse. "Are you a murderer?" he would bellow. "Yes, you are a murderer!"

There was no trial as we know trials. On the opening day, one defense counsel arose, objected mildly. He was not seen again. Most of the defendants were hanged. A few were shot. Those who were hanged did not get the merciful drop which snaps the spine and kills all pain. They were suspended slowly, to strangle. It took old Field Marshal von Witzleben 18 minutes to die.

Our interest in this is not pity for the condemned, most of whom were icy Nazis when the going was good. Our interest is that we were looking at these pictures and thinking of the trials of top Nazis in Nuremberg. A great deal of time was spent deciding how to try the Von Ribbentrops, the Goerings and the Streichers.* Court procedure, the admissibility of evidence, the laws of appeal, the right to decline to testify, the selection of competent defense counsel to be furnished free—all these things were weighed and argued. It comes to you as no surprise when Allied judges lean over backward to be fair to the cringing men who once tried to grab the whole world.

The procedure was different, however, when the Nazis were the judges. When the Hitler assassination trials opened, the motion-picture cameras were hidden in wall niches, whirring silently. Every moment of each trial was taken. Every sentence was recorded. Every hanging was photographed. In that one movie, our Army captured twenty-two miles of sound film. The newspaper Das Volk of Berlin estimates that 4,980 persons were tried and executed, most of them in the Berlin People's Court. The secret cameras worked so well that the condemned had no knowledge of them. The American O.S.S., which found the films, reported that Hitler often sat for private showings of those sections of the movie which dealt with the trials and executions of one-time friends.

Many persons who were not in on the plot were hanged anyway. One was Elizabeth Hadden, headmistress of a girls' school at Heidelberg. Her crime was that she did not like Nazism and said so. Others, who feared that they would be denounced by ambitious subordinates, shot themselves.

The startling thing about the film is the perfect casting of types. The heroes look like heroes, the villains look like villains, and the weaklings look like weaklings. Where, in Hollywood, could you find a character actor to match Roland Freisler, who plays the judge-villain? Technically, he was one of three judges, but he played the part of judge-prosecutor-jury and he bellowed and whispered and mocked and laughed and scorned and flailed the air with his hands. He would have made a colorful defendant at the Nuremberg trials, but, when most of the trials were over, an American bomb sliced through Freisler's house one night.

One of Freisler's cruelest acts was to ask each condemned man if he had any last request. Some brightened and asked for the last rites of their church. Others asked a moment with their wives or their children. No last request was ever granted. One colonel begged that his young aide, who was not in the plot, be spared. They hanged his aide with him.

The mistake which cost these people their lives was made by young Colonel Klaus von Stauffenberg, who placed the brief case containing the time bomb under the table around which Hitler and his staff were conferring.

He walked out and waited. When he heard the explosion Von Stauffenberg sent the prearranged code word, meaning "Success," on to Berlin.

Thus, when the word arrived, the plotters exposed themselves by trying to seize the ministries and arresting Nazi leaders and generals. A few hours later, Hitler broadcast his "miraculous" escape, and the plotters were doomed.

The man below is Colonel General Erich Hoepner, German master of armored warfare. In 1942, his massed *Panzers* cut great scars across Poland and the great western plains of Russia. His mistake was in ascribing the defeat before Moscow and the defeat at Stalingrad to "Hitler's intuition." His trial was simple:

"I told him I am not a *Schweinehund* and would not shoot myself—"

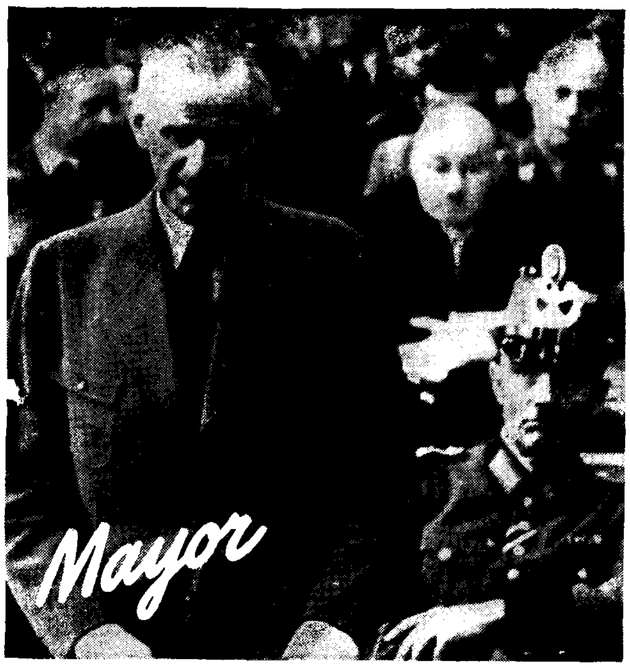
"So you are not a *Schweinehund!*" (Freisler screaming.) "To what category of the animal world do you belong?"

(Hoepner, head hanging and licking his lips): "I guess I am an ass."

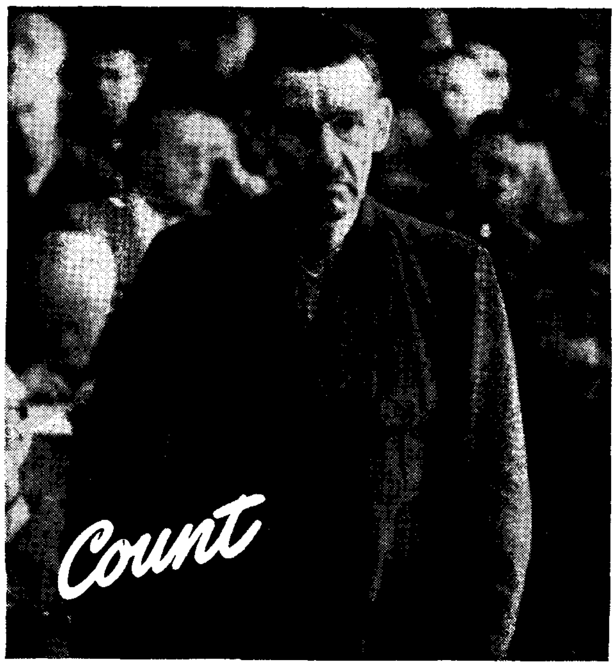
(Freisler, hands waving wildly): "No! That would imply only stupidity! I speak of your character. You are a *Schweinehund!*"

(Hoepner, nodding dumbly, says nothing.) Two days later, he was on the end of a rope. ★★★

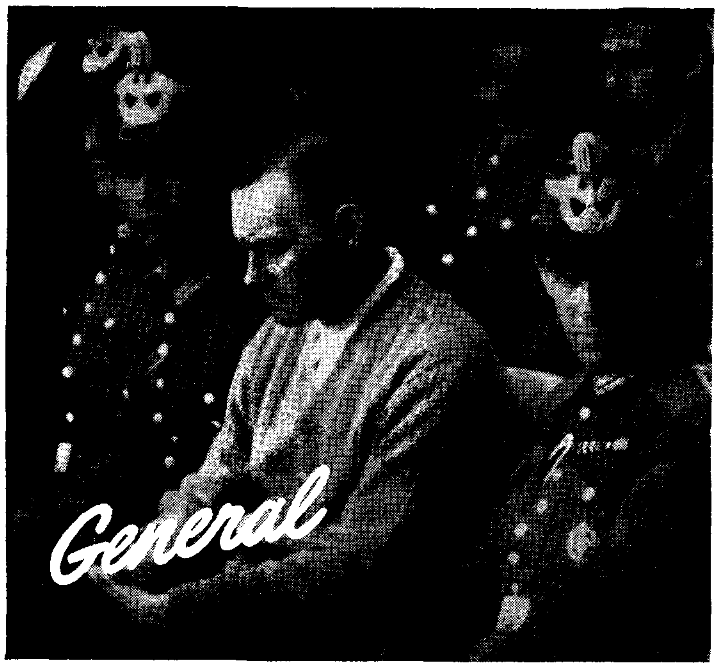
See War Crimes, by Jerome Frank, Collier's, October 13, 1945.



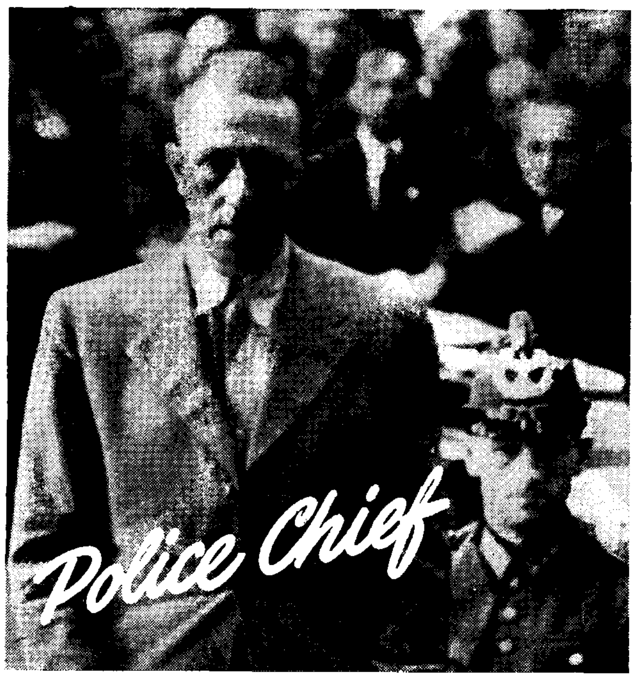
Karl Goerdeler, 60, mayor of Koenigsberg, had plotted against Hitler for years. The judges mimicked and mocked him and sent him to his death. Had the plot succeeded, this man was slated to succeed Hitler as Reichschancellor of Germany



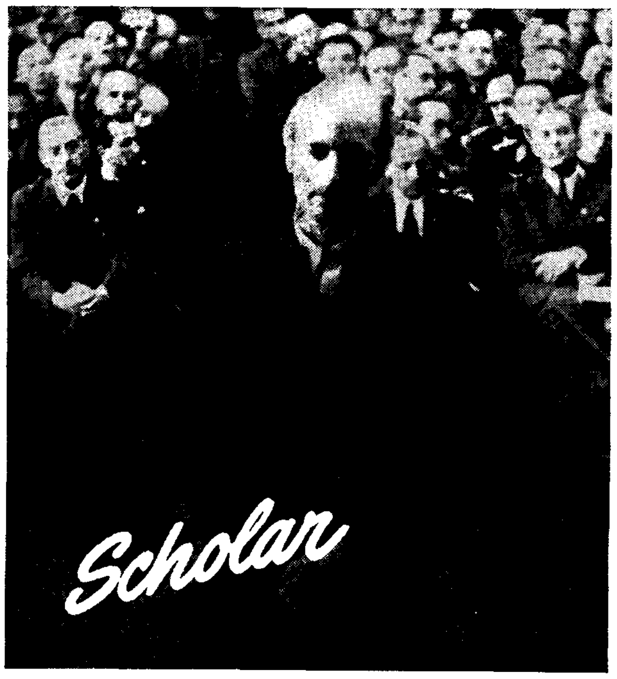
Count zu Dohna was a pathetic figure. Looking at him, no one would guess that, a few months before, he had been a proud major general. The judges roared him down every time he opened his mouth. He went to his death mumbling incoherently



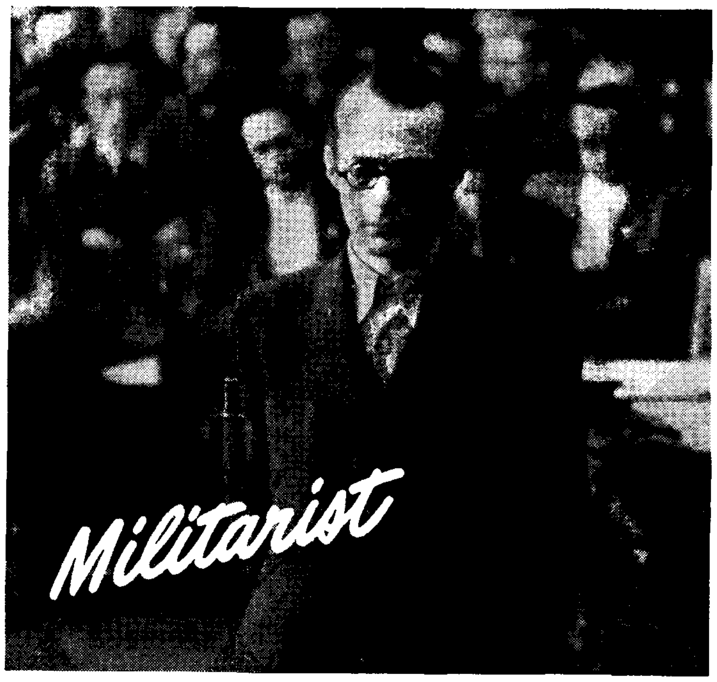
Erich Hoepner was a colonel general and commanded a Panzer army on the Russian front. He made the mistake of growling about Hitler's intuition. The judges made a fool of him and made him re-enact his arrest before sending him to death



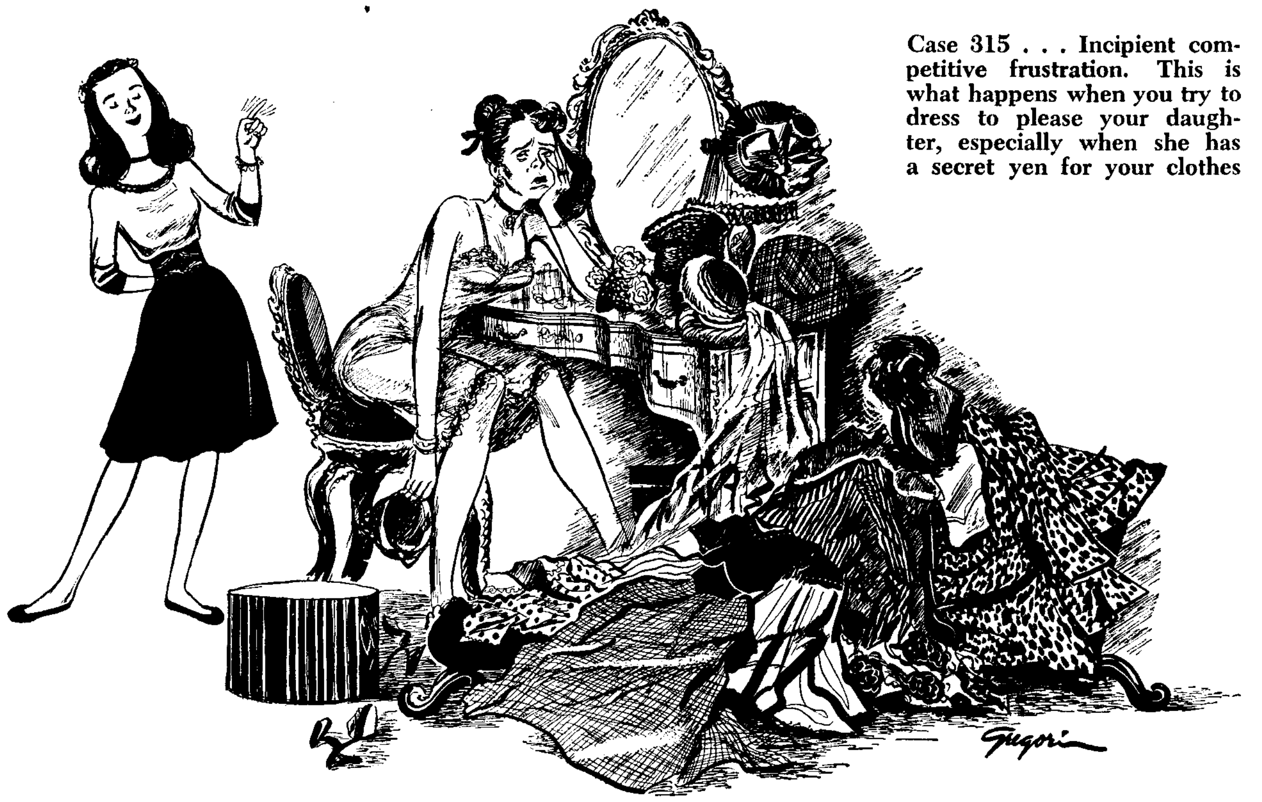
This is the Jew-baiting Berlin chief of police, Count von Helldorf. He admitted that he had become a defeatist after the first Russian winter. He said, "Everyone will have to jump off the Hitler bandwagon some day." For that crack he died



Rhodes Scholar Adam von Trott zu Solz was the object of Freisler's wildest fury. The scholar was serene, said that he had "always" been opposed to the "evil" Nazi regime. He played his courtroom role with the skill of a Leslie Howard



"So many murders," murmured Count Schwerin von Schwanenfeld of the War Ministry. "So many murders in those invaded countries and right here in Germany." "Murders!" roared Freisler. "You are a swine!" The next day the count dangled



Case 315 . . . Incipient competitive frustration. This is what happens when you try to dress to please your daughter, especially when she has a secret yen for your clothes

HOW TO LIVE WITH CHILDREN

BY GILBERT HIGHET

The pitiful plight of the problem parent, or what to do instead of slugging Junior

IT IS bad for children to be frustrated. Psychologists have been explaining that for years. Children must be allowed to develop, they say. Children must not acquire repressions; you will injure them if you tell them not to do what they want to. The left-handed girl must be encouraged to write left-handed, or else she will start stammering and squinting. Little Arnold must not be forbidden to wear Daddy's good hat, or he will develop a collection of complexes with sinister classical names.

All right. The psychologists may be correct. But they have said nothing about another danger, equally important. They have told us how to prevent repressions in children. They have not explained that parents, too, are sensitive creatures, and that two or three healthy, unrepressed children can inflict on one parent a rich and complicated set of frustrations which sometimes takes many years to dissolve. These frustrations are of various types, though they all have the same cause. Here are some instances from my own case-book.

Case 227: N.R. This parent, a healthy male of 41 with no history of frustration, had the habit of giving his children direct orders, such as, "Go and wash your hands, B.R., before coming to table." Instead of obeying or pretending to obey, N.R.'s two children invariably started to argue the case. "But, Daddy, I washed them just half an hour ago as soon as I finished making my new model of a B-29, shall I show you my new model, Daddy?" Sometimes N.R.'s wife would increase the strain on him, *either* (a) by injecting an irrelevant point into the argument, such as, "Remember, B.R., you must put all your plane models away before you go to camp," *or* (b) by starting a new phase of argument, which impeded the execution of N.R.'s orders and practically paralyzed his superego: "Now, B.R., you haven't brushed your hair, either, and you know we made an agreement you were to brush it once a week." These situations usually occurred during or just after meals.

The result was that N.R. gradually became dumb. In his own home, he could not speak except *in a loud shout.* He was afraid. For instance, he felt that if he said to B.R., "Pass me the salt, please," B.R. would reply, "But, Daddy, you don't need salt in oxtail soup," or, "I read in the Book of Knowledge that too much salt nitrifies your liver." The only way N.R. could get around these frustrations was *either* (a) to say nothing whatever and get the salt for himself, *or* (b) to scowl ferociously and bellow "SALT!"

Problem father reads fairy tale to sons, Dan and Harry — whose antics drive him nuts

Diagnosis: Acute eristic frustration (bafflement by argument). The condition, already chronic, would grow worse as the children grew older and more voluble.

Treatment: The patient was directed to join a good club, where he took all his meals. At home he kept another good club beside his chair—during the early stages of treatment, a common baseball bat was used. He was instructed to raise it vertically in the air, shoulder-high, just before giving an order to his children. If any argument started, N.R. released the growing tension by striking the nearest child smartly on the head, and thus prevented a new layer of frustration from solidifying. The patient is now cured. No relapse has been observed during the last two years, while both his children have been at boarding school.

Case 315: L.S. L.S., a female parent, age 38, married to a rich husband, was remarkably handsome and well-dressed. On consulting me, however, she stated that she had developed a curious series of nervous tics centering on her physical appearance. She would change her hat three times before going out for luncheon; she wore her hair up, down, half-down, and twisted in plaits upon four succeeding days, and sometimes all on the same day. She had also acquired a compulsion to glance at herself in any reflecting surface—such as the glass doors of my bookcase—an action which she followed by a nervous frown. Although she was on a reducing diet, she had deliberately added three pork chops to her luncheon menu that day. She was in a highly agitated condition.

Interrogation revealed that the patient had one child, a daughter (A.S.) aged 16. Although it would have been possible to complete the diagnosis at once, I wished to prove to the patient that it was correct. I therefore arranged to have a recording device concealed in her bedroom, and the following conversation was reported:

L.S.: Hello, darling.

A.S.: Hello. Oh, Mother, are you putting your hair up?

L.S.: Yes, darling. Why?

A.S.: I think it's awfully kind of undignified to see an—I mean anyone your age wearing upswept hair like a movie actress, don't you, Mother, after all?

L.S.: All right, darling; I'll comb it down in a shoulder-bob.

A.S.: *No,* that would be ghast. Why don't you just wear it in a knot like Vorna? (Vorna proved to be the cook, aged 62.) Oh, Mother, are you going out to tea? You're NOT wearing that new shocking-pink frock, *are* you? *Darling,* it makes you look so—I mean, it definitely isn't your type. I should expect you'd wear black or navy blue, and by the way, I wondered if you'd be an angel and lend it to me if you're not wearing it, would you, darling? You know it isn't your style, not at all.

The conversation continued much longer, but the salient points were clear.

Diagnosis: Incipient competitive frustration. This is common in young mothers with growing daughters. The daughter subconsciously wishes that her mother were seventy-five years old, and laid away in the top drawer among the sachets and extra sheets. She attempts to enforce this wish by complaining that all Mother's clothes make her look ridiculous, and can only be worn by much younger women. Every new frock, every youthful style of hairdressing is criticized until the mother gives way and *either* (a) puts on a grandmotherly costume, *or* (b) consults a competent parental psychologist.

Treatment: L.S. was instructed to go to a good beauty specialist and have a course of 24 treatments. At the end of this, she looked better than she ever had before, and had measurements and photographs to prove it. She was then told to have thirty hats specially made for her by Daché and thirty dresses by Adrian. Several pictures of her appeared in Vogue. Thus reassured, she was able to confront her daughter with a glittering self-confidence which no criticism could break down. (The daughter came to me six months later with severe melancholic depression, convinced that she was too ugly to get married; but this delusion also yielded to treatment.)

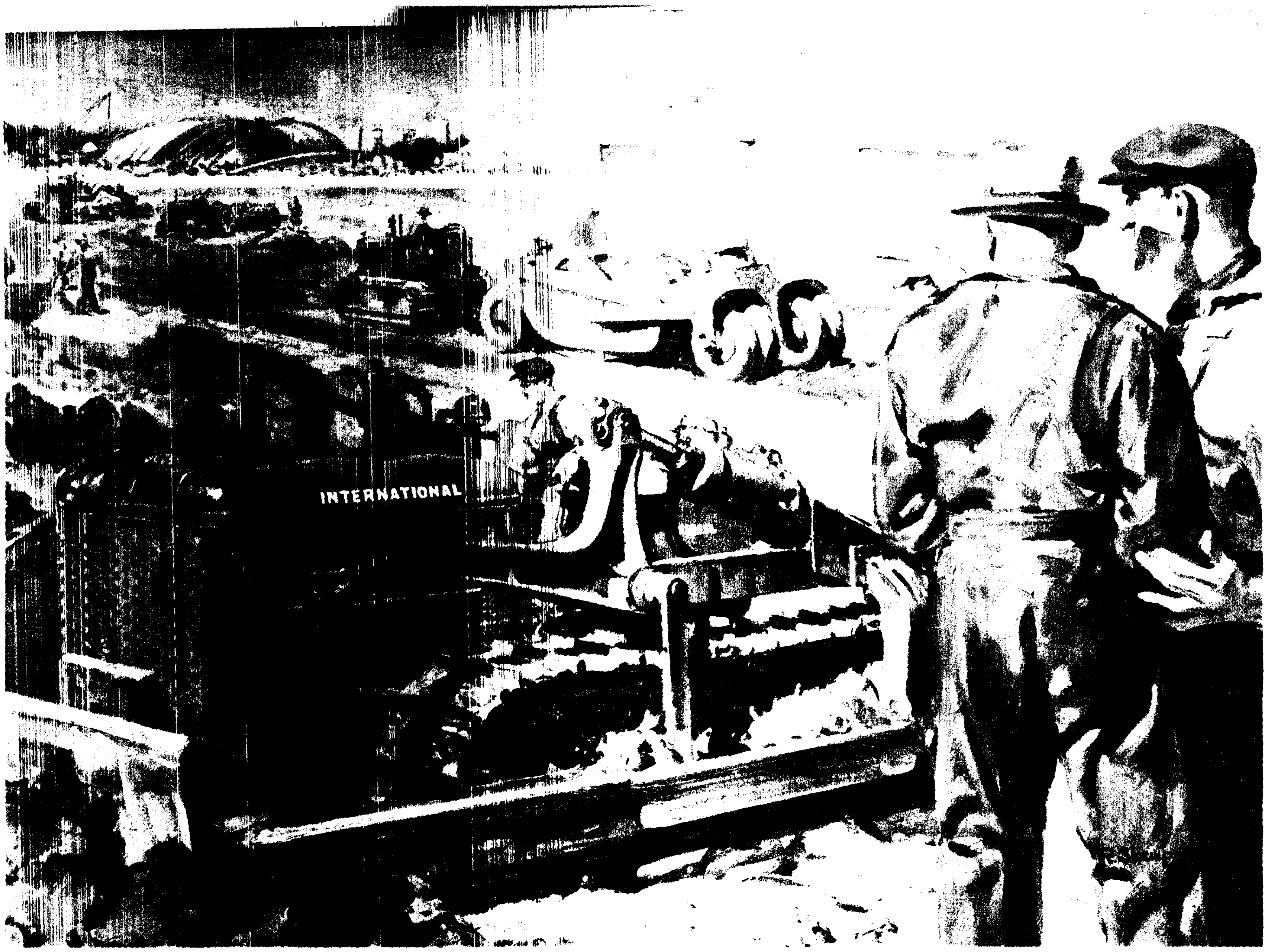
Case 581: T.J. T.J., a male parent, 33 years old, was sent to me by his own physician after making a savage attack on one of his sons. When interrogated, he ground his teeth and said, "I hate children." In this, as in other respects, he appeared perfectly normal. His wife, however, reported that he had always been attached to his two sons, had played with them regularly, and spent Sunday afternoons telling them stories in the garden.

It was impossible to make an immediate diagnosis without obtaining some idea of the manner in which he associated with his children. I therefore took the risk of repeating one of these Sunday-afternoon sessions so that it could be recorded and analyzed. Here is an excerpt from the record of his voice, showing the increasing evidences of dangerous frustration:

". . . So Jack climbed away up and up the beanstalk—no, he didn't fall off because he was holding on tight—yes, he was holding on with both hands—well, of course, he had to move one hand when he wanted to get up higher, and then he would be holding on with only one hand, but only for a moment—no, the beanstalk didn't break, because it was a magic beanstalk—well, *some* magic beanstalks *might* break, but *this* one didn't break because the magic made it strong—yes, it would have been strong enough to hold you, Dan, yes, or you, Harry, but not both of you—I don't know why it wouldn't hold both of you—yes, I *know* it was magic, perhaps it would have held both of you after all—stop biting your nails, Dan, and, Harry, if you don't stop swinging backward on that chair, I'll go *mad* . . . (sounds of panting). . . . All right, I'm going on. And when Jack got to the top of the beanstalk, what do you think he saw? No, I don't know how high the top was—oh, higher than our house, no, not so high as the moon; perhaps ten miles high, away above the clouds; no, he didn't have a pressure chamber or an oxygen mask because the *(Continued on page 46)*

Here's Junior, craftily avoiding the pre-dinner hand washing. That's what he thinks

ILLUSTRATED BY LEON GREGORI



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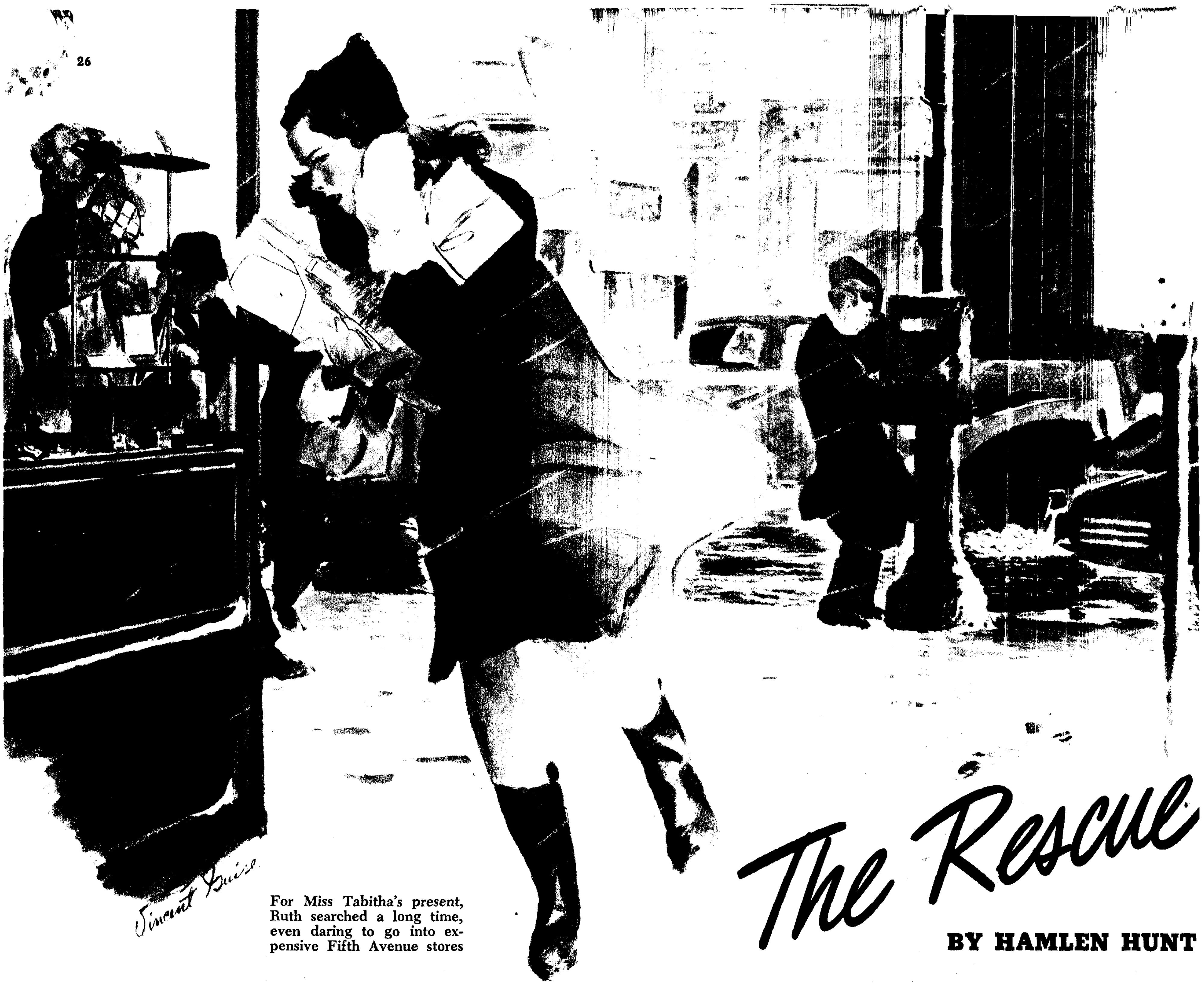


For Miss Tabitha's present, Ruth searched a long time, even daring to go into expensive Fifth Avenue stores

The Rescue

BY HAMLEN HUNT

A warm story of a lonely child, of a woman who was afraid to love, and of an unusual Christmas present that personified the understanding and happiness they learned to share

THE spare room was empty, and because it was empty, seemed cold, in spite of a warm radiator, and sun coming through and falling on red-and-white stripes. Ruth was away in Texas, keeping house, in some sort of adobe tourist camp, for a husband only recently discharged from the Army, and so busy that even now, on Christmas Eve afternoon, Miss Tabitha had not yet received Ruth's promised letter or Christmas present.

I have a darkroom back again, Miss Tabitha thought, firmly. I shall just spend Christmas moving my clutter out of the bathroom and back here, where it belongs. I always used to have a darkroom.

Six years earlier, Miss Tabitha McAndrews had stood in a dim hallway and listened to the sobs for several seconds before she tapped at the door with its card, "John Rivers, Metal Sculpture and Design." They were heart-shaking sobs, but no more so than those she had heard behind this door many times before: it was easy for an acute and wakeful spinster ear to pick up sounds from the floor below, especially in an open-staired, old-fashioned Greenwich Village house like this one.

She had heard Ruth and her stepmother quarrel at intervals ever since Ruth had come there to live, months ago, and yet there had been something in this afternoon's bitter exchange that had brought Miss Tabitha down from her top floor, against her will. She had not wanted to interfere, for she believed in keeping herself to herself.

The quarrel began when Eleanor handed Ruth a letter from her mother, Tess, still somewhere in Europe. She was always coming home on the next boat and once it sounded so real, Ruth went down and waited alone all day until the last passenger had gone through the customs. Of course her mother hadn't come. Ruth stood there in the cold desolation of other people's greetings until at last, although she was almost fifteen, she began to cry. That was because she had once more believed Tess. Time and again she had done that, forgetting beforehand how sick and stripped and lost it would make her feel to be deceived again.

But she held out her hands for the letter now, because Tess had the ability of putting love down on paper. "My own darling, darling baby, if you only knew how very much I miss you and how much I hope you are being happy, and how terribly sorry I am I couldn't get there in September when you expected me. But I was still buying things for the shop, darling, and I knew you'd understand, because you always do."

Words like that could warm even a hall bedroom that was colder than grief, colder than the outer edges of space, because it had no welcome for Ruth. It had housed sheets of metal and other equipment of John Rivers' trade.

WHEN Ruth had arrived to stay, her stepmother had put a cot into it, and ground a few hooks into the wall for Ruth's clothes.

"The letter was forwarded from White Plains," Eleanor's neatly-trimmed voice said. "I suppose your mother still thinks you're with those friends of hers as a nonpaying guest? Why don't you tell her you're here with Daddy and me?"

Of course the stepmother wanted credit for giving John's daughter a home. Miss Tabitha, listening unashamedly outside the door, could understand that.

"Though I don't suppose she's terribly interested where you are, the way she takes no responsibility. Now the last thing I want to do is hurt your feelings, Ruth—"

Ruth said, "But you do hurt them, Eleanor. All the time. On purpose."

After that she slammed the door of her room, while Eleanor slammed the door into the living room and could be heard telling her husband about his ungrateful child.

She said, "I've done my best, but it's just not good enough."

John Rivers said, loudly and impatiently, "Oh, for heaven's sake, aren't you two ever going to learn to get along with each other?"

Miss Tabitha could have told him the answer to that, but she only listened, then went back upstairs and did a little house cleaning, and developed a few prints, until she heard the Riverses leave for the evening. Then Miss Tabitha walked slowly down again, knocked at the door, and walked in quickly.

Ruth had crept into the warm living room, and was huddled into a chair by the fireplace, still crying, with Tess' crumpled letter under her cheek.

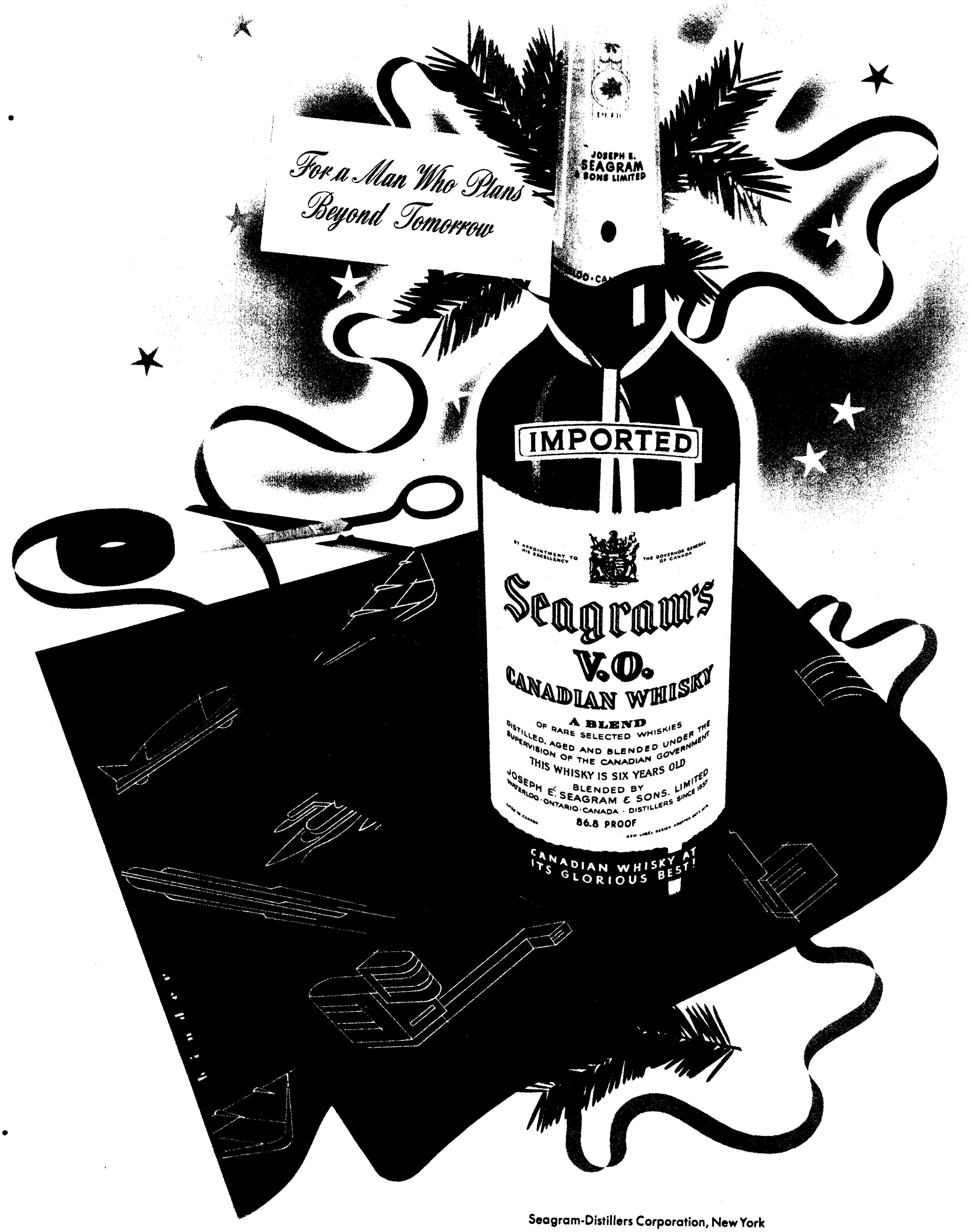
Miss Tabitha said, "Come along, child. You're dining with me."

Ruth sat up so suddenly another sob was jerked loose and tears ran down the paths worn by all the other tears that had gone before. She stared, because Miss Tabitha seemed somebody else.

The elderly Scotch spinster was wearing long garnet earrings and a tight-waisted, full-skirted dress of striped taffeta. She liked living in a plain house and dressing like a queen, in secret, every evening. She stood very straight and her iron-colored hair was pinned in flat loops over her head with big carved, red lacquer pins she had bought herself in Java. She had strayed somehow from Glasgow to Horatio Street, and sometimes she won a prize for her photographs of glassware in the sun, or of machinery, and whenever she passed a mirror, she glanced

(Continued on page 33)

ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENT GUISE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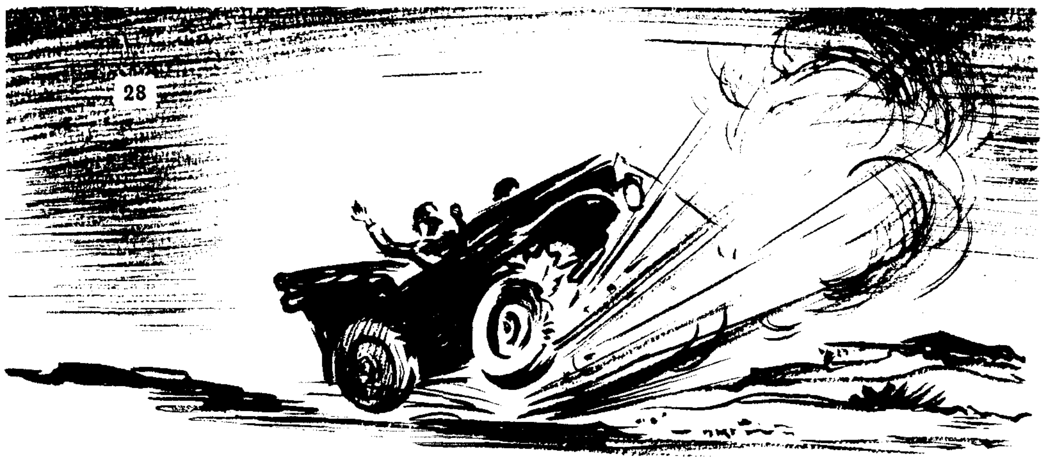


JACK PELLEW

TOYS OF HELL

BY LOUIS HUOT

THERE was a moment—a long moment in the war—when the best weapon we had against the Germans was a peculiar explosive, then high on the secret list, called "the plastic." We used it for booby traps and demolitions.

Just how effective booby traps were may be seen in the fact that as many as forty to fifty divisions of Nazi troops were used to police non-German territories when the Jerries needed every man they could mobilize on their thousand-mile front in Russia. The plastic was largely responsible for that. No Axis soldier was safe in western Europe or the Balkans as long as there was plastic in circulation, and tons of it were sent into those countries.

The beauty of the plastic lay in its extreme stability as an explosive, and in its shattering power. A paste with the color and consistency of putty, it was so safe it could be left like a lump of clay in the hands of a child. No amount of thumping or bumping or hammering could make it go off. Even an ordinary dynamite cap would not always fire it. Special detonators or a type of violently explosive fuse called primacord were necessary; but two little lumps that looked like sausages laid one on either side of a railroad track would shatter to splinters three feet of rail. Plastic cut through metal like an ax through kindling wood, and a hatful of it was enough to collapse a fair-sized steel span bridge.

For booby traps it was the dream explosive. Some of them were manufactured on the spot where they were used, but a great variety came from the "Toy Factories" in London and Cairo. Men in the resistance movements dreamed them up. British and American agents who had been dropped into the occupied territories took their orders and telegraphed them home.

NO PATENT rights were applied for by these inventors, but a few of them are remembered. One is Carlton Coon, a professor from the Department of Anthropology at Harvard University. It was while Professor Coon was working among the Berbers of North Africa that an inspiration struck him. Donkeys abound in Africa, and their droppings litter the roads. Tiny bombs called "tire busters," he decided, could be neatly camouflaged in papier mâché road apples.

The professor studied donkey droppings carefully. Color and texture, he discovered, vary according to the donkey's diet, and when he reached the country where the tire busters would be used he made what may have been the first collection of its kind. Just how Professor Coon would have explained to intercepting Germans the contents of his parcel packed like crown jewels is not known. He delivered the package safely, however, to the Toy Factory. A few weeks later cases of papier-mâché reproductions, each containing a bomb an inch in diameter, were shipped to Africa, and the professor had the pleasure of using them himself against the German convoys.

They were marvelously effective, too. All they needed to go off was pressure, and there was plastic enough in each to blow the tire off the wheel that ran over it. Well placed on a curve in a mountain road, one of Professor Coon's contrivances was sufficient to dump a Nazi truck, driver and cargo, into the abyss.

This was pretty good, but what pleased the professor most, if one is to believe his story, was the knowledge that he had condemned the Nazis to a minute inspection of all the donkey droppings in North Africa.

The accessory gadgets in this infernal comedy at the expense of Hitler's supermen were few and usually simple. One was a device called a "time pencil" over the end of which one slipped the detonator before thrusting it into the plastic. This made a good time bomb. A squeeze of the "pencil" in the middle broke a little bottle of acid. The acid ate through a wire whose gauge determined the delay—then, wham!

Two other simple mechanical devices, pull and pressure switches, were also in wide use. The pull switch might be wired to a door to make a charge go off when the door was opened; the pressure switch was fitted under things like loaves of bread or bottles, books or shoes, to make them blow up when the articles were moved or lifted. All these things were no bigger than an automatic pencil.

Primacord, the only other item in the kit, looks like sash cord and was used to tie the plastic charges together on complicated demolition jobs. A handful of rusty nails and a four-ounce lump of plastic, with a time pencil or a pull or pressure switch, was all that anyone needed to make a superlative booby trap for his favorite Gestapo bigwig. Only a few moments were required to install it in the seat of a favorite chair or in the mattress of the victim's bed. The superman himself would do the rest.

Exports from the Toy Factories were usually items that required careful manufacture. Typical were such items as frosted electric light bulbs that contained a handful of buckshot embedded in six or eight ounces of the plastic. An electric detonator connected with the base completed the contraption, which exploded when the light switch was turned on.

Another job involved a trick of loading coal. By cutting a fair-sized lump in two and drilling out the center it was possible to insert a half-pound charge of plastic. When the lump was cemented together again and tossed into a pile of coal, its own maker would probably not have been able to find it—but the stoker did—too late. Sticks of firewood were sometimes similarly treated for the entertainment of Gestapo officers, who sat smugly around their stoves at night while the natives of the lands they terrorized shivered in their unheated houses.

Machines, as well as Nazis, were blown to smithereens by these devices. The wooden handles of heavy tools were drilled out and loaded; oilcans were lined with plastic; a Continental workman's wooden shoes were made with plastic soles. Everything that left the Toy Factories was fit for use. The wooden handles of the tools were still strong enough to wield them; the oilcan really squirted oil when a thumb pressed its plunger; the shoes were wearable. But there was a concealed place in each where a time pencil could be inserted on the right occasion; and, hours later, in the night, some irreplaceable machine would perish.

The Germans apparently never learned that there is no defense against the hatred of the people, but they did the next best thing: They lost the war. ★★★

Green Light Ahead

Continued from page 15

The result is that Detroit, transportation-wise, is bursting at the seams. In the next seven years, it expects 35 per cent more traffic. Edward J. Jeffries, Jr., Detroit's plain-talking mayor, told a Congressional roads committee in 1944:

"Detroit must have express highways. In no other way can we solve our transportation problems."

The economic consequence of Detroit's choking traffic is plain to see. In little more than ten years, the assessed value of property in Detroit's downtown district has dropped by more than $200,000,000. Lloyd B. Reid, city traffic engineer, remarks:

"We could have built a lot of expressways with that $200,000,000. I'd say it was a straight loss to property owners."

A big point in the mayor's demand for expressways is his concern over the waste of life in traffic accidents. Detroit's police commissioner, John F. Ballenger, reported last August:

"The day we looked forward to with trepidation—the day when the motoring public received the green light on speed—finally arrived. It was much worse than any of us anticipated."

That day was August 14th. The Detroit accident bureau report of the day before, a Monday, read: Fatalities 0; injuries 31; total accidents 69. By Tuesday midnight 3 persons had been killed, 90 injured, and the accident total had jumped to 151. This led Donald Slutz, chief of the Traffic Safety Association of Detroit, to declare: "With a complete expressway plan in Detroit, we will easily cut traffic fatalities in half."

All this gives ample evidence of the need. Detroiters will soon see the start of the cure. The city has a comprehensive plan calling for 168 miles of fast expressways, to be built in twelve years and to cost $131,000,000.

Every Section to Be Served

Top priority goes to $31,300,000 worth of construction of two routes, the Crosstown and John C. Lodge Expressways. Others, such as an expressway to circle the downtown loop, and the Grand River Expressway, leading out to the populous northwest area, will follow. The State of Michigan has agreed to contribute $3,000,000 a year, the city and Wayne County will put up $1,500,000 each, and $5,000,000 in Federal Aid is expected—bringing the annual total for Detroit's expressways to $11,000,000.

When you start figuring the dollar value of all the time which expressways will save daily for Detroiters, who now spend up to two hours a day going to and from their jobs, it obviously adds up into the millions. Yet one is tempted to think that the average citizen will be enthused about these attractive superhighways for a far simpler reason. Driving will be fun, instead of a headache.

Here is another trick which the ingenious Detroiters plan. In Detroit, the city owns the busses and streetcars. Its expressway chain will give the city a really modern rapid-transit bus system, and at the same time take busses completely off the downtown loop streets.

A new express-bus setup is the key to all this. Under that plan, busses will dive underground when they approach the loop, to stop at one of four underground terminals—one at each corner of the loop area. Thus pedestrian shoppers, thanks to the bus terminals and to the new loop expressway, will not have to fight traffic jams on the surface. The terminals will connect by a network of underground passageways, like the chain of shops and walks beneath Grand Central and Rockefeller Center in New York—an important point in bad weather.

But that is not all. Bus time to virtually anywhere in town will be cut in half, or more, by the express busses. Local suburban terminals will be built all through the city at points on the new expressways. Passengers from downtown will simply board an express bus, ride nonstop to the suburban terminal nearest home, then take a local feeder line.

A Miracle of Time-Saving

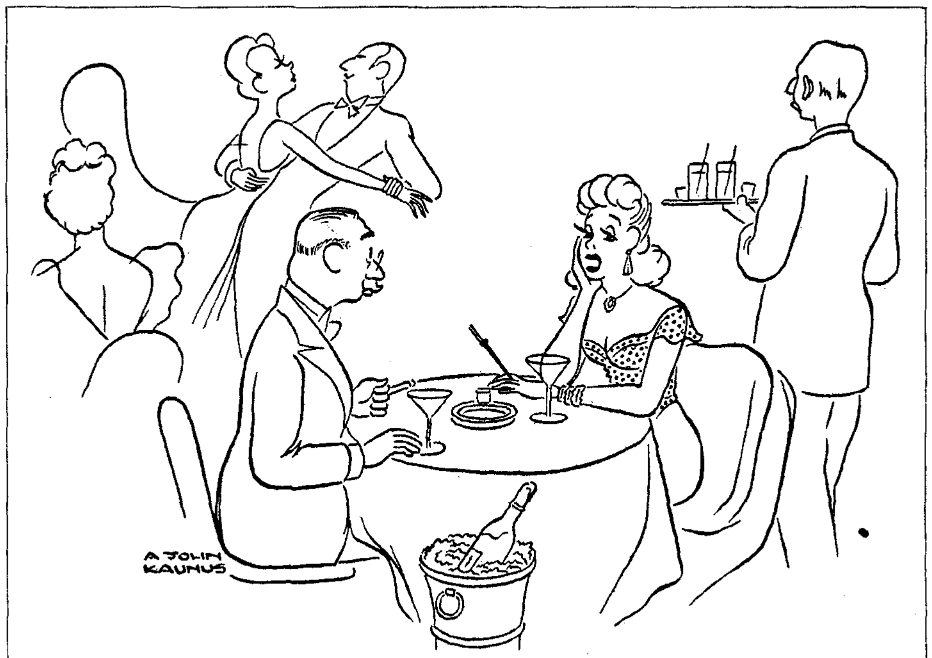
Today by bus it takes 25 minutes or more to go from downtown to Highland Park. The new system will cut the trip to 13 minutes. Today the bus ride out Grand River Avenue to Nine Mile Road requires 44 minutes; the same trip will take 15 minutes with express busses.

All this face-lifting of public transit will cost $21,500,000. Detroit expects to pay every dime of the bill out of bus fares. Fred C. Taylor, Detroit transit's postwar planner, thinks any city in the land could co-ordinate expressways and public transit in exactly the same way and wipe out blights on downtown areas. He thinks his bus plan may, in fact, help wipe out the downtown parking headache—by making bus transit so easy that people will park their cars at suburban bus terminals and take a bus on into town. "What any city wants downtown is people—not vehicles," he says. "Bringing in more cars just adds to the inaccessibility.

"In Detroit, six or seven hundred thousand persons a day enter the downtown area. Forty per cent of them are there just to shop. If you open up accessibility, you automatically increase the area's business—and its value."

All this seems enough to show that 1946-model expressways—highways built for 1956- or 1966-model auto traffic—form the answer to a whole list of metropolitan problems—transit, lost property values, even recreation. Here, say the experts, is the cure for sick cities.

THE END



"Love, fame, fortune, happiness—they're all right, if you care for that sort of thing"

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"Don't get the idea," Harry said, "that I'm criticizing my wife"

All I'm Criticizing is Everything

BY DONALD HOUGH

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

A MIDDLE-AGED man carrying a rolled-up magazine or catalogue in his hand entered Jack's Bar & Grill at about two o'clock in the morning and sat on a stool. Jack nodded pleasantly and flicked the mahogany with his bar cloth.

"Good evening, Mr. Potter," he said.

"Good morning, Jack," Mr. Potter said. "Glass of beer." He placed the thing he was carrying—it turned out to be a scientific magazine, popular style—on the bar, and tapped it with a finger. "The great new world. The wonderful new world. These are the days to be alive."

"Uh-huh," Jack said. He drew the beer.

"Maybe the war was worth-while after all," Mr. Potter said. "I mean, for this reason alone." He opened the magazine. "Push a button, and it's done, anything you want. Everything made of plastics, even windows. Turn the soup plate over, and it's an after-dinner ash tray. No more telephones, just stand in the middle of the room and start talking, and your friend in Cleveland answers. See what I mean, Jack?"

Jack lifted the glass of beer and wiped the bar. "I don't know anybody in Cleveland," he said. He put the beer down and glanced along the bar at the only other customer in the place, a young man sitting two stools away. Mr. Potter followed Jack's glance and saw that the young man was looking at him intently, even frowning a little. He was wearing a new white shirt, and a new blue suit with a discharge button in the lapel. His face, which was deeply tanned, was that of a person who ordinarily is good-natured, but *he did not look good-natured now.*

MR. POTTER felt compelled by this scrutiny to do something. He started to nod, but the young man in the new suit turned to Jack, and Jack without being told quickly mixed a double whisky and soda and placed it before him.

"Did you get what I was trying to explain, Jack?" the young man asked, obviously picking up a conversation that Mr. Potter had interrupted.

"Only partly," Jack said. "You said you couldn't go home because you don't know what street your house is on. You don't know whether it's Peach or Crab Apple."

"Blossom," the young man said. "I don't know whether it's Blossom or Crab Apple."

"Whichever way it is," Jack said. "You say it's at the corner of them, and you say you know where the corner is at. Well, if that's the way it is, if you know that much, I should think you could find it easy. That's the part I can't get through my head."

"That's the part that's hard to explain," the man in the new suit said. "After you once find the house, you got to find the door. How do I know where the door is? Which street? I'm not going wandering around the whole neighborhood looking for a door. Some cop drill you, or something. If it was daytime, you could stand on one of the streets and wait for the door to come around again, but at night it doesn't come around."

"I see," Jack said politely. He looked at Mr. Potter. "This young man," he explained, "has got a house that turns. This is Harry Stevens. Sergeant Harry Stevens. Maybe you saw his picture in the paper. Medal of Honor. Mr. Potter."

"How do you do?" Harry said to Mr. Potter. "The house," he added, "only turns in the daytime."

"The sun does it," Jack told Mr. Potter. "The sun moves all day, see, and they got something in this house that makes it turn around, so you get the sun in various rooms at various times, or maybe one room all the time. Even when it's cloudy, Harry says. They even got machinery for that, in case the sun should come out."

"But not at night," Harry said.

Mr. Potter cleared his throat. "You mean it revolves?" he asked.

"It has some kind of pole in the center," Jack said. He was losing interest. He picked up his bar cloth and started away. "His wife bought the house for him," he told Mr. Potter in passing. Then he looked over at Harry. "Maybe in a storm," he said, "it would spin."

"Never mind!" Harry said.

"Excuse me, Harry," Jack said.

"I don't want anybody to get the idea," Harry said, "that I'm criticizing my wife. The way I get it, all these people in the papers told everybody to put their money in War Bonds, then as soon as the war's over they should buy all these things, all this new stuff that would be for sale. What I think is, Dorothy got the idea she really was supposed to buy all these things when the war was over, if she bought the War Bonds at the time, like they told her to. Dorothy is mighty good and sweet, but she gets things mixed up sometimes. She likes to do what she is told to do, so she put everything down on some kind of list, the house and all, and now"—Harry took a long drink—"and now we got them. But I'm not criticizing Dorothy. All I'm criticizing is everything."

"Well, I guess it's all a part of the wonderful new world," Mr. Potter said, tapping his scientific magazine wisely.

Harry looked at him. "You wait," he said. "It may be a wonderful new world, but right *now it frightens the liver out of me.* Take the shower that I been looking forward to for nearly four years, where you just push a lever or something, and the water comes down, like always. But not ours. Oh, no; you sit down and some machinery . . . I'm not used to having a lot of water come up when it ought to come down and . . . I don't know. . . . Another thing, we got those doors that open in front of you." Harry shoved his glass along the bar and held up two fingers for another double one.

"But where would you want the doors to open, except in front of you?" Mr. Potter asked.

"He means they work by themselves," Jack said, starting to make the drink.

"You think they're going to hit you," Harry said.

"Have any of them hit you yet?" Mr. Potter asked, with a hint of challenge in his voice. He glanced at his magazine.

"Not quite," Harry said. "Not yet. But sometimes you got to hurry, to get through. But the thing of it is, sometimes you don't even want to use the door. You're just passing by, close to it, and all of a sudden—"

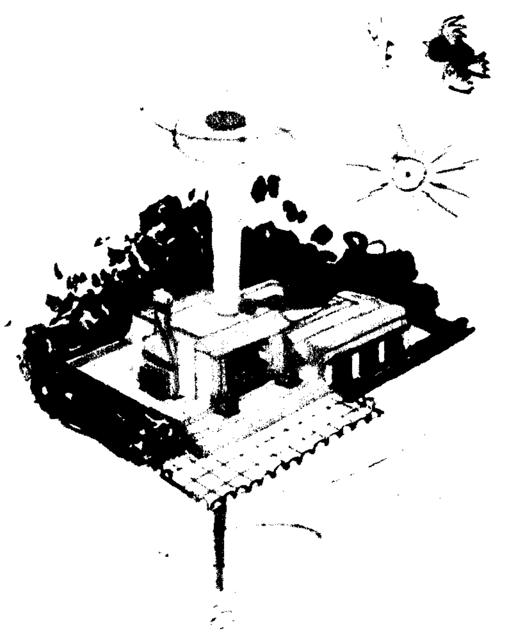
"But it hasn't hit you yet," Mr. Potter insisted. "Now I should think a man who has won the Medal of Honor in the war—"

"Now look, mister," Harry said, "the first thing you learn about a war is to get the hell out of it and go home. The whole thing is too full of everything you can't understand, somebody is always telling you to go someplace or do something, and when you get home you want the door to open when you lousy well please. When you push it."

"But if the door had hit you just once—" Mr. Potter began, but he was stopped by a wave of Jack's bar cloth. Jack put the new drink in front of Harry. "Take it easy, everybody," he said. "You know," he added pleasantly, "a friend of mine has got some screens on his windows, and they got no screen in them. Just electricity. A mosquito comes along, and the window's open and he figures on flying in, and all of a sudden he stops, see, and falls down dead."

Harry drank half of his new drink.

"I don't know about that," he said, "b I know *how it is at our house.* You go bed, for example, and lean back against tl pillow, and a light flashes on in back of y in case you would want to read. But y don't want to read, so you turn around shut it off, and when you start to turn arou it goes off by itself, so you turn back and goes on again, and it scares the lousy livi . . . When you finally get the light turn off, a motor starts someplace and the wi dow opens one foot. I don't know how th get it to stop at one foot. Okay, so in tl morning a little bird whistles, that's tl alarm, it's hidden someplace in the roo and the window comes down again and tl shower starts coming up in the bathroo Lukewarm. After you take the shower a shut it off, the wall moves back."



"The house turns around so you get the sun at various times"

"The what?" Mr. Potter asked, motioni to Jack for another beer.

"The wall," Harry said. "It moves ba and there's the breakfast room. You put a bathrobe and by that time the breakfas there. It comes out of some kind of che all ready for you. It's automatic."

"It works by itself," Jack said.

"Exactly," Harry said. "You reach f some sugar for your coffee, we'll say, and thing comes out of the thing between tl kitchen and the breakfast room and hits y in the arm with a piece of buttered toast."

"A thing comes out and hits you with a piece of buttered toast"

"You mean you can't shut it off?" Mr. P ter asked.

"Maybe," Jack suggested, "you could lean against the bed lamp and make it st *all over again, Harry.*"

"I don't know," Harry said. "Sometim I lay there and listen to the damn' show and decide to let everything go to hell, l the damn' shower run, but Dorothy alwa makes me go in and take the damn' shower

Mr. Potter drank his beer.

"You want a ride home?" he asked Harr

JACK looked at Harry and nodded. "Yo better let Mr. Potter take you home," said. "No use wandering around all nigh Mr. Potter is an old customer."

"Well, I don't know," Harry said. H frowned, and he sounded peevish and M Potter could see that he needed a little som thing to persuade him. Mr. Potter fingere his scientific magazine, and all of a sudde it gave him an idea.

"Look, I can find your house all right, that's what's worrying you," Mr. Potter sai "You tell me the corner, and I'll find it. just look it up in a book I got out in th car, then I turn a dial and somebody te me how to get there. It's practically aut matic." He looked at Jack and allowed o eyelid to quiver. Jack nodded gravely.

Harry looked at Mr. Potter rather quickl and seemed ready to frown again.

Mr. Potter smiled a little. "About th door," he said. "We won't have any tro ble about the door. When we get almo there, I just turn on the radar. The do shows up. It's auto—"

"I see," Jack said. He turned to Harr "He's got radar, Harry. The latest thing."

"You mean it works?" Harry asked M Potter.

"Why . . . ah . . . I guess so," Mr. Pott said. He picked up his magazine. "The tru is, I haven't actually tried it out yet. My wi had it installed only a couple of days ag However"—Mr. Potter cleared his thro and tapped his lips with his fingers—"how ever, all we need, I'm sure, is a little self-co fidence."

"You said it, brother, you said it," Har said. He followed Mr. Potter out to M Potter's car and they got in together.

"I'm not used to water coming up when it ought to come down"

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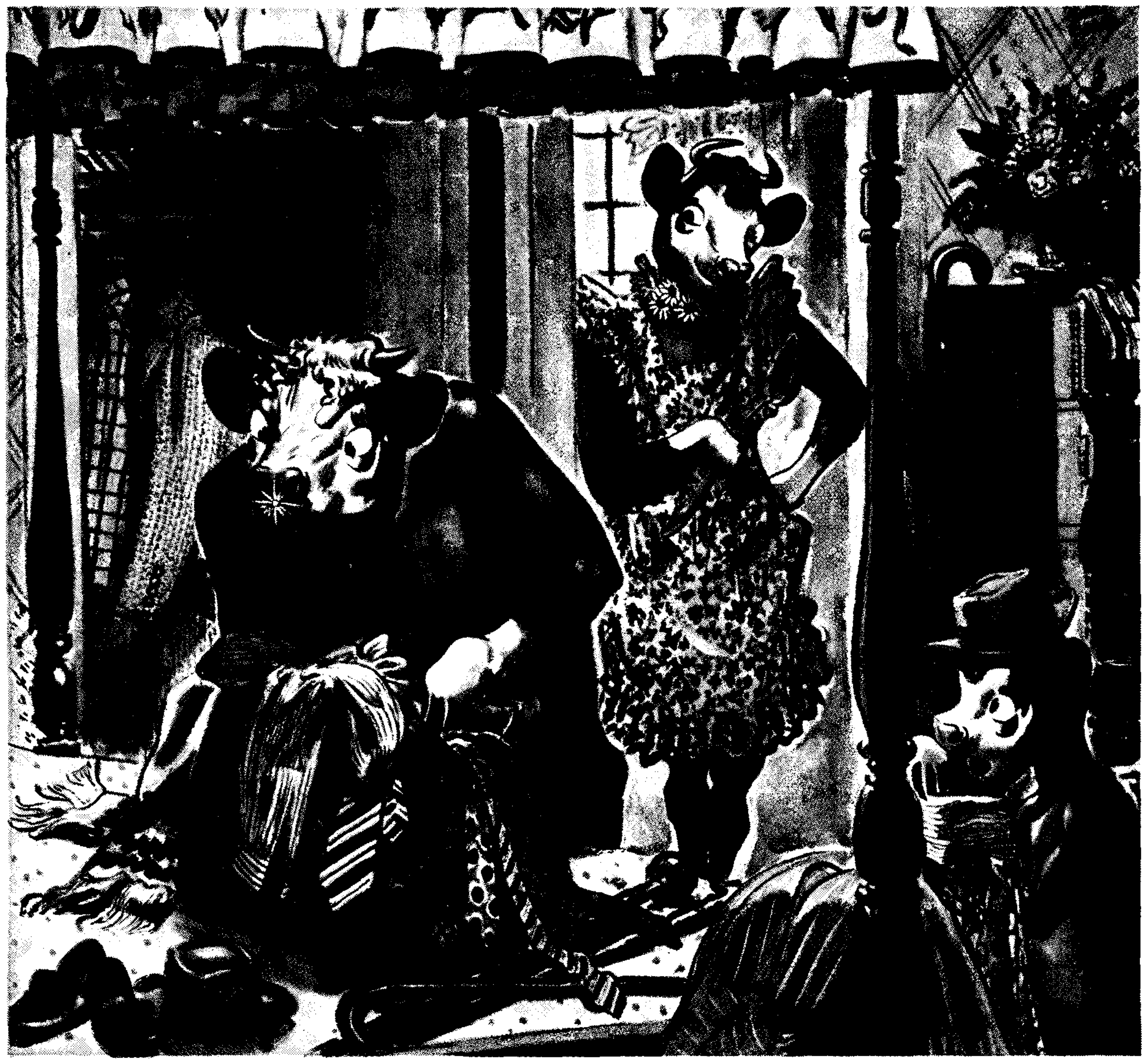


"Some men can't see any farther than the rings in their noses!" chided Elsie

"LOOK, WOMAN!" bellowed Elmer, the bull, "you leave my nose out of this. We're talking about *me* — all of me!"

"Certainly, dear," agreed Elsie, the Borden Cow, "and it's my very favorite subject."

"Cut the soft soap!" snorted Elmer. "I tell you, I'm tired of being called 'Elsie's husband.' I'm going far away—maybe to another country! I'm going to do big things — and I mean *big!*"

"You'll have to go a long, long way, darling," smiled Elsie, "to find a country that offers you the opportunities America does! Here, anyone with a good idea can make it grow into something wonderful for himself and loads of other folks, too. Did I ever tell you about Gail Borden's *Eagle Brand Condensed Milk?*"

"Hundreds of times," groaned Elmer, "or was it *thousands?*"

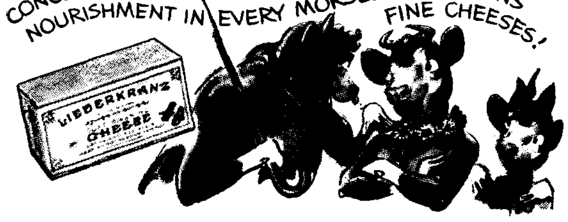
"In that case," brightly responded Elsie, "another time won't matter . . . You see, Gail Borden got *his* first idea of canning milk when he was on a boat trip in 1851. In those days, you know, folks had to take cows along on the boat if they wanted milk for their babies. There just wasn't any refrigeration . . . Well, the cows couldn't be kept healthy down in the hold. And when they got sick, the babies got sick. So Gail Borden thought something should be done about it. And he started right away working on a way to preserve milk, to keep it pure and safe. The result was *Eagle Brand,* the first milk to be sold to people in cans. It was the beginning of a great, new industry, and the creation of thousands of new jobs. All of which proves —"

MAKE GLORIOUS DESSERTS WITHOUT SUGAR—WITH EAGLE BRAND
Borden's
EAGLE BRAND
MAGIC RECIPES

BORDEN'S HOMOGENIZED MILK HAS CREAM AND VITAMIN D IN EVERY SIP!
Borden's

"All of which proves *con*-clusively," interrupted Elmer, "that all the good ideas have been thought up years ago. I gotta get away where fields are greener!"

"Don't be silly, Elmer," soothed Elsie. "Every year, every week, American businessmen, scientists, farmers are doing wonderful new things—things that benefit millions of people. Just as an example — look at *Borden's Homogenized Milk!* Look at the better flavor and extra health benefit people get from drinking that grand milk with cream and Vitamin D in every sip! Look at all the new jobs and wages that are made by each new product! Look—"


CONCENTRATED NOURISHMENT IN EVERY MORSEL OF BORDEN'S FINE CHEESES!
LIEDERKRANZ CHEESE

"Look, look, look!" mimicked Elmer. "I don't want to *look,* woman. I want to do, *do,* DO! Big things!"

"The man who invented golden-crusted, creamy-centered Liederkranz Cheese did something pretty big," reminded Elsie. "It's the *one* American cheese famous the world over. And as delicious a cheese as ever said 'hello' to a cracker. And, like every one of *Borden's Fine Cheeses,* it's concentrated nourishment — to the last morsel."

"Let's can the Borden chatter, please," begged Elmer, "and talk about something interesting. Let's talk about *me.*"

"Of course, dear," enthused Elsie. "Now, when you start doing these 'big things,' you might remember that anything that saves the housewife work, makes a big hit. Take *Borden's None Such Mince Meat,* for instance. Hardly any work for the pie maker. And it's the fruitiest, spiciest mince meat ever."

MINCIEST MINCE MEAT EVER—BORDEN'S NONE SUCH!
Borden's
NONE SUCH
MINCE MEAT

"How in thunderation did you sneak *that* in?" exploded Elmer. "What has mince meat to do with the milk business Gail Borden started?"

"Oh, Borden's is interested in all kinds of fine foods," answered Elsie. "We do business the American way — always looking for new ideas which will expand business and create new jobs! And, dear, we're going to need lots of new jobs in the days to come."

"You know," slowly marveled Elmer, "maybe I'd better stick around and give Borden's the benefits of *my* ideas. Think I'll give 'em first crack at my inventions. And for a starter, I'll invent a dessert that'll top even *their* ice cream!"

GREAT TREATS—GREAT FOODS—BORDEN'S ICE CREAM AND MILK SHERBETS!

"Oh, dear, *do* start with something possible!" teased Elsie. "Even you know that *Borden's Ice Cream* and *Milk Sherbets* are the grandest treats anyone *ever* tasted . . . But one word of advice, Elmer—whatever you invent, make it good! You know—"

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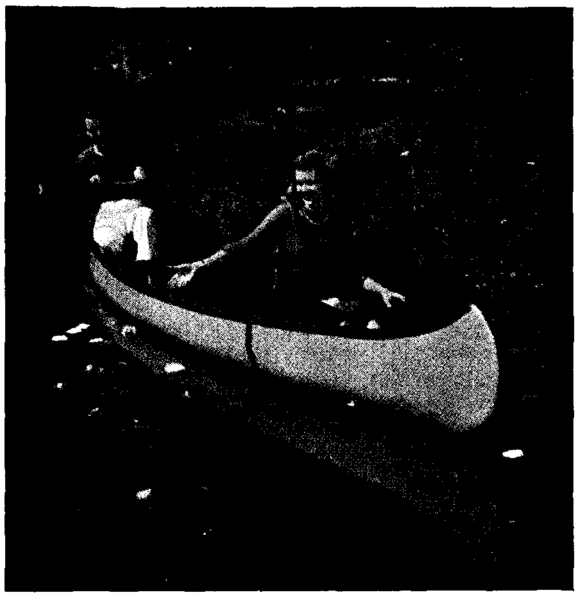

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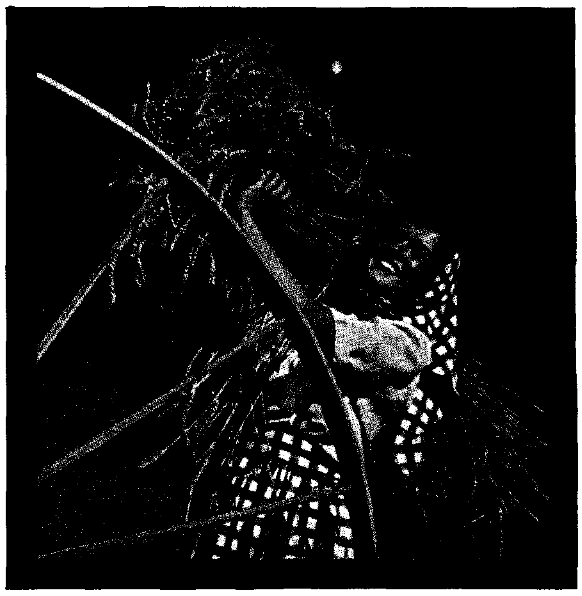

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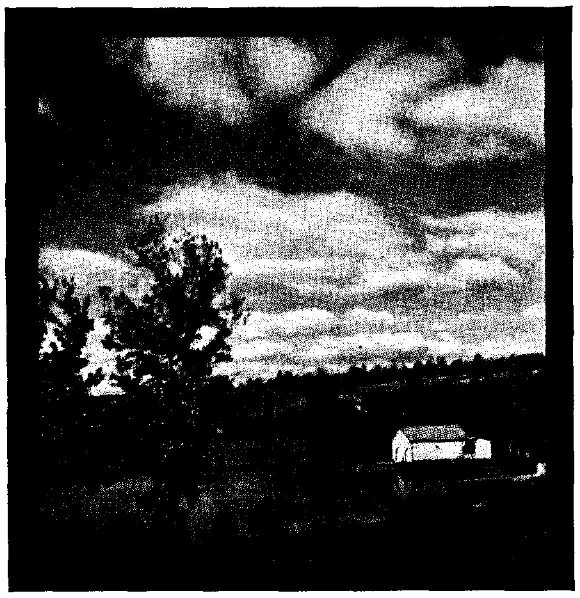

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COLOR FILM

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The Rescue

Continued from page 26

complacently at her straight nose and small ears. She enjoyed living alone, and wanted no more than she had. Yet she had come downstairs tonight.

“Oh, no, thank you, I couldn't,” Ruth whispered, at last. “Thank you just the same.”

“Nonsense,” Miss Tabitha said briskly. “Come along, at once.”

Ruth got up slowly, conscious of her shaggy hair, her swollen eyes, her stained blue flannel dress, and joint by joint, as if hypnotized, followed the striped taffeta skirts up the stairs, past the Dooley apartment on the second floor, into a hallway lined with photographs, and into the living room. A gate-legged table was already opened and set for two with pale green glasses and rough yellow plates on deeper yellow linen mats.

RUTH shook her head, as if to free it of the idea that someone had willingly set a place for her. Downstairs, the table always had the look of being meant for two to sit at, not three.

“Why, you knew I was coming,” she said, and looked at Miss Tabitha wonderingly.

“I was just waiting for the proper occasion,” Miss Tabitha answered. “I've been watching you, and I've decided you must have a friend, because you're in trouble.”

She turned toward the kitchenette and began to get dinner ready, saying casually over her thin shoulder, “Look in the bedroom. I've laid out a negligee business you might find it fun to wear.”

Ashamed that her shabbiness was so apparent, Ruth went into the spare room and saw blue-green velvet, cut in the mode of Miss Tabitha's striped one, with the hem basted up to make it the right length for her. She slipped off her blue flannel and let the robe fall softly down over her torn and grimy slip.

She couldn't ask her father for money for things like underwear when Eleanor was always saying how much things cost.

The White Plains friends had even been talking like that before she left, for she had stayed there too long: Tess hadn't come for her. Ruth combed her hair smooth as butter, and scrubbed her chapped hands with Miss Tabitha's brush.

“You'll find hand lotion and some scent. Use them if you like,” Miss Tabitha called, and at last Ruth sat at the dinner table, swathed in velvet, smelling of lavender and knowing the taste of lamb and mushrooms and apricot whip, all meant for her. Miss Tabitha wooed her with wit and with charm until, by the end of the meal, Ruth was able to talk, though still shyly, still sulkily.

Miss Tabitha sat straight and prim, smoking a cigarette marked with silver initials and giving her bright little glances as Ruth explained that her mother had told her not to live with her father, because of the divorce and Eleanor, but that there hadn't been anywhere else for her to go.

“I'm too young,” she said, and didn't know she sounded pathetic. “I can't live alone yet, and look after myself. But someday I will, when I can earn money enough.”

Her voice was filled with longing as she looked at Miss Tabitha's charming apartment, so obviously meant for one person only.

Everything was quietly in place, there was not even a cat, for Miss Tabitha didn't want one. A cat was alive, and live things changed, grew old, died, or went away, and there you were, with a jagged hole in the middle of your life.

No, it was better to love copper luster coffee cups, and bulbs in a green bowl, and a new Zeiss lens.

Ruth said, “I want a place as beautiful as this.”

“Thank you,” Miss Tabitha said, dryly, but she was touched. When a warning sounded far at the back of her mind, she shut it off without hesitation, though it had cried, “Be careful! The child is lost for affection! Suppose you grow fond of her?”

Later Miss Tabitha said, “Now that we're friends, tell me about yourself, and downstairs. You needn't feel disloyal. I'm your friend, and I already know more than you think.”

“Oh, Eleanor's all right,” Ruth said, politely, though she stiffened as she said the name. “Only she doesn't like me. We fight, and that makes my father cross, because he hates fighting.”

Which was a polite way of phrasing it, Miss Tabitha thought. John Rivers so disliked unpleasantness of all kinds, that he sometimes seemed to consist only of a turned back and tightly closed eyes.

“And your mother?” Miss Tabitha asked gently, knowing this was the secret place that must not be too quickly explored.

“Tess?” Ruth was smiling. “Oh, she's wonderful.” The smile slowly faded as she added, “Only she's away so much, and we don't have anywhere to live. She's busy, and she has friends, and the shop and everything. Sometimes I think she's forgotten me.” Tears welled up in her eyes and she bent her head. She covered the three damp spots on her velvet bosom with her scrubbed hands.

“Nonsense,” said Miss Tabitha, waving the word like a wand to bring about order. “No one could forget you, child. Tess loves you, and she'll be back, and everything will be as it should be. Until then, I'll be your special friend, and you can think of the spare room as being your refuge when you need one. You'll tell me things, and you won't quarrel with Eleanor so much, because you'll know that nothing she says matters, and your father will like his peaceful home and be pleased with you.”

SHE sniffed. She couldn't help it. John Rivers was charming, everybody said so. Nevertheless, in Miss Tabitha's cool view, he was a weakling.

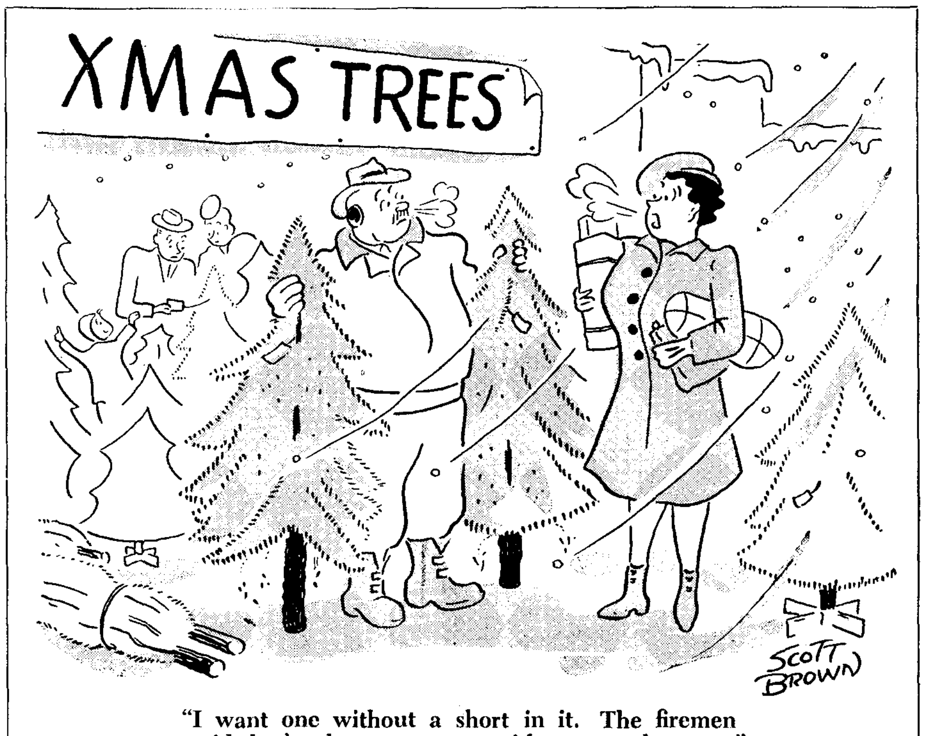
Tess might be helter-skelter somewhere in Europe instead of looking after her child, but there probably was good reason why she hadn't been able to go on being married to John Rivers.

Ruth said, “You're lovely to me!” as if she couldn't comprehend why anyone should take the trouble to be kind. Miss Tabitha felt a lump in her throat.

“I'm just your special friend,” she said.

But when Ruth had gone down to bed, Miss Tabitha completed her plans, neatly. She would get the child used to kindness again: she would take away the frightened, sullen look: she would teach her to stand straight, to talk in her full voice instead of a scraped whisper, and not to jump when someone came into the room.

“I won't involve myself,” she thought. “It's only a temporary arrangement until the child's mother gets home.”



“I want one without a short in it. The firemen said that's what was wrong with our tree last year”

COLLIER'S SCOTT BROWN

John Rivers came into Ruth's room the next morning with a cup of tea, and shuddered as the cold of the hall bedroom struck him.

“Good Lord!” he said irritably. “Why must you open the window these frigid nights?”

RUTH just looked at him and did not say what he already knew—that she never opened the window, and had old stockings pushed against its cracks. The cold came in under the front door and swept straight down the hall. The room really belonged to the wind.

“Where'd you get to, last night?” her father asked. “We came in early.”

“I was visiting Miss Tabitha,” Ruth said, warming her hands around the cup of tea, brought, perhaps, because he had so often taken Eleanor's side in recent quarrels.

“Queer old duck, isn't she?” John Rivers said.

Sometimes Tabitha McAndrews came down and took photographs of his sculptures, for magazine articles, or for his own files; occasionally they collaborated on an advertising agency job.

Ruth flushed and put her teacup down.

“She's wonderful,” she said. “And not a bit queer.”

“We won't argue,” her father said. “And that reminds me—try to get along with Eleanor, will you?”

“All right,” Ruth said, without enthusiasm. She and Eleanor would never be friends, and if she remembered to dry the dishpan, and scrub the bathtub, Eleanor would nag about something else, because their real quarrel was about other things.

Before she went to school, though, she went into the bedroom where Eleanor, in a nest of cream-colored lace, was reading a magazine. Eleanor said she liked to begin the day beautifully.

“I came to say I'm sorry about yesterday,” Ruth said, and Eleanor brought out her Understanding Smile, and tried to enfold Ruth in her arms, while John watched. But Ruth stiffened so it would have been impossible for great ardor, and Eleanor sank back against her pillows.

“All right,” she said. “I suppose you are sorry—until next time?”

When Ruth came back from school, she found a note pinned to her pillow. It was marked, “Silence!” with a skull-and-crossbones, and invited Ruth to come upstairs and have cocoa. Why didn't she bring her books, the note added, and they could work together?

After that, it became routine for Ruth to go upstairs in the afternoons and do her lessons while Miss Tabitha chopped mounting paper, or worked in the darkroom, or wrote letters. Sometimes Miss Tabitha went out and left Ruth in possession of the apartment with its treasures of miniature ivory and polished copper. Ruth loved to open the door when she came back, and Miss Tabitha at last admitted to herself that she often went out just for the pleasure of this welcome home.

Sometimes Ruth earned a little money by being the hands that held the roll of paper towels in the photograph, or the hands that stirred the custard.

ONCE John Rivers, a little jealous, asked what they talked about so much. “You can hear a steady hum, all the way down here.”

Ruth said, “Oh, we just talk about things.”

For nothing could touch her, now that she had a friend. She kept her books in Miss Tabitha's darkroom, and wrapped her Christmas presents there.

Eleanor didn't like it, though it was something rather difficult to complain about, since it did her no harm.

“I think it's all wrong, their being together so much, that's all,” she said. “It isn't healthy—an old woman, and that child.”

For once, John Rivers didn't do what Eleanor suggested, and tell Ruth not to see Miss Tabitha so much. He was pounding a sheet of copper that would turn into lilies in a pot, for a fashionable store window.

He said, “You used to complain she was underfoot all the time. Now she isn't. She has dinner there so much, it ought to make a difference in the grocery bill you were always worried about before.”

“Oh, how can you talk to me like that, John Rivers!” Eleanor said, and had near-hysterics for some little time. But she didn't insist about Ruth and Miss Tabitha, because things were more convenient this way. Only it was a slap in the face for her, that was all.

Ruth and Miss Tabitha made elaborate Christmas plans, because Eleanor wanted John Rivers to go home with her, to Connecticut. Miss Tabitha was afraid it would be just like the sentimental Tess to come home for Christmas, and want Ruth with her, but she made plans, anyway.

Ruth was going to sleep in the spare room all that week end, and they were going to have Christmas dinner together—stuffed goose, they had decided—and a tiny tree. They were going to the theater that night.

Ruth Christmas-shopped with agonizing care, using her photograph money, and money she had earned by walking small children in Washington Square until their noses ran and their cheeks flamed scarlet. She had graded her presents strictly by her affections, hastily choosing stockings for Eleanor, and two ties for her father. She found a yellow bed jacket for Tess, but for Miss Tabitha's present she searched a long time, even daring to go into expensive Fifth Avenue stores to find the perfect string of dark red beads, lightly carved to the shape of peeled tangerines. The curves gleamed like fire and wine and real rubies, the cracks were as dark as the velvet Miss Tabitha wore at night.

THEN, the day before Christmas, it happened. Ruth was halfway up the dark stairs when the doorbell rang, and her father went to answer it, thinking it might be the taxi to take them to Grand Central. She went up a few more steps, then stood listening. She knew the sound of doom as well as anyone. She stood hidden in shadow while her father said,

“Well, Tess, you took your own sweet time coming, didn't you?”

Ruth whispered, “Don't let her be here yet! Don't let her come home now!”

Tess said, “Where's my baby? Where's Ruth?”

Ruth crouched in the shadow and knew

that if she flung herself downstairs against her mother, there would be arms around her and the smell of heavenly perfume. She would look up and see her mother's lovely face under a shabby hat and look down to see three safety pins holding up the hem of her dress. Her life would be jerked up again, planted in another box of earth somewhere, with torn roots aching.

It had happened so many times before. And there was nothing to do about it. Not at fourteen.

I want my Christmas with Miss Tabitha, Ruth thought, and wept against the stair rails.

John Rivers took Tess into the living room, and Ruth ran up the stairs, and into Miss Tabitha's.

"She's come!" she said.

I knew it, I knew it, Miss Tabitha thought, but her face remained impassive, and she went over to get one of the little silver peppermints from the silver snuffbox to pop into Ruth's mouth.

"Go downstairs, Ruth," she said gravely. "Welcome your mother, because she's probably feeling strange and a little afraid of you, too. Then bring her up here, or I'll come down, and we'll talk about tomorrow, and about a lot of other things. Now run along."

"I'll go, but I don't want to," Ruth said, but when she went, her shoulders were very straight, and Miss Tabitha felt proud.

WHEN Ruth brought Tess upstairs, an hour later, after John Rivers and Eleanor had gone to catch their train, Miss Tabitha was sitting in prim state, her cameras out of sight, her Minton china on the tea table. She wore a velvet dress that was the color of amethysts, and lace fell softly about her wrists and throat. A pulse beat in her thin neck.

"You've been good to my Ruth," Tess said warmly. "I don't need to thank you, because you must have loved her to do it. You can't thank people for loving."

"Certainly not," Miss Tabitha said, though love was a word that never crossed her lips.

"Ruth wants her Christmas with you," Tess said, looking a little sad. "I feel she should have it—since I'm such a surprise—popping in this way. And I have a new husband to spend the day with—we've a suite over at the old Brevoort."

"A new father," Ruth said, quite without expression, avoiding Miss Tabitha's eye.

"How nice," said Miss Tabitha.

"He is," Tess said, excitedly. "He's lively, and he's always on the move, the way I am, because he's a consulting engineer, and we'll never have to settle anywhere. You don't know what a relief that is to me! We'll pick up Ruth and take her along with us, and we'll all have a wonderful time—any hotel for home, and every day with brand-new possibilities!"

"It sounds quite gay," said Miss Tabitha, but Ruth felt like crying again. Not one more move, but infinite ones. Not parting from one friend, but from all friends, over and over again. Not one cold room, but a succession of couches in hotel rooms, and borrowed beds, and tourist camp bunks.

"I must go!" Tess cried, at last. "Amory's waiting—he's longing to see Ruth, but I know you've made your plans, and I won't interfere with them. We'll wait until tomorrow afternoon to see Ruth—before you go to the theater."

"Oh, Mummy, you're wonderful!" Ruth said, with the first ease of mind she had known since Tess's arrival. She hugged her mother, and felt the tense love that embraced her in return. "I'll see you tomorrow," she said. "But, Mum, your present's somewhere in Europe, I guess!"

"It doesn't matter, darling," Tess said. "Truly it doesn't. And I've some lovely things for you. Goodby, Miss Tabitha, bless you!"

And she ran down the stairs, and out into the street, slamming the door behind her with a slam that shook the house.

"That's what Tess is like," Ruth said.

"She's—enchanting," Miss Tabitha said, but with the look of one who has plans and projects in her mind.

"Only I don't want to go away with her," Ruth said, dismally. "Not now."

"Let's not look ahead. Let's have Christmas," Miss Tabitha said, and they began to trim the tree. Later they had supper, and sang Christmas carols, and Miss Tabitha read aloud, and finally Ruth went to bed in the spare room, where photographic clutter had been shoved under the bed and into the closet, and some even moved to the bathroom.

"This is your room," Miss Tabitha said softly. "A room you can always remember, wherever you are."

MISS TABITHA left Ruth to herself and the contemplation of her delightful presents on Christmas morning. She went out and returned, briskly, without saying where she had been. Then they began to set the table for their dinner, which was hilarious, and after they had done the dishes in stuffed, companionable silence, Miss Tabitha said, "Your mother's expecting you, Ruth. Run along. If you stay to supper, I'll meet you at the theater at eight."

When she said goodby, Ruth clung for a moment, as if she felt she might never see Miss Tabitha again, as if Tess might lock her into a room at the Brevoort. Miss Tabitha gave her her ticket as a talisman for safety, and Ruth reluctantly went down the stairs and across town to the hotel where her mother and a new father were waiting.

Tess seemed a little tearful and strange at first, but Amory was gay and pleasant, and there were dozens of lovely presents waiting for Ruth on the desk. She opened them, feeling awkward.

"I suppose you know Miss Tabitha came to see me this morning?" Tess said suddenly.

Ruth jumped. "I didn't. Why did she?"

"She wants you to live with her," Tess said. "And go to the same school, and have the same friends. She told me how unhappy you'd been with John and Eleanor, and I'm terribly sorry, darling. Of course I had no idea. I thought you were in White Plains, and happy."

"They didn't want me there, after a while," Ruth said, and saw her mother flush.

"Would you like to stay with Miss Tabitha?" Tess said.

Ruth hesitated, feeling her heart pound, but she had learned so much about people's feelings lately, she dared not speak her longing, afraid she might offend Tess, afraid of what Eleanor would say, and the way John Rivers would look if she walked by his door and went upstairs to live in a spare room that had been a darkroom.

Tess looked at her husband, then at Ruth. "It would be fine for us, too, darling, if you want to," she said. "I'd like to think of you as being settled for a little while, and we can't arrange it ourselves. But we'll get to New York every few months, I suppose, and later we can see about your joining us."

Ruth flung her arms around her mother. "You mean it?" she said. "You won't feel badly and think I don't love you, if I live with Miss Tabitha?"

"Of course not," Tess said.

"Oh, it would be so wonderful!" Ruth cried, flinging caution to the winds. "A room of my own, and the girls from school can come up and have cocoa after the movies! I've got to go and tell Miss Tabitha, right now! It's the most wonderful Christmas I've ever had!"

"Is it?" said Tess, a little sadly. "Well, run and talk about it with Miss Tabitha, darling. I'll see you tomorrow for lunch."

"Goodby, goodby," Ruth called. Her presents were bundled into her arms, her hat was on crooked, and she could hardly bear to wait for the slow old elevator. "Merry Christmas!"

"We'll look for you tomorrow," Amory said, slowly, and put his arm around Tess, and closed the door, before the elevator came.

RUTH had been so wild with joy, all Miss Tabitha could think of to calm her was to make her help move photographic equipment into the bathroom, so that the spare room would be ready for her permanent occupancy. Every now and then a worried look crossed Ruth's face, and Miss Tabitha said, "You mustn't worry about Eleanor. I'll explain things to her. It will all be as friendly as possible."

Before they went out to the theater, Ruth leaned her face against Miss Tabitha's velvet, and felt the coolness of the red beads against her cheek. Miss Tabitha's thin hands smoothed the hair that clung to her fingers, and she had a momentary impulse to push the child away, to revert to being a solitary, brisk spinster, with no living thing in the house that could make her grow fond of it and then, later, leave her.

"That's enough nonsense," she said at last, in a rather unsteady voice. "We mustn't be late."

PERHAPS she should have followed her impulse, Miss Tabitha thought now. The charming apartment seemed desolate, the spare room cold, her amethyst velvet had worn thin in places, and the red beads had only recently been restrung.

There was no letter from Ruth. For almost six years, Miss Tabitha had had a child, and now she was alone again, as mothers are alone.

"She's busy," she told herself. "Her husband's very new. I shan't blame her if she forgets me in the scramble."

But when the doorbell rang, she answered it with a passionate impatience foreign to her nature, hoping for a long special delivery letter, with all the news, and love from Ruth besides. She pushed her red hairpins tidy in her thinning hair.

A thin, tall, sad young woman stood at the door.

"I suppose you're from the post office?" Miss Tabitha said. "I understand that they employ women now. Have you a letter for me?"

"Yes," the young woman said, but when she held it out, Miss Tabitha at once saw it was unsealed, unstamped, and unaddressed. It only bore her name, and "Courtesy of Jacqueline Grant," down in one corner.

"It's from Ruth," Jacqueline said, and burst into tears.

"Oh, come, come," said Miss Tabitha, annoyed.

"I'm sorry," Jacqueline apologized. "It's just so dreary to arrive in a strange city and not know anyone. But I thought it would be worse to stay at home and think that he can't come back for months when so many others are out already. I've got a job here, and I'll be all right when I'm working, but I can't begin until the day after tomorrow. There's all that time until then. Ruth thought you might help me find a place to live. That's why she wrote you."

Still Miss Tabitha didn't open the letter, disappointment was so sharp within her. Had she hoped, against hope, that it might be Ruth coming up the stairs? She felt irritated with the sad young woman before her. She wanted to be alone, with her small, efficient Christmas tree, and the one or two small packages under it, several from herself to herself. She wanted to baste the chicken in the oven, and perhaps do some developing of prints later.

But she could not turn away the young woman. She meant to. Once she would have, without compunction. But now she thought of snow falling outside, and Ruth in an adobe hut making Christmas merry for her husband. She thought of the room that had been Ruth's, standing empty, and a kind of guilt made her say,

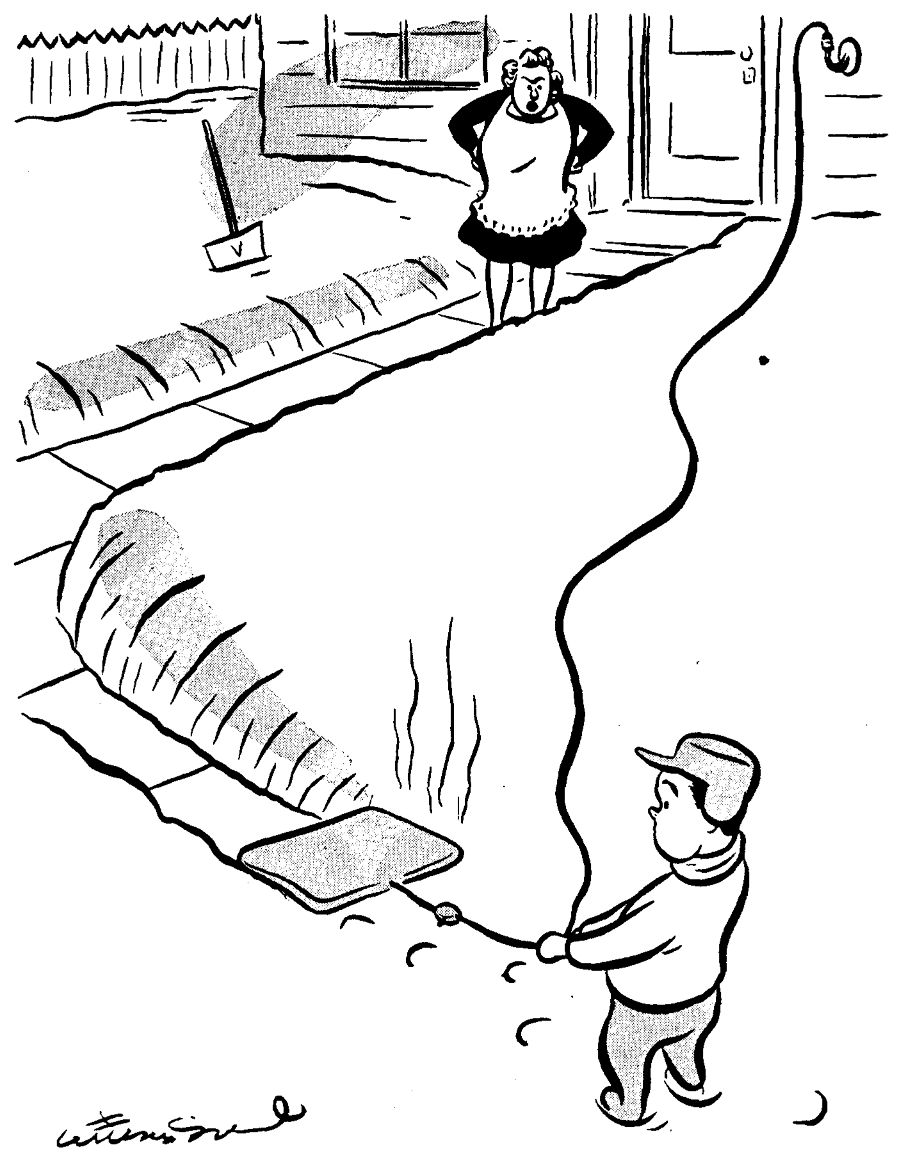
"I have a spare room you can have for a time, at least, if you'd like. It used to be Ruth's. She fixed it up herself, and it's quite gay and pleasant."

The young woman tried not to go on weeping in that irritating way, but Miss Tabitha could hear her continued sniffling, as she read the letter.

"It was the best Christmas present I could think of, for both of you," Ruth had written. "I love you, Miss Tabitha. You rescued me. You made me grow up into being happy. Merry Christmas, darling, but save the old turquoise velvet robe especially for me. Someday I'll come and put it on again."

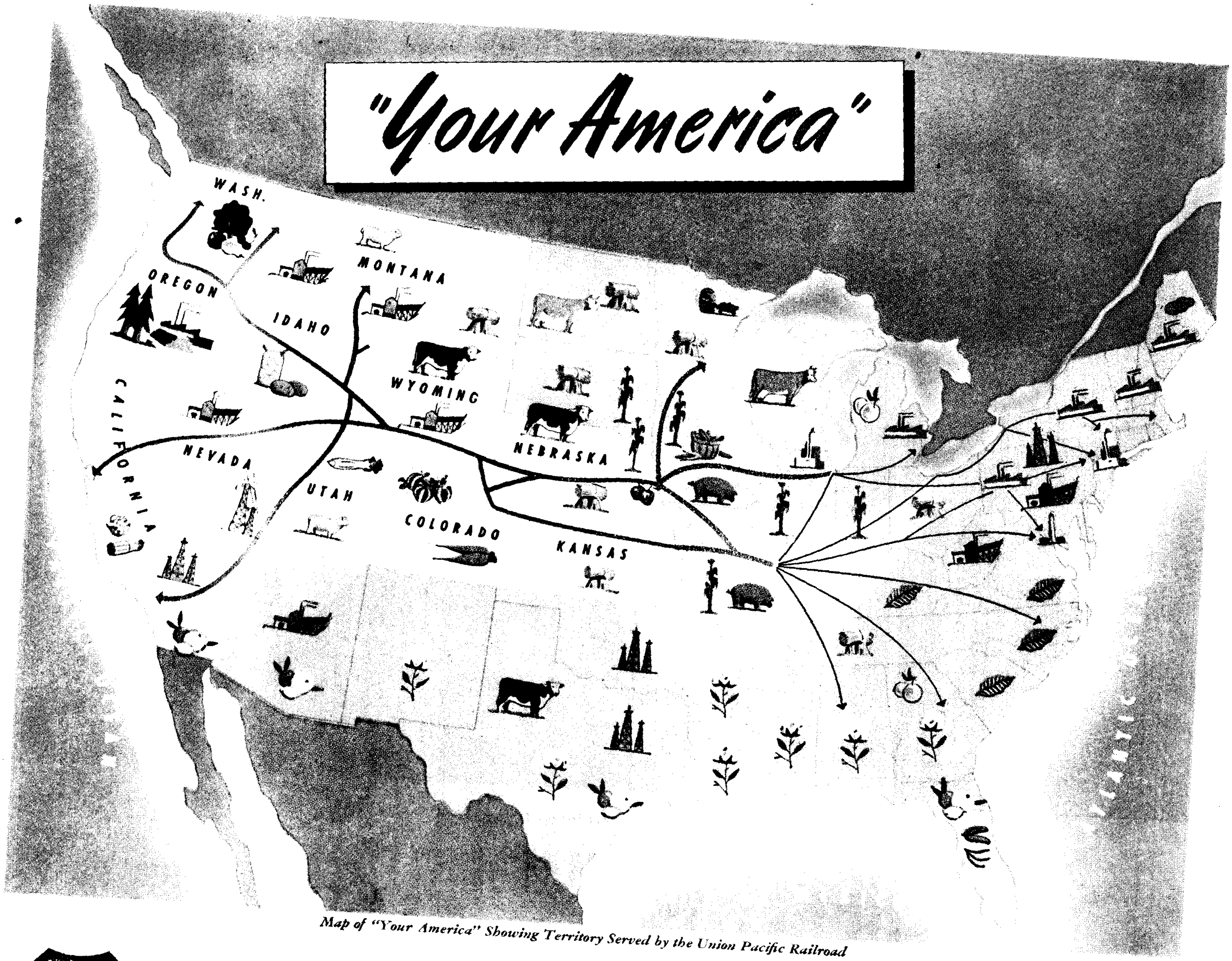
"I've got some dinner getting ready," Miss Tabitha said. "And if you go into your room there, you'll find a sort of striped business you might like to slip into. After that, if you'd like to set the table, I'll tell you where to find the plates and silver."

THE END

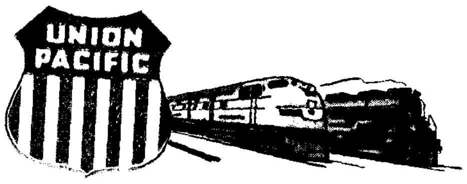


COLLIER'S "Bring my heating pad here this minute!" FRITZ WILKINSON

"Your America"



Map of "Your America" Showing Territory Served by the Union Pacific Railroad



For more than 75 years, Union Pacific has served eleven western states...been a partner in their development...transported their people and products. This vast territory produces a great variety of agricultural products which not only feed and clothe the nation but are converted into a myriad of industrial uses.

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The Strategic Middle Route

BRITISH COMBINE

Minister of Agriculture Tom Williams, left, a typical Briton, contrasts with Bevan, who is anything but

REBEL IN THE HOUSE

BY QUENTIN REYNOLDS

One of the few men who has bested Winston Churchill in debate, Aneurin Bevan has an immense popular following in Britain and the toughest job in the new Labor Cabinet. If he licks it, he'll be a likely candidate for Prime Minister

THE Honorable Member from Ebbw Vale had the temerity to criticize Mr. Churchill during a critical period of the war. Britain's House of Parliament sat aghast, members of both parties looking angrily at the young upstart who had broken the rules. The rules, as laid down by Mr. Churchill and the Conservative Party, were to listen quietly, obey quickly, and keep your mouth shut. Even the Labor Party was meekly submitting to them. But Nye Bevan, as all Britain calls him, said, "The hell with it," and started throwing punches at Mr. Churchill. So the Headmaster arose to put the young upstart in his place. He hurled the blast of his split and unsplit infinitives against the young Welshman, and amid cheers from the Tory members he concluded, "You, sir, are nothing but a merchant of discourtesy."

Exuberant laughter filled the staid old House. We in the press gallery said, "Nye went too far. The Old Man really slapped him down. Merchant of discourtesy? Good phrase." And then Aneurin Bevan arose. He looked faintly amused. He wasn't angry. He was merely tolerant. When the chuckles had died down he merely said, "I would rather be a merchant of discourtesy than be a wholesaler of disaster." The House was quiet as he sat down, but the correspondents were scribbling. The next morning the phrase "merchant of discourtesy" was overlooked as everyone in Britain was reading and thinking of what Nye Bevan had said about the Prime Minister.

The personal admiration that virtually everyone in England felt for Mr. Churchill did not extend to his Cabinet. The people believed that for the most part they were an inept stupid group cut from the same cloth as the late but hardly lamented Mr. Chamberlain. The House was an organ, and its members the keys upon which Mr. Churchill played with fantastic virtuosity. Nye Bevan, now Minister of Health and Housing, was the only man who really raised his voice on behalf of the little people of Britain. He appointed himself Mr. Churchill's conscience, and many a time he made the Prime Minister squirm.

He criticized the British High Command and the policy of fighting in Crete and Greece. "Purge the army of elements which are not trusted at the front. Remember that when you put a man in uniform you reduce his intelligence by fifty per cent. . . . Get at the enemy where he really is—21 miles away, not 14,000 miles away. . . . The High Command is approaching the soft underbelly of the Axis the way an old man approaches his young bride, timidly, fascinated and apprehensive."

Mr. Churchill sat glowering as his military policy was butchered. So moving was the eloquence of the member from Wales, that even the hard-bitten old Tory members sat quietly, a little stunned perhaps, but quiet. One of the young Tories, Quintin Hogg, interrupted, but Bevan looked at him scornfully, turned back to face Mr. Churchill, and said bitingly, "Why should I bother with a shrimp when I have a whale on my line?"

Controlling the Issue

There have been many great debaters in the House of Commons, but the quick, flashing wit and lyrical voice of Nye Bevan put him head and shoulders above most. Mr. Churchill was not a good debater; he lost his temper when opposed. Hot debate only makes Bevan the colder. He always has control of his voice, his wit and his temper. He would goad the Headmaster like a picador goading a bull, and back in Wales the miners would chuckle and say, "Our Nye didn't half give it to the Old Man."

Men at the front, knowing that they were not well-equipped or soundly led, would read the speeches of Bevan, nod thoughtfully and say, "Nye is one bloke who knows what we're up against." The cautious conservative members of his own party would look worried and say, "How can we shut Nye Bevan up?"

They did their best. In July, 1944, the Executive Committee of the Labor Party met to discuss expelling Bevan from the organization. Nye dared them to do it. He said he'd go to the people if they expelled him, to the dock workers, the miners, the shopkeepers—the real backbone of the Labor Party. He'd state his case to them and he'd raise all hell. They believed him and dropped the charges.

Today Nye Bevan has the most difficult job in the world. He is Minister of Health, which means that he is responsible for a program designed to bring physical welfare to millions in Britain who have never had the benefit of free clinics, medicine or compensation for injuries. As Minister of Housing, he has to rebuild Britain—that's all. When Prime Minister Clement Attlee offered Bevan the post of Minister of Health he refused to take it unless the housing job was included. They went hand in hand, he believed, and to have separate departments would only create bureaucracy, confusion and duplication of effort. Attlee protested that one of these jobs was tough enough to handle—two would kill a man.

But Nye was obdurate, and Attlee gave in. If Bevan gets away with his gigantic task, his most severe critics will have to admit that he is tinged with greatness. England is in a very bad way when it comes to housing. There has been no building here since 1939. Some four million dwellings were destroyed

(Continued on page 46)

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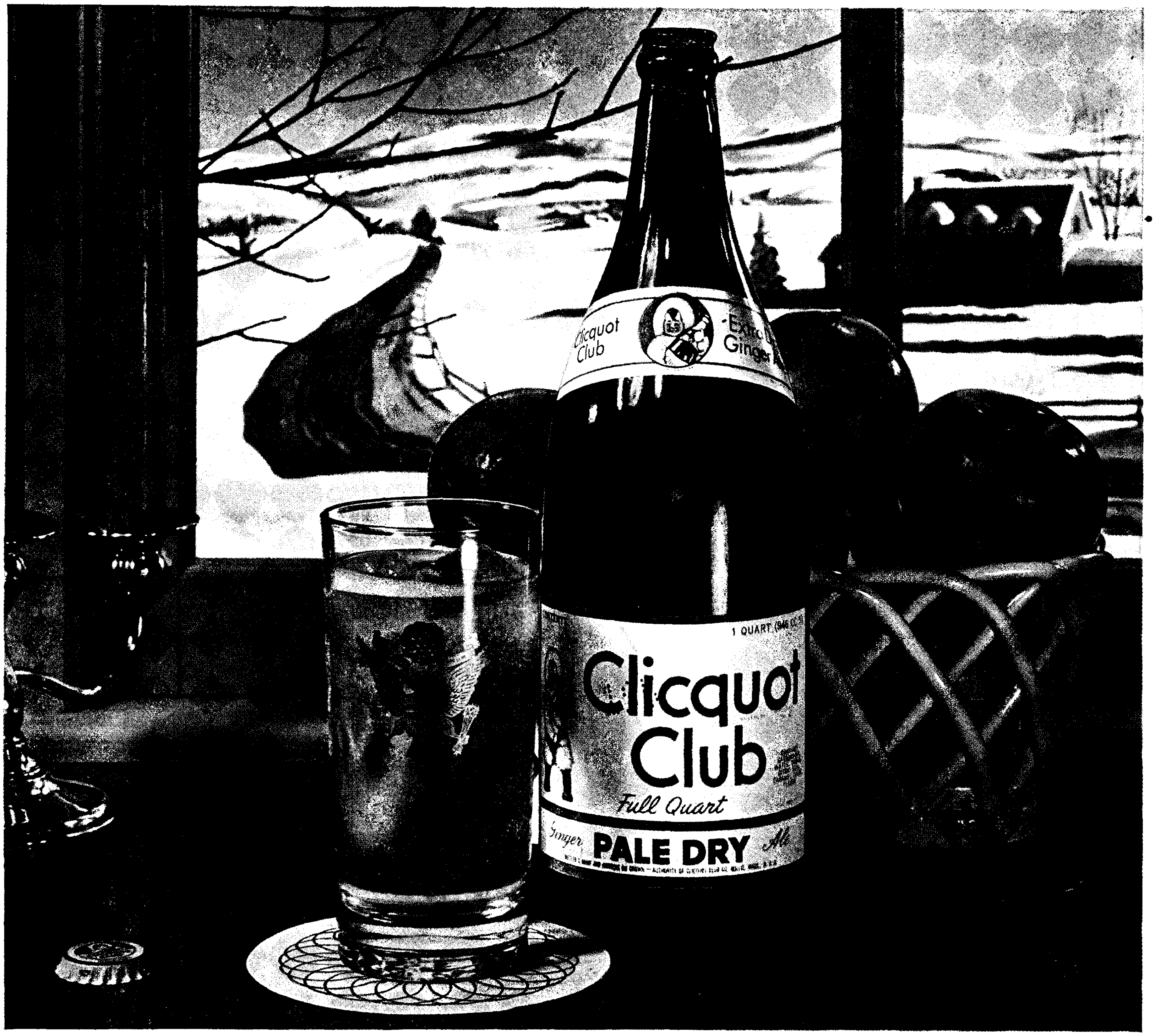
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N. W. AYER & SON

U.S.N. (Retired)

Continued from page 20

Charlie," she said. "It probably would be better to get rid of it."

"Oh, I'm not insisting," he said. "But it certainly . . ."

"No," she said, "you'd better chop it down, Charlie."

"Well, let's not go off half-cocked," he said. "It was just an idea. Better think it over before we decide."

He looked down at her and remembered her blond, shining hair coming down the gangway ladder, coming out to China; then he saw the long muddy river and her sitting waiting for him at the end of it, the only white woman in those days in Chungking; and he saw all of China and all of his youth stretched out there before him.

"Well, there's no hurry," he said, turning back to the mirror. "How did you sleep? All right?"

She smiled at him and said, "Fine, Charlie. Like a log. But I think maybe you're right about that tree. You're always right about those things."

"You're the boss," he said, but her words rang pleasantly in his mind, bringing up for some reason the picture of himself at the head of the table in the wardroom of the old Bevis when he had a destroyer squadron, and all the officers saying, "Yes, sir," and "No, sir," and everyone laughing loudly at all his jokes.

"Well, I'm glad you slept all right." He glanced out the window at the house next door. "For once they didn't have a party."

"No," she said. "I wonder why."

"My God, haven't they had enough? Every night for a week."

"Only twice," she said.

He slapped a handful of shaving lotion on his face. A drop got in his eye and he groped for the washrag. The lotion stung, like an insect bite, making him angry. He saw those damned kids, those ensigns and jgs sitting over there drinking, with him. Rear Admiral Charles A. Stoddard, U.S.N., right next door, unable to sleep and unable to do anything about it.

"Damned little Reserves," he said, still holding the washrag to his eye. "No sense of discipline. Aviators. They think they're a . . . uh . . . a law unto themselves. They think they . . ."

THE stinging had subsided and he opened his eyes. His wife had gone. He stood there holding the washrag in his hands, listening. Then he stripped off his pajamas and turned the cold water on full in the shower. He rubbed his chest with his hands, feeling the hard, firm flesh. His body was thin and fit and muscular and not at all like that of a man of sixty-six.

He stepped into the cold shower. It hit him with a hard, breath-taking shock and when he stepped out of it he felt warm and tingling all over, and a little dizzy, as though he had been standing for a long time on the bridge in a high wind. When he was ready to go downstairs he walked erect, with a firm step, humming softly to himself, "The monkeys have no tails in Zamboanga."

The paper, as usual, had not yet arrived and he made a mental note to give the paper dealer a going-over when he took his morning walk downtown later on. On the living-room table he saw the latest copy of the Naval Academy alumni publication, Shipmate. He had not yet had a chance to look at it and he picked it up and took it with him into the dining room.

Mrs. Stoddard had just got up from the table and was on her way into the kitchen when he came in.

"Don't forget to have the head washed down," he called after her, then opened the copy of Shipmate and turned to the alumni notes of his class. Captain Watts had gone on inactive duty. And high time, too, he thought. Rear Admiral Gritzbacher had command of a cruiser division in the Pacific. Old Gritzy, who had graduated next to the bottom of the class. What the hell was he doing still on active duty? That was bad enough, but the next item was worse: Old Coo Coo Parnell had just made vice-admiral.

The admiral pushed the magazine across the table, almost upsetting the cream jug, and sat staring down at his plate of half-eaten toast. Vice-Admiral Parnell. And just because he was another one of those damned flying admirals; it seemed that all you had to do nowadays was get a pair of wings, yell your head off about air power, act as if the ships didn't count any more, and you got three stars or more on your flag. Even if you were such a nut that ever since the Academy you had always been known as Coo Coo, you got to be vice-admiral.

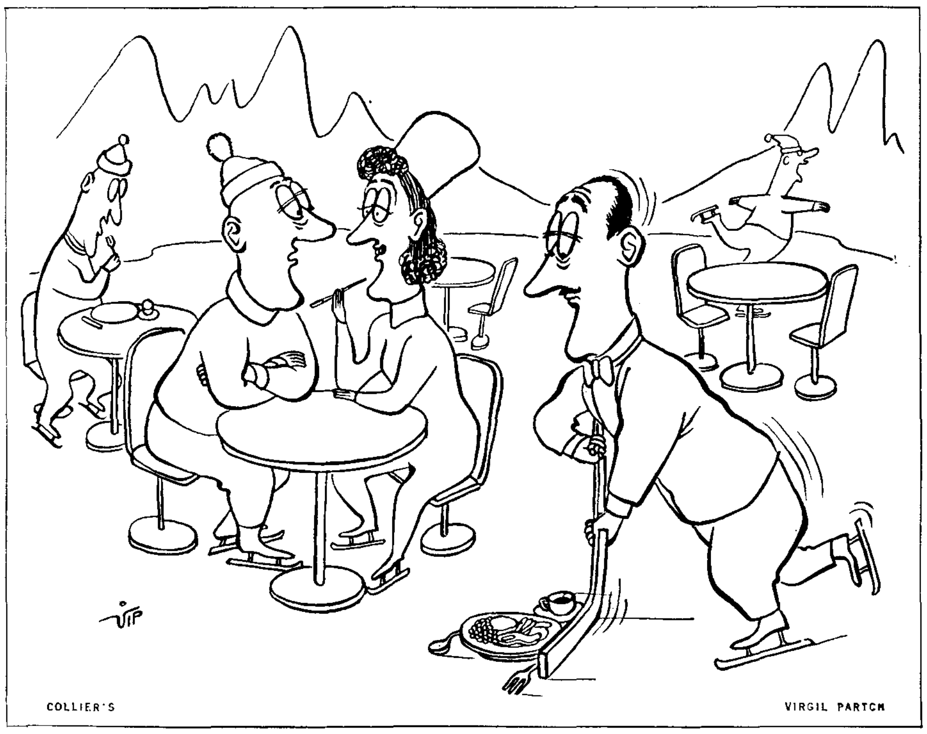
HE POURED a second cup of coffee, tasted it, and found it was cold. He was just about to call out to the kitchen when from outside the window came the deafening roar of a plane flying low over the house next door. It shot past the window, then soared up, turned, came down again, circled once, roaring more than ever, then rose and headed off.

The admiral jumped to his feet and still holding his napkin in his hand strode out of the dining room into the hall to the telephone. He jerked the receiver off the hook and shouted, "Get me the Naval Air Station."

The operator asked him for the number.

"I don't know the number." His voice almost broke and his anger increased. "I want the Naval Air Station."

The operator politely insisted. The admiral jammed the receiver back and fumbled under the telephone table for the directory.



The book slipped out of his hand, and after he had picked it up and given the number, there was a long period during which he could hear the telephone ringing at the other end of the line. Finally a languid voice with a strong Southern accent said, "Yeah?"

"What number is this?" he shouted. "I want the Naval Air Station."

"This is the Naval Aiyuh Station," the voice drawled, and from somewhere in the background he heard the sound of laughter.

"Well, why don't you say so? What sort of a way is that to answer the telephone? This is Admiral Stoddard. Give me the officer of the day."

"Yes-*suh!*" the voice answered, and there was no laughter.

Presently there was another voice, sounding as languid as the first one, "Officer of the day."

"What's your name? Who are you?" the admiral said.

There was a moment's hesitation and the admiral could feel the sense of his authority, the feeling, even over thin wires, of his power being conveyed to the man at the other end of the line.

"Lieutenant Fraser," the voice answered.

"All right. Now listen. This is Admiral Stoddard. There's another one of your damn' planes flying right over my house and I'm getting sick and tired of it. It's in violation of all rules. It's a damned outrage. It . . ."

"What kind of a plane is it, sir?" the voice asked. "If you tell us that, we can check and . . ."

"How should I know what kind of a plane it is? It's one of those damn' planes from your station, that's all you need to know." Still, it annoyed him not to know the type of plane it was; it made him feel like a civilian. Probably old Coo Coo, the vice-admiral, knew what all those letters meant: SBD and JRF and S03C.

"It was going so fast I couldn't see it," he said. "But there's some jg who lives next door. He . . . hold on a minute, I'll find out his name."

He called to Mrs. Stoddard in the next room but she shook her head and said she didn't know the jg's name.

"That's funny," he said, after he had hung up. "I thought you knew their name."

"No," she said. "Or if I did I can't seem to recall it. You know how it is sometimes."

"It's funny you can't remember it. Anyway, find out what it is. I'm going to put a stop to this low flying." He opened the door to the garden. "Those damned aviators think they're a law unto themselves."

He walked down the gravel path, rapidly at first, then more slowly as things growing there caught his eye and he stopped from time to time to examine them. He wasn't especially interested in gardening, but it was something to do and a man had to do something. What did give him satisfaction, though, were the stumps of trees that he had chopped down. They made him conscious of the muscles of his arms and back, and as he stood there he thought of gunnery practice and the roar of the guns and the blast that shook the whole ship when they fired a broadside.

He looked up and saw the red blossoms of that tree against the blue sky. The tree was just on the edge of their property and beyond was the small house in which the jg lived. He looked over at it, then realized that a girl, probably the jg's wife, was standing there under the tree. She was standing perfectly still, her head lowered a little, and didn't seem to notice him. It occurred to him that he could find out her name now if he wanted to. Then he could phone the air station and there would be an end to this nonsense.

The girl continued standing there without moving and he was about to cough to attract her attention when he remembered that he had told Nan to find out her name. If he were to do it now it might lead to some confusion, and anyway, women were better at this sort of thing. Besides, once you had given an order it should never be changed or modified; that was one of the basic principles of successful command.

He went back to the house, got his stick and the pith helmet he had worn down in Panama, and was about to go out the front door for his regular morning walk when his wife called goodby to him and asked him to be back in time for early lunch.

"All right, all right, I'll try." He looked down at the irregular faded outline on the front of the pith helmet where the cap device used to be, and started to open the door, then turned back. "Oh, I just saw that Mrs. . . . that girl next door. She's out in the garden. Good opportunity . . . find out her name now . . . phone the air station when I get back."

He went out without turning around and strode briskly down the street, swinging his stick and flicking the heads off flowers that grew by its edge. The sun was hot on the pavement and he felt his face hot in the sun, felt a vein beating on his forehead. He remembered the voice of the man at the air station answering the telephone, drawling "Yeah?" and the roar of the plane above the house next door and the sound of music and laughter coming from the open windows at night keeping him awake; and then he imagined old Coo Coo Parnell sitting up there on the bridge of his carrier jawing about air power in modern warfare.

A plane was flying high up in the sky and as he raised his head he saw it through the scarlet blossoms of a tree like the one in their garden. Suddenly he made up his mind: The thing had to come down. It was a tall tree with a thick trunk, and he knew he wouldn't be able to chop it down himself, but just the thought of it gave him the feel of an ax in his hands and he could hear the crash as it finally toppled over. He felt the fine thrill of strong decision and, turning the corner, started for the woodyard in the colored section of town.

After he had been there he felt better and he walked along rapidly. The man said they'd probably have to set off some charges around the roots first to loosen them. They'd do a thorough job of it.

He walked rapidly for about ten minutes, more and more conscious of the increasing noon heat, until suddenly, he felt it, heavy and pulsating directly above his head. He slowed his pace. He felt tired and the realization of this made him angry. It was a walk which he took every day and there was no reason in the world why he should feel more tired on this day than any other. But he continued walking more slowly.

WHEN he got home he sat down on the living-room couch and listened to the subsiding beating of his heart. The room was cool and shadowy and after a few minutes he felt better, although still rather tired.

Mrs. Stoddard came in through the garden door.

"Well," he said, "did you find out? Their name, I mean?"

She nodded her head. Her face was flushed and her eyes bright. "She's such a sweet little thing," she said. "And such pretty blond hair. Long . . . you know the way they all wear it nowadays. Like that movie actress . . ."

"Huh? Oh, yes. Well, what was the name?" he demanded. "I told that O.D. I'd call him back."

"Oh . . ." she said. He had been looking away from her but now he turned toward her again, feeling some change, some shade of disappointment that had come into her voice. "I don't know . . . I thought perhaps . . ."

"That sort of thing can't go on." He felt raw-edged and impatient. "Good God, Nan, you've been Navy long enough to realize that. It's dangerous. It's contrary to all orders. Besides, they keep us awake half the night. They . . ."

She laughed and he looked up quickly.

"What's so funny about that?"

"Nothing, Charlie. Of course, I realize you're right but I just thought . . . Oh, never mind."

"What?" he said. "What did you just think?"

"What? Oh, I don't know. . . . I don't know why I should, but I just happened to think how you used to whistle when you came up the river. The ship's whistle, I mean. I'd sit there and wait for it and . . ."

"Huh!" he said. "What's that got to do with it? Damn' fool thing to do, anyhow," but he saw China again, and saw Nan waiting at the end of the river, and remembered how it felt when he stepped on board the first time, starting his tour of duty on the Yangtze River Patrol, an ensign, and they called him Captain. Nothing since had ever been quite like that.

"I don't know why I should think of it especially," she said.

"Damned if I do," he said, but he smiled at her as he spoke.

"Well," she said slowly, "it seems too bad, but, of course . . . Their name's Smith, just Smith."

"That ought to be easy to remember."

FROM where he sat he could see a corner of the garden and some of the red blossoms of the tree against the sky.

"I think you're right," he said. "I mean there was a tree sort of like that in China. I seem to remember . . . Chungking? Or Changsha?"

"I can't remember just where it was," she said. "But it was a lot like it, even if it wasn't exactly the same. Did you arrange to have it chopped down?"

"What?" He turned back, starting to look at her, then looked away, over toward the hall where the telephone stood.

She gave a sigh and said, "Of course, I know it gives too much shade but . . ."

"Was that girl still under that tree when you went over?" he asked. "She was standing there just looking down at the ground when I saw her this morning. Sort of mooning." He gave a short laugh.

"Why, yes," his wife said. "Yes, as a matter of fact she was. That's just where I found her. She was standing there all alone, holding a handkerchief crumpled up in her hand and tears running down her face. She looked so pathetic. She's really awfully small, much shorter than I am."

He cleared his throat and, getting up from the couch, crossed the room to a table that stood in front of a carved Chinese screen. He took a cigar out of a humidor and sniffed it. "What was she crying about?" he said as he bit the end off the cigar. "They have a fight or something?"

"No. He's gone."

"Gone?" He looked down at the end of his cigar, then up at the screen, a large and not particularly good one which they had bought in Shanghai when they were first married and had been dragging around the world ever since. "Divorce?"

"Oh, no. His squadron's leaving. That was his plane that flew over this morning."

"I thought so. I'll tell that O.D. . . ."

She sighed again and said, "They're so young. Just imagine: he said he'd fly over the tree and that she should stand underneath because it seems he was crazy about that tree; he came from the Middle West somewhere and had never seen anything like it, and he wanted her to stand there so he could see them both together for the last time."

"It could easily have been the last time," he said. "Flying as low as that."

"I know," she said. "They're so foolish—when they're young. So sentimental."

"They'll get over it," he said, lighting the cigar.

For a few moments neither of them said anything. Then she said, "And she's having a baby."

"Good God!" he said. "Then we never will get any sleep."

She nodded her head, smiling slightly, then added, "I forgot to ask her but from the way she talked I gathered they were regular Navy."

"Yes? Well, then he ought to know better." He came over and sat down again on the couch. "And she'll have to get over sniveling every time he goes to sea. Or wherever he goes in that thing."

"I don't imagine they've been married long," she said.

"No? Well, I suppose we've got to ask her over. Have her over for dinner Do her good. Get her mind off her troubles. Go on."

SHE looked down at him for several seconds. "Really? You're sure you don't mind, Charlie? I know how you hate . . ."

"Mind?" he said. "Of course not. Why should I mind?" He tossed his cigar into the fireplace and made a face. "These damned cigars. If I could only get a decent Manila around here." He looked up at her quickly "Well, go on, ask her. Ask her for lunch."

"It's rather short notice, isn't it?" she suggested.

"Oh, she's probably still standing out there sniveling . . . under that tree. Get some food in her. Do her good. I'll make a drink."

He watched her cross the lawn toward the next house, then went upstairs. In their bedroom he stood for a few moments looking out the window. He was right: The girl was still standing there under that tree. Now Mrs. Stoddard was standing with her and they were talking. Sunlight came through a space in the high branches of the tree and caught the young shining gold of the girl's hair.

He went into the bathroom and looked closely at the walls. They had been well washed down and no trace of mildew remained on them. Warm-cool air came in at the open window. The sun was high and the tree no longer cast any shade on their house. He looked out the window. A few red petals drifted across the sunny air. A certain amount of shade was really a good thing down here, especially later on, in the summer.

He turned and went downstairs and out into the kitchen. He put ice, gin and bitters on a tray and carried them into the living room. He sat on the couch looking toward the door impatiently. Finally he put a piece of ice in a glass with gin and a dash of bitters. He swung the ice around in the glass and sniffed the fragrant aroma of the bitters. He felt good, although there was no particular reason that he could see why he should. He no longer felt tired at all.

THE END

The Golden Dozen

Continued from page 19

Music Hall. But before the war he did a big private business with Hollywood's top-flight actresses, knowing and keeping in stock each star's size and favorite style.

For Betty Grable, he had on hand a large assortment of meshes; Betty, he says, goes for every type of mesh. Alice Faye likes vivid colors—red, green, purple—to match or contrast with her dresses. Garbo sticks to black and Hedy Lamarr to dark shades, with gun metal her first choice. The lighter the shade, the better Betty Hutton likes it, while Claudette Colbert insists on stockings with no reinforcement in the foot.

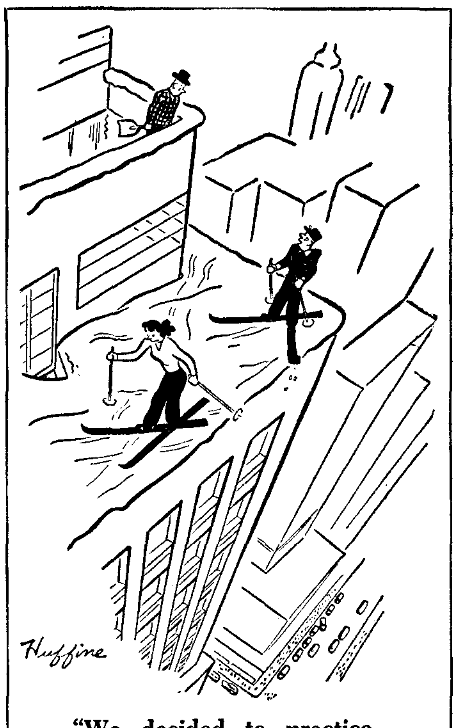
Though stockings with seams are still worn by most women (a holdover from the days when a seam meant a better fit), 70 per cent of the film actresses prefer the seamless type as more flattering to the legs. For personal wear they like 1½ threads with semisandal feet, more glamorous (and more perishable) than the heavier, reinforced styles worn by most other women.

Salesmanship Plus . . .

Willy got a virtual corner on the lushest stocking market in the world by a combination of imagination, persistence, and the occasional application of a bit of unmitigated gall. He was just seventeen when, after finishing textile school, he opened a stocking shop on Clinton Street, in New York's lower East Side. Working for a mercantile concern during his school days he saved up $1,000, and he knew exactly what he wanted to do.

In those days stockings were manufactured in three shades—black, brown, and white—and Willy's first selling job was to persuade a manufacturer to branch out with some novelties which Willy himself had dreamed up. But getting his customers to buy the results was a good deal tougher. They kept right on wearing the blacks, browns and whites, while the gun metals and the beiges, the embroidered and the openwork clocks, gathered dust in the window of Willy's tiny shop. Something had to be done.

Gathering up a few samples of his new styles one evening, Willy snapped the padlock on his door and headed for Broadway. Working his way backstage was a fairly simple business, and it wasn't long before Willy was selling his wares like hot cakes to the chorus and show girls along the stem. Eventually he struck up an acquaintance with Seymour Felix, then staging dances for Ziegfeld, and made up some sketches for stockings to be worn by the Ziegfeld girls. Ziggy raved over them; the Shuberts fell into line, and Willy was in. Before long he had turned over his store to a friend, opened an office in the theatrical district, and was designing and supplying stockings for some 55 shows a season.



"We decided to practice here at home before taking any chances in the country"

COLLIER'S DAVE HUFFINE

Then came 1929. Show business collapsed and Willy, who had been supplying shows on credit, more or less collapsed with it. Practically broke, he obtained a job as buyer for a chain of stores on the West Coast, only to have the chain go into receivership two months later. Then Willy was really broke.

But he knew the hosiery business, and by this time many of the show folk he'd known on Broadway were in Hollywood. So he talked a jobber into giving him $50 worth of stockings on the cuff, figuring he could get started again by peddling them on the studio lots. The only thing wrong with this idea was the fact that he couldn't get into the studios.

Things were looking as black as old-fashioned stockings when Willy ran into Benny Thau, an acquaintance of his New York days who was casting for M-G-M. Benny couldn't let him into the studio as a salesman, but did offer him a day's work as an extra at $7.50. What Willy did when he wasn't before the cameras, Thau intimated, was his affair.

Willy reported for work next day—with his samples—and immediately Marjorie Rambeau, for whom he'd designed hose on Broadway, got him a bit part in the picture at $150 a week. But Willy didn't forget his objective. When he wasn't needed on the set, which was a good deal of the time, he hung around the wardrobe department, asking questions and, he admits, in general making a nuisance of himself. He discovered, however, that the company was buying its stockings from local stores and having a good deal of trouble.

In a picture filmed in the spring, for instance, the light shades which the stores had in stock at that season were necessarily used, no matter whether they were appropriate for the picture or not. There was the matter of leftovers, too. The wardrobe department always had to get enough extras so there would be no delay in shooting whenever a run or a tear occurred. As a result, some of these hose remained on hand after the completion of each picture—perfectly good, brand-new stockings, but in such an assortment of shades that the studio could seldom find any use for them at all.

"Let me dye them," said Willy. So he made a deal with M-G-M to take 200 dozen of these leftover stockings and return them, in the required shades, whenever they were wanted. His only charge was for the dyeing. Soon, of course, the leftover stockings were gone, but Willy had his foot in the door. He then began supplying the original stockings himself.

With M-G-M as a satisfied customer, Willy was soon doing the same thing for Paramount and Warner's, and making a comfortable living once more. But Willy was not satisfied, for Universal and 20th Century-Fox still held out.

He was brooding over this one morning when he spotted a big group of extras on their way to the 20th Century lot. When they returned, after lunch, Willy was with them, his samples hidden in a make-up box. Once inside the gate, Willy made his way to the wardrobe department and announced he had an appointment with its head. When that gentleman returned from lunch, he found Willy's samples spread over the top of his desk. Willy got the order.

By this time, Willy's acting contract at M-G-M was up and he was offered a new one at $200 a week. But it had served its purpose. What Willy was after now was an order from Universal. This studio was, he had learned, about to put Show Boat into production and needed a lot of white stockings, which it was having trouble finding. Willy had kept up his contacts in New York. Down on Orchard Street, he knew a jobber with plenty of white stockings. Willy sent telegrams to Universal. He telephoned. And got nowhere.

He had tried every trick he knew when one Sunday morning, he happened onto an item in the theatrical section of the paper. Carl Laemmle, then head of Universal, he read, had returned from Atlantic City, where he'd been the guest of A. C. Blumenthal.

Early next morning he walked boldly up to the Universal gate and asked to see Mr. Laemmle. "I'm Mr. Blumenthal," he told the gateman, "and I just want to pay my respects to Mr. Laemmle." He was passed on to Laemmle's secretary, repeated his story. Laemmle, in conference, hurried out to greet his recent host.

A Hoax That Paid Off

"Then I really talked fast," says Willy. "I told him I wasn't Mr. Blumenthal but that I had something he needed and not to throw me out until he'd heard my story."

"You've got a colossal nerve, my boy," Laemmle told him when he'd finished, "but I admire you for it. Come down with me to the wardrobe department."

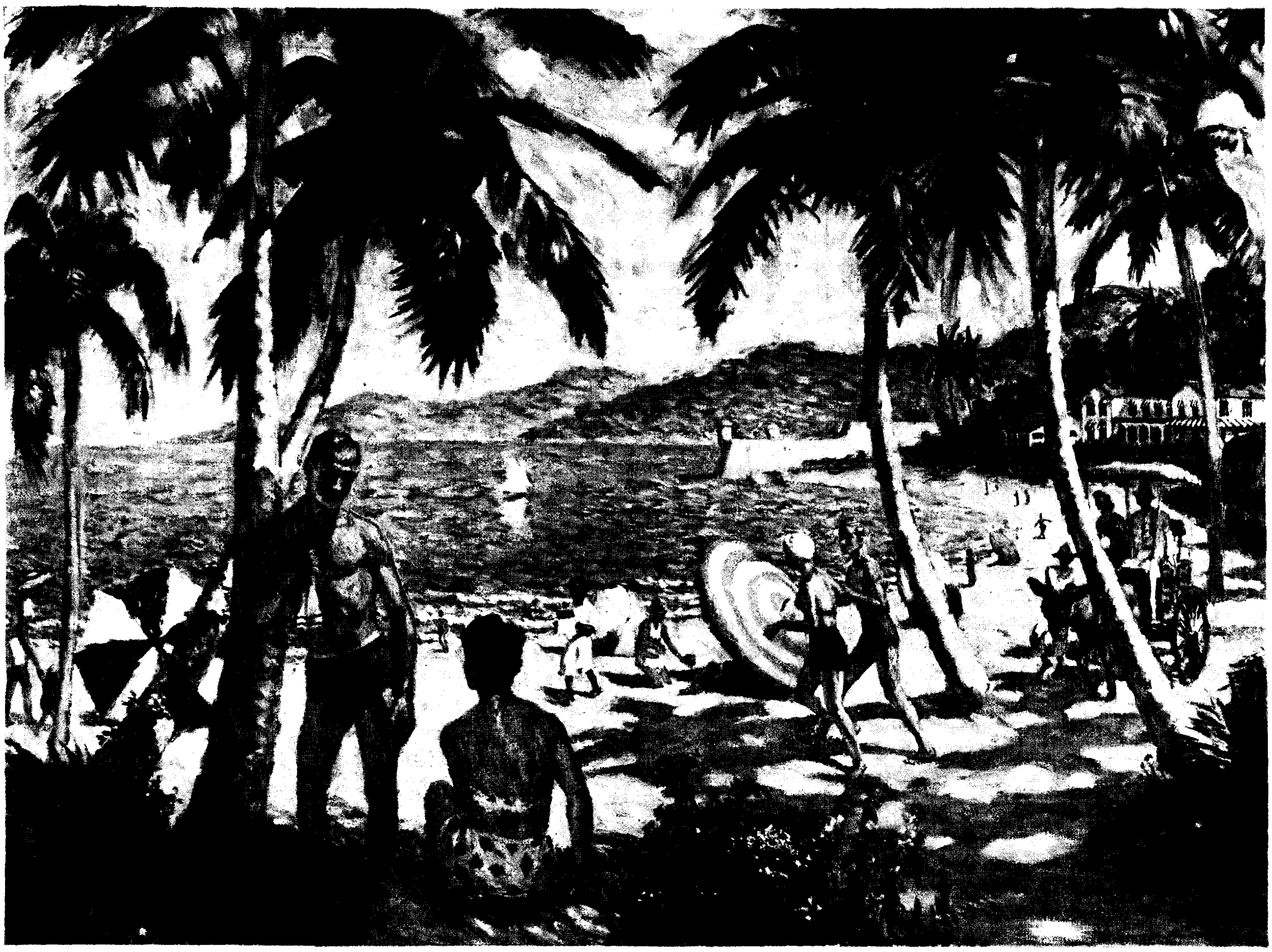
An hour later Willy whistled his way out the gate, a $1,400 order in his pocket.

Right now Willy is deep in postwar plans. He has a new 14-thread ribbed nylon for sports that he thinks will sweep the country. Within 18 months after the war, he predicts good nylons will cost only 98¢ a pair and will be ultra-sheer, hard to snag, and so water-repellent that they will take only a few minutes to dry.

Fifty per cent of the women of the country, Willy says, will follow the stars' lead in wearing stockings without seams, and the long-popular beiges will be discarded in favor of shades which match or contrast with the wearer's dress. When a woman buys a green frock, Willy predicts, she will buy two pairs of stockings to match, and they'll wear so well that she will throw them away only when she discards the dress.

And, from among the hundreds of luxurious styles Willy has designed, what does his wife choose for herself? Bobby sox!

THE END



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A DIVISION OF FORD MOTOR COMPANY

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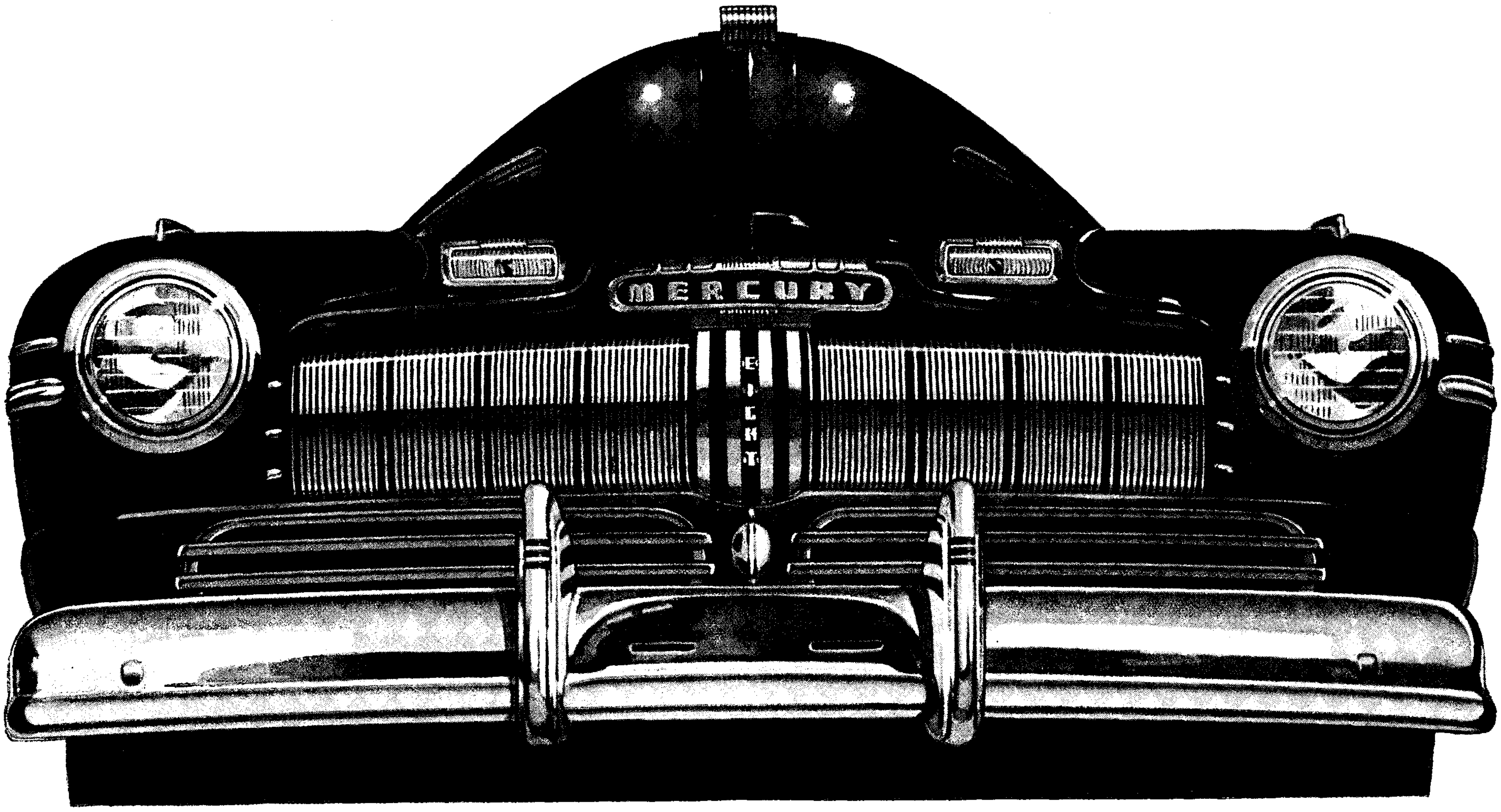


Tune in . . . THE FORD SHOW . . . *CBS, Tuesdays, 10-10:30 P.M., E.S.T.* THE FORD SUNDAY EVENING HOUR . . . *ABC, Sundays, 8-9 P.M., E.S.T.*

Light the Candles

Continued from page 12

the driver's pants. Jennifer said, triumphantly, "It's fireproofed!" Richard got his eyes in focus. The driver was in his shirt sleeves. He was lighting the candles, patiently, one by one. He looked over his shoulder at Richard and he said, "I parked the goat in the alley. I hope nobody checks on me. But it's okay—I got a pinch coming. What's five bucks on Christmas?" He went on lighting candles. There were a lot of them. Richard drowsed and looked at them. He said suddenly, "I'd like a hot bath, too!"

The driver said, "Why not? It's on the house. Come on, kid." Richard felt a wiry arm under him. He got down the hall, floating. Somebody was taking his shoes and socks off. His slacks came off, and his shirt and his undershirt. The driver said, "Oh, good Jeepers. Oh, no, kid! I was at Château-Thierry but—" and the hands were gentle on his ravaged back. He drowsed, and then there was hot water around him, and he floated in it. . . .

When Richard came back to himself, he was all dressed and sitting on the sofa, and the girl with bright curls was saying, "Sven, don't go too heavy on that brandy. Give him more broth."

Richard looked at them. The lights were off, and the candles were half burned down. He said, "There was a dog—he was worried."

She said, "He's on your lap. Put your hand up."

When he looked up again, he felt wonderful. The candles were burned down a little more, and the girl was asleep. The driver was asleep, too, spread out on two chairs.

RICHARD got up slowly and went out across the room, toward the kitchen. There was still a little warmth in the oven, and he felt wonderful. He felt as if there were a flight waiting and a directive to be followed. His foot scarcely hurt at all. The turkey still smelled. He turned the oven control up triumphantly. He felt lighter than air. He looked for his watch, but it wasn't on his wrist. There was a clock in the living room though, and it said midnight. He watched it until it said twelve-thirty. He decided the turkey was hot. He felt enormously exultant about that: *Somebody* was going to eat the turkey. He looked at the driver and he looked at the girl, uncertainly.

The girl saved him. She woke up. She said, "Are you as hungry as I am? It still smells as if it were cooking."

He said, shamefaced, "I turned on the oven," and then he grinned and looked years closer to twenty-five. "I can't stand it much longer. It smells so good—but what happened to the man you cooked it for?"

She said uncertainly, "I don't know. He said he'd be here. Maybe his ship was delayed. But he's like that. Something always happens. We're twins, you know. I take it harder than most sisters do."

Twins. He hadn't thought about that. Twins were pretty close—sometimes closer than husband and wife.

She was folding her house coat around her. She was getting up and going over to the driver. She said, "Sven, please wake up. We're starving. And I got a bottle of Burgundy for Bill."

The driver said grumpily, his eyes closed, "Who's Bill?"

She said, "My twin brother. He's always hungry."

After that the driver seemed to be freed of some inner compulsion. The burned paper sack was in just the right condition. An ice pick delivered its rent sides of steam, and its interior disclosed beautiful things: the turkey and browned potatoes and succulent onions and extra dressing. They all had a glass of Burgundy, and then Richard tried the dressing. It was unfamiliar, but wonderful. He tried, dreamily, to identify all of it—oysters and celery and ham and flavors. . . . The driver gave him a whole drumstick, second joint and all. He gnawed at it until there were just the bones. He ate the dressing and the cranberry sauce. He felt as if he were melting a little, on the edges. The second helpings slowed him down a little. He tried to apologize, but they didn't pay much attention to him—they just kept putting things on his plate. He kept feeding the little dog bites of everything—it seemed good to feed somebody else, too. The name Bill kept recurring to him.

He said finally, gravely, "I wish you'd both be my guests tomorrow. I used to know a place to eat, but it won't be as good as this, of course."

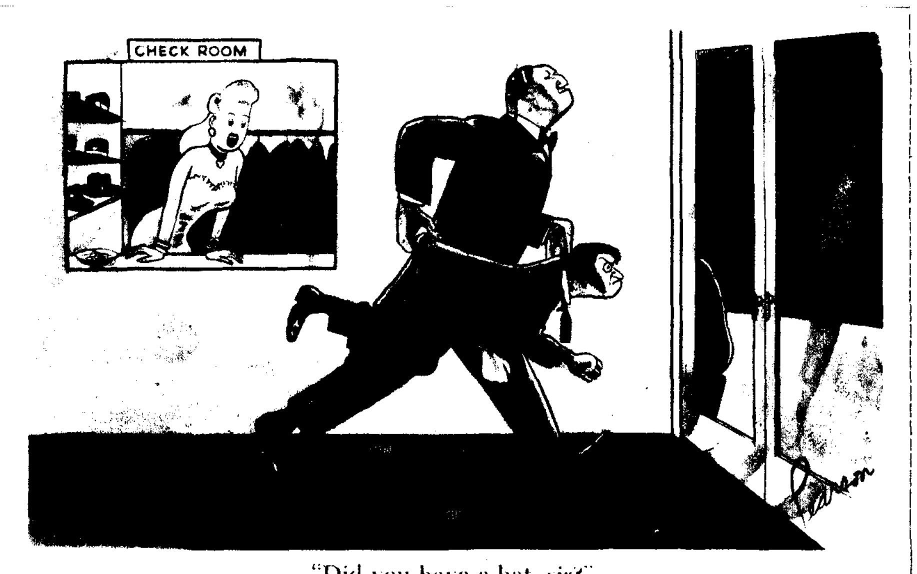
The driver leaned back and brought up a cigar from somewhere and cut the end off it. He said, "Okay, bud. How about you, sis?" and looked at the girl. She ate a last bite of pumpkin pie and said deliberately, "I'm worried a little about the colonel. Those ribbons and everything. Maybe you ought to go out and get the stuff and let me cook it."

Richard said suddenly, "I know we brought your purse back, and the driver fixed you up —and me. But just because it's Christmas and your brother didn't come home . . ."

Jennifer stretched and smiled. She said, "I think I'm a pretty good cook."

The driver said, "Do you guys know what time it is? It's twenty minutes to three." He pulled Dick's watch off his wrist and read the inscription on it and frowned. He put it down on the tablecloth. He said, "This was a swell Christmas Eve," but his eyes looked everywhere but at them. "I gotta go."

Richard said, "Don't be silly. I want some more dark meat."



"Did you have a hat, sir?"

COLLIER'S CHARLES PEARSON

The driver was shocked. "You just had pie."

Jennifer said, "Oh, go on. Give him a little piece."

The driver picked up the carving knife and looked undecided. He said, "You'll be sick again, on an empty stomach." He hunted over the turkey with the point of the knife. When he had put the best pieces on Richard's plate he put the knife down and looked at him.

He said, "Y'know, I believe in fate. I don't think both you kids would've got together, the turkey and all, if you wasn't the right ones. I figger I'd better go away and leave you to get acquainted. I'll get some more candles for the tree and come back later. You kids get some sleep, and then get some talking done."

Jennifer said, "I'll give you Bill's key. And I hope you can find some colored candles. The white ones are nice, but I like the little blue and red ones. And there's a ham in the icebox."

The driver looked disgusted. He said, "No wonder you fainted. You been saving all the food. . . ."

Richard said, "Put that watch back on. Then I know you'll come back. But if things turn out—if you can't come back—I want you to keep it. I mean, I want you to have it to keep, but I hope you'll come back."

The driver didn't say anything. He put the watch on and looked at it for quite a long time. He said then, "Thanks, Dick. I knew a guy once—at Château-Thierry—" He wound the watch methodically. He said, "Gee, it's got a second hand and a stop. Gee, this is really Christmas. I'm all alone, you know." He said, "I'll make up a bed for you on the couch here. You better get them slacks off. They're awful hard to press. And Jenny —she's going to need her strength, come to washing all them dishes."

Abruptly, they were being harried. There were things that went in the icebox. There were dishes to be rinsed and stacked. The driver and the little Sussex spaniel were everywhere. Dick found himself finally on the couch and glad to be there. He thought vaguely that the driver must have been a top kick once. Bossy. Efficient. Callous. Motherly. . . . He went to sleep under the warm puff, half-civilian, half-army, and too tired to resent it. He could still hear their earnest voices muttering when he sank into a warm sea of sleep.

IT WAS the dog who waked him. The long-eared spaniel was sitting beside his shoulder, methodically pawing his ear. He opened his eyes and tried to orient himself, and then he remembered everything. He said, "I bet you want a walk." He pulled up and looked around at the gray light in the room. It was just as he remembered it. He found his clothes and crept down the hall to the bathroom and shaved, his bag propped open on the laundry hamper. He kept thinking about Bill. Where was Bill?

Out in the street, the spaniel moused along from tree to tree. His heart wasn't in it. Richard thought, That must be Bill's dog. He wondered about Bill. He got back, finally, to the door, and the driver was sitting there in his cab. He got out and said, "Dick. Listen. This is bad, guy. I cruised past here same time a Western Union kid came up. He was looking for her. I signed for it." He held out the yellow envelope. "Maybe it's urgent."

Richard turned it over and over in his hands. The spaniel sat in the melting snow and shivered. It was Christmas morning, and nobody could do anything about it. Richard sighed. He said, "It's her wire, but I'm going to open it. This is Christmas, and she's worried." He opened it. It said, "All the happiest greetings of the season, Aunt Susan." He gave it to the driver. They both shuffled their feet and uttered small masculine platitudes, quietly profane.

The driver said, "You ever think about getting married?"

Richard stood over, favoring his bad foot. He said in surprise, "Why, no. No, I never did. There were a lot of other things to be done. I suppose people used to have time to figure all these things out, but my outfit was kind of busy. And after I was taken prisoner I kind of tried to make a point of not thinking at all." He bent down and lifted the little brown spaniel out of the melting snow. "But if I got married, I'd pick someone like her."

They went up the empty stairs, with the dog in Richard's arms uttering long, heartfelt sighs. He was a dreadfully gloomy dog, or else he was just putting on, as spaniels do.

Richard said, "What time is it?"

The driver opened the door. He said, "Barely ten o'clock, brother. And there's last night's dishes to wash."

They lifted the spaniel onto a chair and did the dishes. They didn't try to put them away. The driver poked through the cupboard and found the coffee and made some. He cut slices off the ham in the icebox. He scrambled eggs.

Richard said, "We could have used you, guy, a couple of places I've been."

The driver said, "I was sucked into this early; the last war, what I mean. What looks like a tray around here?"

They found a painted tin business in a slot by the icebox, and the driver was fussy. He set it with care, everything just so. Orange juice. A plate with ham and a golden heap of eggs. Toast and coffee. He said, "Go on, take it in. Rap on her door. She won't bite you."

Richard knocked, but when she answered his voice quavered. He said, "You'll have to open the door. He poured the cup too full."

She opened the door in the red house coat and she looked like a Christmas angel. Richard said, "He's hell-bent you're going to have this in bed. Climb back in."

When the driver came in, he was carrying the white porcelain tray from under the stove burners, with breakfast for him and Richard. They pulled the chaise longue over from the window, and he and Richard sat there, eating like men who had been starved a long time. It was lovely food, and it was Christmas.

The driver recovered first. He said, "Dick, take them plates out and put them under cold water." When Richard got up, the driver leaned back peacefully, put his feet up and closed his eyes.

Richard came back and looked at him and moved the driver's feet over and sat down again. The driver said, "Now I know what the Christmas feeling is."

Richard said, "Jennifer, what did you want for Christmas?"

She said, "Bill. And to know he was home for good."

"It won't be long."

The driver said, "Well, I wanted a present. I never got a real present. Not from anybody who meant anything by it. And Dick gave me his watch." He raised his wrist and looked at it. "It says on the other side, 'To the Duke of Manila, from the Itsies.' Now, ain't that a hell of a thing?" He raised the incongruous long lashes that swept over his tired eyes and looked at Richard. "Itsies." The grin brought out the long curved seams in his weathered face. He said, "The Christmas feeling. What it feels like to feel like Christmas." He snuggled back against the pillows.

"You kids, you listen," he said. "I'm Finnish and Greek and Jewish. Ain't that a hell of a combination? I found out, the last war, that Christmas is different over there. The Heinies give us the Christmas trees, and everybody else added a little something. But our Christmas ain't like anything else in the world. In Holland, they don't have no trees —they put the presents in wooden shoes at the front door. In Greece, they have it on the wrong day, and they sing all the time. I never got to Finland. But this warm feeling —I never had it before. It must be American."

His head sagged sideways slowly, and he slept.

THE girl threw back her covers and got up. Together, they eased the cabby into a relatively straight line, and Richard took the galoshes off his feet. They put a blanket over him and retreated to the living room and sat down on the sofa.

She said, "You didn't tell what you wanted for Christmas."

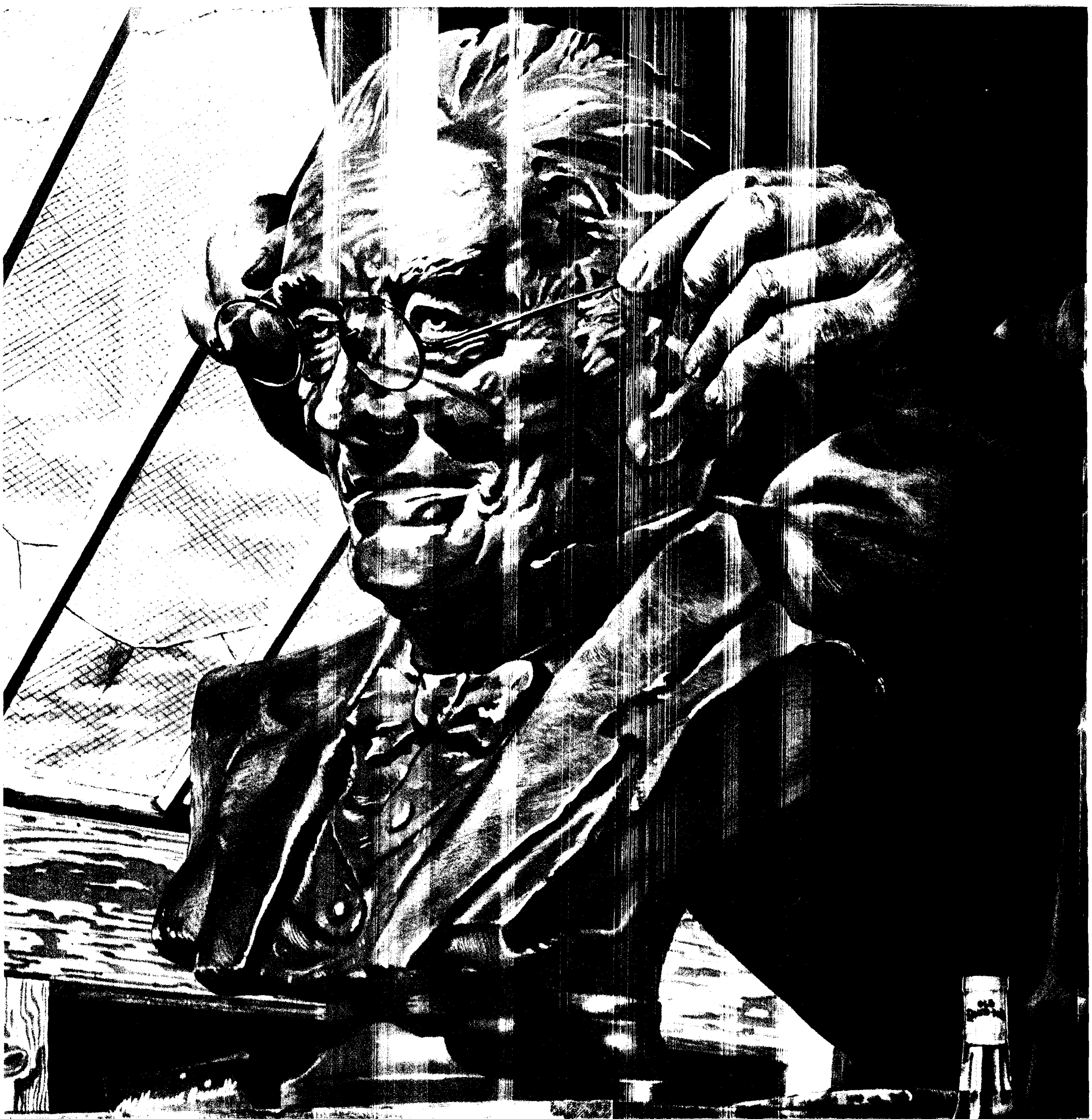
Richard looked at her and down at his clasped hands. "You. I didn't know before. I want you. I wanted to know you'd been here all the time. But I didn't know it until I saw you."

The spaniel emerged from under the sofa and scrambled up between them, sighed, and went to sleep, all spraddled out.

She looked over at him, across the spaniel, and said, "Merry Christmas, darling." She leaned toward him. "Sleep, darling. We can't have Christmas until Sven wakes up."

He pulled the soft puff up around him and felt the delicious lassitude of sleep pull at him again. And then he felt her mouth on his, the warm red velvet of her mouth. Christmas. He tried to remember the cabby's name. It was a funny way to spell Santa Claus.

THE END



SPECIAL TOUCH

There is no writing that tells how to produce a bourbon like Old Grand-Dad. True, there is a formula—but he who works with it must also have something born into him. He must have a special touch for coaxing the last wisp of flavor from the ripe grain, a flair for capturing the sparkle of the sun, and a great patience with the slow hand of time. For flavor and sparkle and mellowness are the delights of Old Grand-Dad—an ever-present invitation to count him among your friends and include him among your guests.

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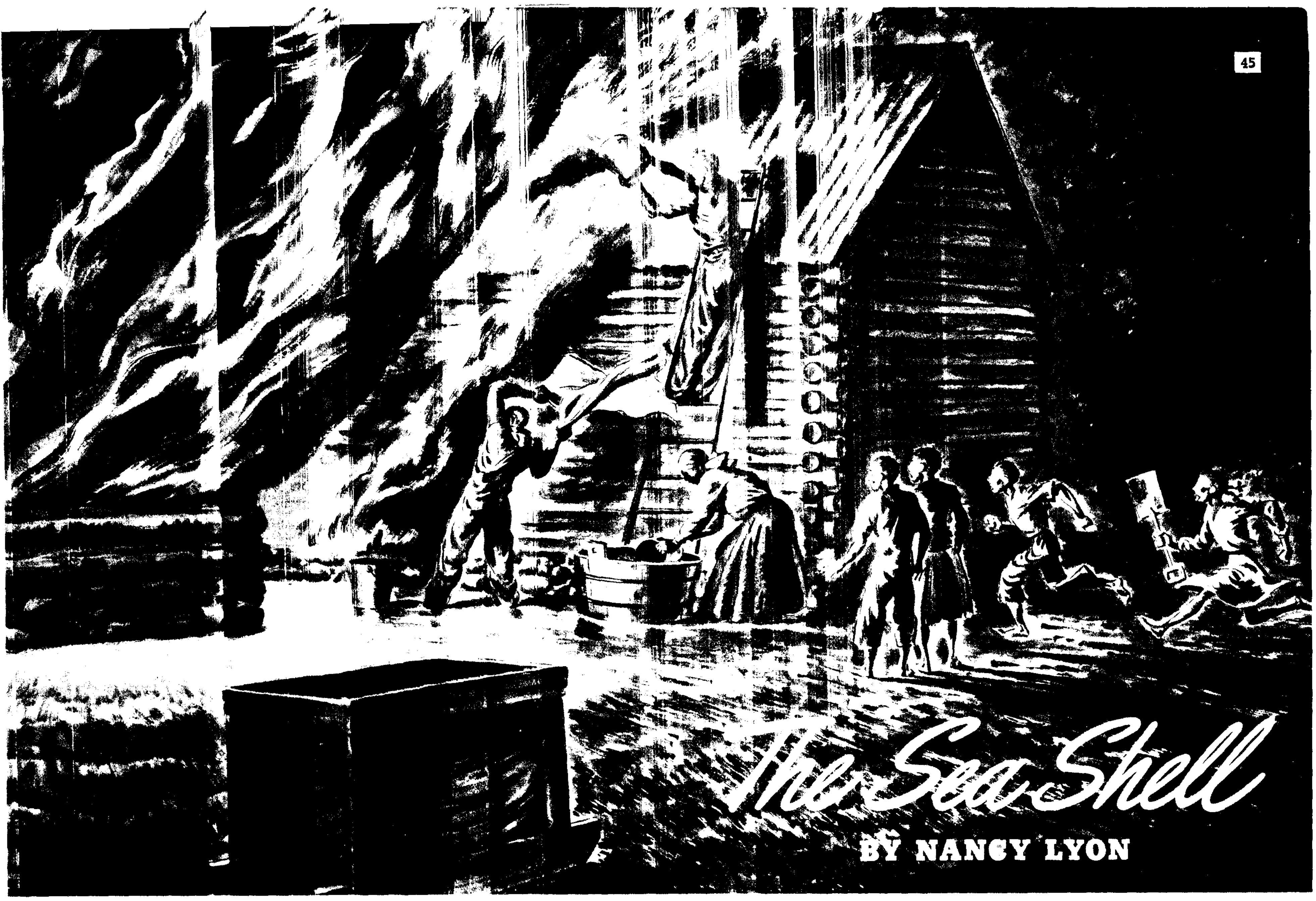


They had given up hope for the first two barns and were doing all they could to save the third one

The Sea Shell

BY NANCY LYON

The Story:

Living on the farm he had promised his father he would never leave, BILL HUTTERLY was almost completely happy with his young, dark-haired wife, LULIE. Once, knowing that LULIE had married him only because she was going to have his child, knowing that she longed to escape the hard, tiring existence of life on a farm which she had seen embitter her parents, BILL had feared that as soon as the baby was born, LULIE would leave him. This fear had been sharpened the night LULIE danced with the gay and charming SHAW LATHAM. But he did not know that SHAW had promised to send LULIE a message in the form of a sea shell, which would mean he was ready for her to come away with him; and when, after that night, a new calmness and sweetness seemed to possess LULIE, BILL hoped that at last she had come to want their life together. He was almost right. LULIE herself had forgotten SHAW—she was about to have her baby, she had grown more content with BILL than she had ever dreamed possible. But then one morning something happened to disturb her new-found happiness: in the mail was an oddly shaped package addressed to her. Frightened, she knew suddenly what it was—the sea shell from SHAW LATHAM. . . .

Conclusion

LULIE began to walk quickly. She did not go back up their road, but turned into one of the narrow county roads that led steeply downhill. The road was rocky and once or twice her foot turned on a rock and she stumbled but she kept on walking fast. When she reached the narrow wooden bridge she took a path to the left, along the river bank, under dark green water oaks. She was breathless, holding tight to the package. She found a little clearing and she stopped there, leaning against the trunk of a big tree. She wiped the moisture from her face and her breathing eased. Then she could look at the package again and now there was eagerness, not fear, in her eyes. For now she was hidden.

She had some trouble getting the string untied. It wouldn't break. When she managed to get it undone and took off the wrapping she found a cracker box; in the cracker box was the shell. She took it out. It was a pure white on the outside, but as it curved in on itself it turned from a pale pink shadow to a deep, dark rose.

Lulie dropped the paper and the cracker box and held the shell carefully in her two hands. As she looked at it and felt it, hard and smooth and cool, a smile touched her lips and her eyes widened. It was the loveliest thing she had ever had.

"Put it to your ear, Lulie," he had said, "and you'll hear the sea . . ." Lulie raised the shell slowly and held it close against her head. She heard a dim, far-off roaring and she drew the shell away quickly. It made her feel queer. She looked at the shell wonderingly. Was there some of the sea still in it? Could she really hear it? She lifted the shell to her ear again. And this time she closed her eyes and did not wonder at it. She listened; and then she saw blue water, and white birds wheeling, and she felt herself swaying with the boat. "Like dancing," he had said, "only better. You know how to give, Lulie. . . ."

She could hear his voice as plainly as if he stood beside her, as if he spoke from the shell. She kept her eyes closed, listening. "It's flat and shining blue as far as you can see—and it all belongs to you. . . ."

Lulie leaned against the tree trunk, but she kept the shell to her ear. The voice was low now: "You'll know what I've been trying to tell you—and you'll come."

Lulie lowered the shell and opened her eyes. They were brilliant and dreaming. The sound of the sea was still with her. . . .

Then she heard another sound, the sound of a car crossing the bridge, making the old planks rattle and bounce.

She moved quickly behind the tree. Her eyes lost their faraway look. She saw the paper and twine lying on the ground and she leaned down to pick them up. The clumsy effort it cost her to do so made her fully realize her situation. For a short, sweet space of time she had forgotten.

Lulie began to cry. She stood straight, behind the tree, her hands covering her face. Her head was bent and she was shaking with her sobs. The twig she had used to hold her hair in place came loose, and the hair fell down on her shoulders.

When she stopped crying she reached for the twig that was still clinging in her hair and threw it away. She put the shell back in the cracker box and wrapped it up and tied the string around it. Then she left the river bank and began the uphill walk home.

SHE was hot and exhausted when she went up the back porch steps. Bill was standing in front of the old mirror, combing his hair. He had just finished washing up and his hair was slick and wet. He had put on a fresh shirt; he looked clean and happy and he turned to Lulie with a smile.

"Any mail, honey?" Then he saw her flushed face, the dark circles beneath her eyes, her hair hanging tousled on her shoulders. He asked sharply, "Where've you been?"

Lulie stood there in the doorway, as if she couldn't move another step. She was breathing hard.

"Down to the river," she said dully. Then she walked past him, slowly, and into the dark cool kitchen. Bill followed her.

"You've got no business walking that far," he said. His voice was harsh with anxiety. "Haven't you got good sense?"

She looked up, angered by his tone. "Not your kind," she said.

He saw the package then. She had laid it on the table.

"What's that?"

"A sea shell," she answered, looking at him strangely.

"A sea shell?" He walked over to the table and picked up the package. He unwrapped it and took out the sea shell. Lulie sat still, watching him.

"Where'd you get it?" he asked abruptly, reading the address on the paper.

"Shaw Latham sent it," she said steadily. She was glad she was telling him the truth. She wanted to talk about it; she was proud of it.

Bill looked at the sea shell for a long moment. Then he put it down on the table again. He raised his eyes to Lulie.

"What gave him the notion?" he asked quietly.

Lulie looked down; she couldn't tell him the truth, after all. She couldn't bring herself to say, "The sea shell is a sign he's going away—down to the Keys and the Islands. It's a sign he's ready, and waiting for me." So she said, "I don't know why he sent it."

Bill spoke steadily: "He must have had a reason, Lulie. He took a shine to you. Sure, I knew that. But if he wanted to send you something why didn't he send it then—instead of months later? It don't make sense."

"It does to me," Lulie said. "I guess he just remembered me all at once—maybe thought about me—"

Bill said, "He's got no business thinking about you. You better send it back to him."

Lulie's hands got tight in her lap; but she held herself still.

"It's pretty," she said. "I don't want to send it back." If I send it back, she thought sharply, it'll mean I'm not coming. . . .

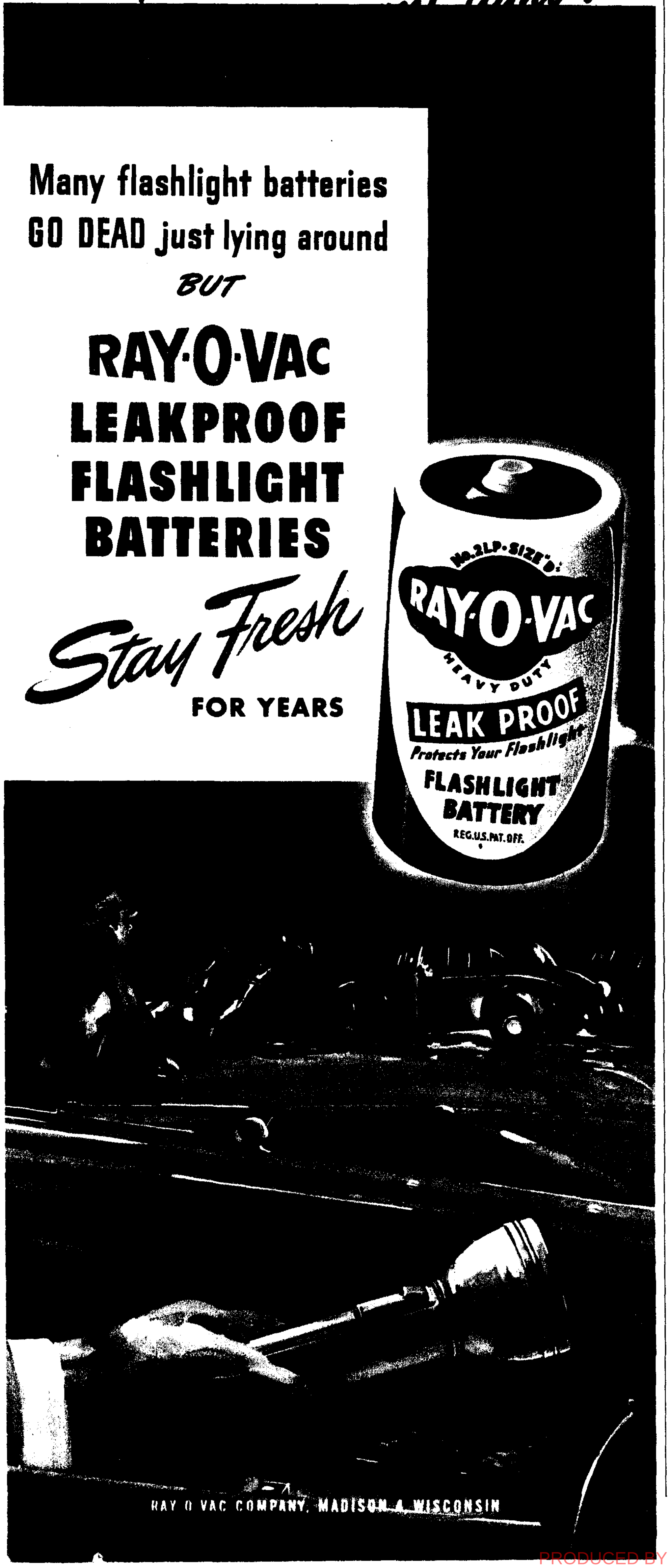
"Sure, it's pretty," Bill was saying, "but it wasn't fitting for him to send it and it wouldn't be fitting for you to keep it. He'd think it meant something to you—and that wouldn't be right."

Lulie pressed her hands together hard. She

(Continued on page 63)

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

Will your flashlight work
nt light?



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How to Live with Children

Continued from page 24

beanstalk supplied its own oxygen; Dan, don't, *please* don't pull your ears out, and, Harry, how often have I told you to stop chewing leaves? I can't *stand* it. . . ."

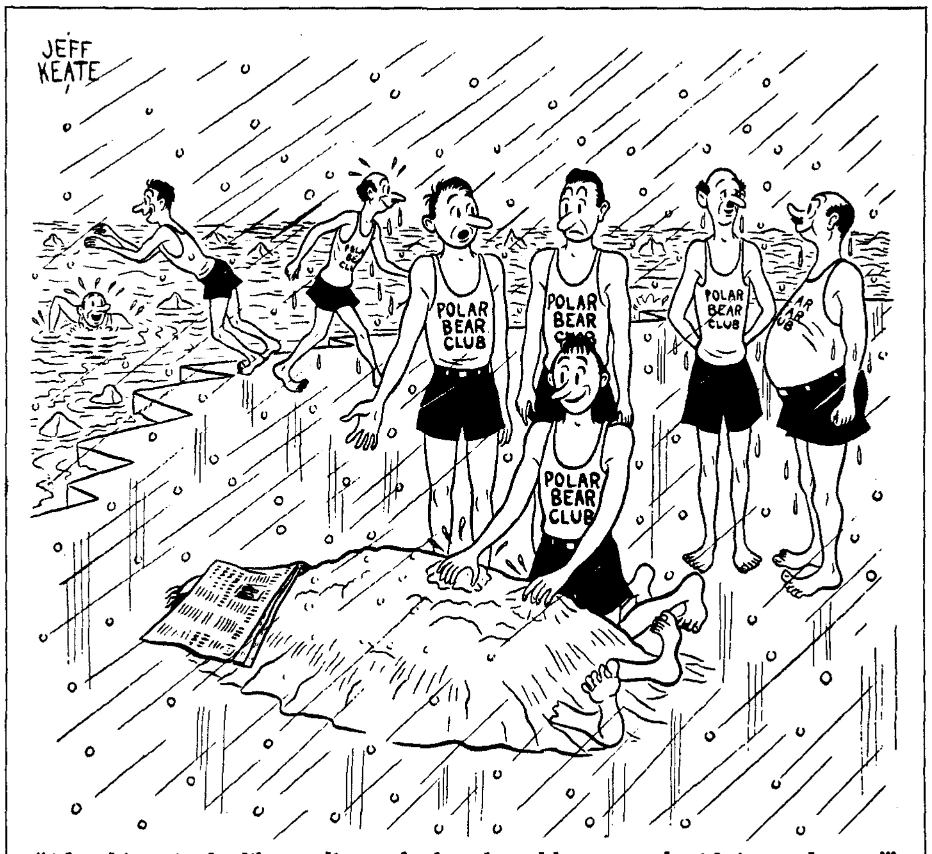
This session almost ended in disaster; but the patient's wife and I were able to intervene before he put his children under the lawn mower.

Diagnosis: Idealistic frustration. This condition used to occur in girls who were married young without knowing much. Now it is confined to parents, especially male parents, who enter the married state thinking that their offspring will all be Christopher Robins. When they discover the truth, they begin to fear that they have engendered the first of a new race of monsters. Then they acquire a wish to exterminate their children.

Treatment: T.J. was kept apart from his children for two weeks while being re-educated. During the morning he was taken to visit several typical schools. In the afternoon he rested, and read Superboy, Blue Lizard and other masterpieces of juvenile imagination. In the evening he was shown movies featuring Donald O'Connor and the Dead End Kids. Gradually I was able to explain to him the facts of childhood. When his course finished, he returned to his family with unmixed pleasure, and met his children with a realistic, almost cynical smile which proved he was completely cured.

These three cases are enough to show what an enormous field psychology has yet to explore. Remember this—every unrepressed child has at least one, and probably two, frustrated parents; and every child can frustrate its parents in a different way. A modern mother with a large family may pile up as many as seven or eight concentric layers of frustration, within which she is, though motionless, still faintly visible, like a fly in amber. I hope that in future, parents will start consulting the psychologist, in their own defense, the very day the baby comes home.

THE END



"After his swim he likes to lie on the beach and be covered with ice and snow!"

COLLIER'S JEFF KEATE

Rebel in the House

Continued from page 36

during the blitz. How is Bevan going to remedy this situation?

Bevan doesn't believe in the "off the record" policy so many Ministers resort to when talking to reporters. Things are very bad, and they'll be worse before they get better, but Nye Bevan is not disguising the fact.

"Why, man, we need 1,200,000 homes, new homes, in Britain," he says emphatically, "before we can say that our people are well housed. Can we get them? We can damn' well try. The Conservative government didn't bother to try and they've left us an appalling mess. In your country the average man spends one eighth of his income for rent. Here we spend one sixth. That's a lot of money, and when a man spends that much he should get something for it. I don't think we can reduce his expenditure, but we can give him something decent for it. Now a man in his lifetime needs three homes. He needs one when he gets married; another when his children come and he has to have more room for them, and a third when they grow up and leave him. In Britain it hasn't been like that. He's had one home and seldom been able to afford or to obtain another.

"We've only got one aim," Bevan stated; "that is to give everybody in Britain a home. This is no communistic scheme. It is no Utopian dream. It is something that can be done under our socialistic system. We're acquiring land now. In every city there are huge open spaces where fires and bombs destroyed large areas. We are acquiring those areas as the military acquired land during the war. We condemn it, value it and pay compensation for it. If the owners object, they have the right of appeal to an impartial board. Once we have the land the municipal authorities take over.

"We're not trying to abolish private enterprise as some people think. Sure, we hope to put those speculative builders who have charged high rents for flimsy houses out of business. But the new houses will be built by private contractors selected by the municipal authorities. They'll be good homes."

"Won't this cost the government a prohibitive amount of money?" I asked.

Nye Bevan laughed. "No, no. We will underwrite the project, but don't forget people will pay rent, as always. We won't break even, perhaps, but the government will not go broke because of that. Our program will help everyone. For instance, we can order 500,000 bathtubs in one year. That will put a lot of people to work.

"Now mind you," Nye said seriously, "people will go on building houses of their own. There is nothing in our program to prevent that. But up to now people have had but two choices: They could rent poor out-of-date flats or houses and pay whatever exorbitant price the landlord demanded, or they could do without. We are going to free them of having to make that decision." Bevan figures it will take four years to do the job.

"Then there's rehousing," he went on; "there are millions of houses in Britain that should be torn down or rebuilt. It'll take ten years to complete that job. The whole task is so huge that we couldn't leave it to private enterprise.

"Now in our health program," he added, "the same thing is true. We plan for everyone to pay health insurance. This will enable us to give everyone in the country free hospitalization when it is needed. But doctors will still have private practices. The two methods can live side by side."

Can Bevan get away with this enormous program which, if successful, will make him the biggest man in Britain? His background may give hints on the answer.

An Environment of Futility

Forty-seven years ago, Aneurin Bevan was born in Tredegar, Wales, and if you are born in Wales you do as your father did before you: You start work in the mines when you're thirteen. He was one of six children, and there was only the mine to support them.

For five dreary years he went underground, taking his few shillings home at the end of the week to be tossed into the family exchequer. Nye hated it. He hated the suffering he saw all around him and the abject poverty and the way proud spirits broke under it. But he wouldn't break. He'd get out some day. Every young Welsh miner says that, but few are strong enough to leave the valleys. Nye Bevan did it by study. Every night he'd come home from the pit, wash the grime off his face and body, and after supper, sit in the kitchen with a book on his knees.

It is said that all Welshmen are born with nightingales in their throats. Nye was that rarity—a stuttering Welshman. Characteristically he decided to cure himself. In the kitchen he would read aloud, trying to control his speech. He even followed the example of Demosthenes and went off into the valley where he could be alone to read aloud with pebbles in his mouth. Gradually the stammering diminished. He found that when he was angry about something he could speak without stuttering at all. He seldom stammered when he arose to address union meetings, and gradually he obtained almost complete mastery over his speech muscles.

At union meetings, despite his youth, he was listened to because, unlike the older men, he still had a fiery faith in himself. The miners liked his determination, and when he was eighteen they made him a delegate to the South Wales Miners Federation. That same year he won a scholarship to the Central Labour College in London.

Nye studied intensively, believing that education would be a passport to a world better than that which generations of Bevans had known in Tredegar. When he was twenty he returned to Wales to find that his whole family was out of work. The mine owners had heard of the speeches made by the young rebel and refused to hire his family. But that didn't defeat Bevan. He got a job digging ditches, and the family ate again.

There is one job in the mines that the owners do not control. That is the job held by the "checkweighman." It is he who weighs the coal the miners hack out of the seam. The miners themselves elect one of their number to this job. They elected Nye Bevan, and there was nothing the owners could do about it. The hungry valleys again heard Bevan's voice in council. They elected him to local office, and finally in 1929 they voted him into Parliament.

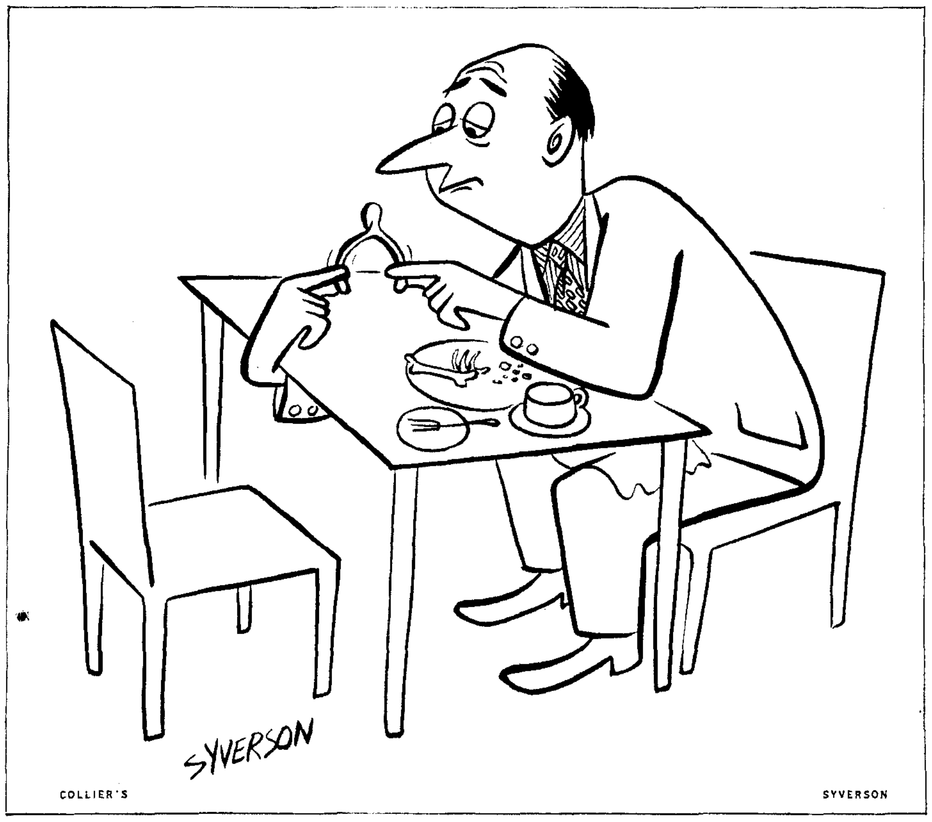
Jennie Lee, the daughter of a coal miner herself, was known as the most attractive woman ever to be a member of the House. Nye and she were made for each other. They were married and have been a great success as a team ever since. Jennie Lee has regained her membership in the House.

There are many who call Bevan irresponsible. They say that he is rash and impetuous. They said that last spring, when Mr. Churchill asked that the Coalition Government be kept on until the end of the Japanese war. If the Labor Party would not agree to that, Churchill said bluntly and confidently, he would go to the people. Most of the Labor leaders agreed to string along with Churchill. But not Nye Bevan. He thought it was time that some thought be given to reconstruction.

Nye Bevan raised particular hell at a meeting of the executive committee of the Labor Party, and finally persuaded them to accept the Prime Minister's challenge. Almost contemptuously, Churchill called for a general election. During the campaigning, Bevan's voice was heard all over Britain. He wrote an indictment of the Conservative Party called "Why Not Trust the Tories?" This little book probably had as much to do with the defeat of Churchill and his party as any one single factor.

The elder statesmen of the Labor Party are not exactly a colorful group. Quiet, reserved Clement Attlee; sturdy slow-talking Ernest Bevin; austere, unapproachable Sir Stafford Cripps—these are not the material out of which great popular leaders are made. Herbert Morrison is colorful enough and so is Emanuel Shinwell, but neither has the spark that animates Aneurin Bevan. He is my long-shot choice in the Prime Ministerial Futurity. As we say at the track, "Fast early foot will bear watching."

THE END



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PIONEER AND PACEMAKER
IN AUTOMOTIVE PROGRESS

"He's pedigreed," Cecily said proudly. "I have the certificate and it shows that he has just oodles of ancestors with names as long as he is. Emily Bronson will be just wild when she sees him. She's been winning ribbons here and there with her Dane and she's so proud, but Diane can't compare with Gus."

"M-mm," said Fred.

"We can show him," Cecily continued. "And maybe he'll be a champion. It only takes fifteen firsts, I think." Gus was grinning happily under Fred's stroking hand.

"Look how smart he is," Fred said. "He's listening to every word."

"Of course," Cecily said. "Joe can see that he gets plenty of exercise and we'll feed him eggs for his coat and we'll show him at every dog show and he'll be a champion in no time at all." She stooped and touched Gus' ear. "Won't you?" she demanded. And then, as an afterthought: "We won't even tell Emily we have him until the first show. She'll die."

And so Gus took his place in the household. And long before his debut Fred's and Cecily's enthusiasm and Gus' natural appeal had combined to make that place secure. There were one or two minor disgraces, of course, but these were forgiven without question and even laughed about as pranks.

The soap chip trouble occurred two or three mornings after Gus' arrival, while Cecily was doing the breakfast dishes. Gus, in a spirit of adventure, got into the cupboard beneath the sink and in amongst the box of soap chips where he whuffed once, blowing soap dust into his nose and into his eyes. He shook his sturdy body and went into a fit of sneezing that scattered soap chips like snow in a strong wind. Cecily seized Gus' stiff tail in her soapy hands and tried to pull him out of the cupboard, whereupon Gus braced his legs against the force and clung to his position, sneezing and whuffing and scattering soap chips until both he and Cecily were exhausted. But, after all, the damage was not great and Gus was sorry and the incident did teach him a lesson.

THE battle of the vacuum cleaner took place on the back porch. The closet door was ajar. Gus nudged it open and looked inside. He saw the vacuum cleaner balanced ominously in the corner and his badger dog aggressiveness took over. He attacked with vigor.

The thing showed surprising defensive power. It threw out loops of its long cord, settling them accurately around Gus' head and forelegs until further frontal attack was hopeless. Gus beat a strategic retreat out of the closet with the idea of regrouping his forces, but the vacuum cleaner, with fiendish perseverance, pressed its advantage and followed him out into the open and fell on him.

Gus got himself loose eventually, after chewing his way through the dust bag and dealing punishing damage to the rubber bumper, and the vacuum lay motionless and vanquished.

Gus saw the vacuum again, this time in Cecily's presence, and the short hairs stood up on his bulky shoulders and he prepared for a return battle. But Cecily flipped the switch and the vacuum cleaner began to howl with the voice of many demons and its brilliant eye stared fixedly at Gus, and Gus retreated. It was not a rout; it was a dignified withdrawal in the face of obviously superior forces. But digging continued to be Gus' major passion. By day, under Joe's guiding eye, Gus indulged this passion. He dug small holes and middle-sized holes and an occasional hole of chasm proportions, and these Cecily and Fred applauded as proof that Gus was getting the exercise necessary to a show dog. And daily Gus' forelegs seemed to bow more severely until from the front he began to look like a small, pointed bulldog.

Fred's business prospered, the garden reached new heights of glory, the cunning returned to Joe's dice and Cecily no longer felt lonely in the house during the day. All because of Gus' presence. Then Emily Bronson came.

She drove to the back of the house one day, a tall, sharp woman, given to tweeds and flat shoes and unnecessary bluntness which she mistakenly called candor.

Diggin' Dawg

Continued from page 16

Joe and Gus were among the roses, working vigorously with trowel and paw. Cecily was at the pansy bed, gathering flowers for a centerpiece.

"I thought I'd find you here," Emily roared. "You haven't called me for several weeks, so I came over to find out why you've been avoiding me." And then she saw Gus, who had come out of the roses at the sound of the roaring and who stood, bowed forelegs widespread, considering her. Emily bent over and snapped her fingers. "Come here, sir," she commanded.

And Gus, who was a gentleman, ignored her rudeness and trotted politely to her. She lifted Gus' head with her cupped hand and stared at his forelegs and then she dropped his head and straightened herself.

"Where," she roared at Cecily, "where on earth did you find this travesty of a dachshund? He has forelegs like a duck. Who took your money and sold you this clown?"

Cecily was dumfounded. The smile faded from her face and she opened her mouth and closed it again without words. It was Joe who rose to the occasion. "What you mean?" he demanded. "They is good legs. Little dawg's legs is the digginest legs ever you did see."

"I dare say," said Emily, "but they would be laughed out of a show ring. Who on earth sold you such a creature, Cecily? And how much did you pay?" She advanced on the pansy bed like a tweedy colossus.

When she was gone, and Cecily had fled into the house with her handkerchief to her nose, forgetting the pansies, forgetting everything but her shame, Joe hunkered beside Gus and rubbed his forehead gently. "Never you mind, little dawg. Never you mind at all. They is diggin' legs, tha's what." But the happiness was gone from the garden.

CECILY told Fred that evening. Tearfully. "His legs should bow in and then out again. Instead, he's—he's pigeon-toed!"

Fred tried to console her, but without success.

"We can take him back to the kennel," Cecily said through her tears. "And we can make the kennel man give us another. Emily said we could."

"Damn Emily!" Fred said. He studied his wife's face. "Do you want to take Gus back? Do you want a different dog?"

Cecily shook her head. "No!" she sobbed. "I want Gus! I love Gus! And I hate Emily Bronson!"

So Gus stayed. But it was not the same. Fred was not impressed with the magnitude of the disgrace, but in Cecily's mind the knowledge that Gus would never be a show dog rankled sorely. She over-protested her complete indifference to the whole matter to Gus, and Gus, sensitive as all dogs to overtones and subtleties, felt himself in disgrace and his jauntiness and verve disappeared. Even his digging suffered. He helped Joe in the garden in the manner of a man who feels that he must take his exercise, but the old whuffing vigor was gone.

Joe, noticing, dwelt upon Gus' lethargy frequently and at some length. "Little dawg," he would say, "there is them that looks an' there is them that does. You is the doin' kind an' the direction your front legs takes don't mean nothin' at all." Gus would listen politely, but his grin would be sad and the wrinkles in his forehead would be very much in evidence. And Joe would scratch his black head and cudgel his mind in despair. "Someway, little dawg," he would say softly, "someway we gots to make you happy again." For the depression was affecting the entire garden, and within the house Cecily brooded over Emily Bronson's scorn and Gus' shortcomings. "Somep'n," Joe would say, "somep'n's got to happen."

Something did. Joe arrived late for work one Saturday, his eyes red from lack of sleep and his legs weary from long hours of kneeling on the floor of a room in an obscure downtown hotel. In his pockets were coins and bills amounting to fifty-six dollars and twenty-two cents, which was all of the money that had been in the possession of those in the hotel room. And in his arms was Willie, who could have been Gus' twin except for certain important, but not outstanding, differences.

He summoned Gus and performed the introductions. "This heah is Willie," he said. "Willie an' you is gwine to be friends." He left the two to sniff each other carefully, and it was pleasant to note that Gus' jauntiness had, in some measure, already returned. Joe went to the house to report.

Fred and Cecily both came to the French doors at the back of the living room. "Where on earth—?" Cecily asked.

"Mah luck has done come back," said Joe, modestly. "Ah won Willie with two fives—Big Joe the hard way. An' with him Ah won a paper that says—"

"This is not a kennel, Joe," Fred interrupted. "One dog is ample."

Joe regarded him sadly. "Little diggin' dawg is lonesome," he pointed out.

"They *are* cute together," Cecily said from the window. "They're tussling now and Gus does seem happy." She turned back from the window. "Maybe Willie is what Gus has been needing," she added. "A playmate, you know, dear."

Fred shrugged. "Whatever you want, darling," he said resignedly.

GUS and his new friend spent the afternoon alternately tussling and grinning at each other while Gus proudly displayed the yard and the garden and the hard dirt by the incinerator where a badger dog with gopher tendencies could indulge himself to his heart's content. Obviously, Gus' confidence was returning in a flood.

He and Willie ate their dinner that night side by side from the same bowl, and no growling, no snapping disturbed the harmony of their relationship. They slept that night on the same pallet, with Gus' head cushioned on Willie's flank. And the next day, when Joe arrived on time for work, both Gus and Willie were on hand to greet him and to sit grinning happily while he rubbed their foreheads and pulled their silky ears. At work it was Gus who pitched in and Willie who sat by and encouraged, and the depression that had filled the garden seemed to have fled.

In Gus' happiness, and in the contentment that filled the house and the yard as its result, the shame of Gus' bowed legs and of Emily Bronson's scorn was almost forgotten. Almost, but not quite. There were times when the memory would return to Cecily, but even this did not deeply disturb the idyllic happiness of the household, and Gus and Willie reveled unheeding in their companionship. Until the change began.

It was some weeks after Willie's arrival that Cecily first noticed the difference. She had gone out into the garden to pick roses for the house. Gus came trotting to her, grinning happily, and Cecily stooped to rub his head. And then she saw the small gash behind his ear. She examined it carefully. It was fresh and clean and had bled very little. "Where did you get this, Gus?" she demanded.

Gus made no reply, but simply grinned.

"Have you and Willie been fighting?" Cecily asked. She stood up. "Where's Willie?" And she followed Gus as he trotted proudly out to the hard dirt by the incinerator.

Willie was there, lying quietly in the shade. Nor did Willie get up to greet them.

"What on earth is the matter with you?" Cecily demanded. She stooped and touched Willie's head, thinking desperately of distemper and pneumonia and all manner of canine diseases about which she knew nothing. But Willie's nose was cold, and it was Cecily's understanding that in the face of this proof nothing could be amiss. She patted Willie's head and pulled Willie's ears and Willie grinned and extended a pink tongue and Willie's tail flopped happily. Gus approached, with some hesitation, and thrust his head forward and his tongue came out and licked Willie's face gently. Willie made no overt move.

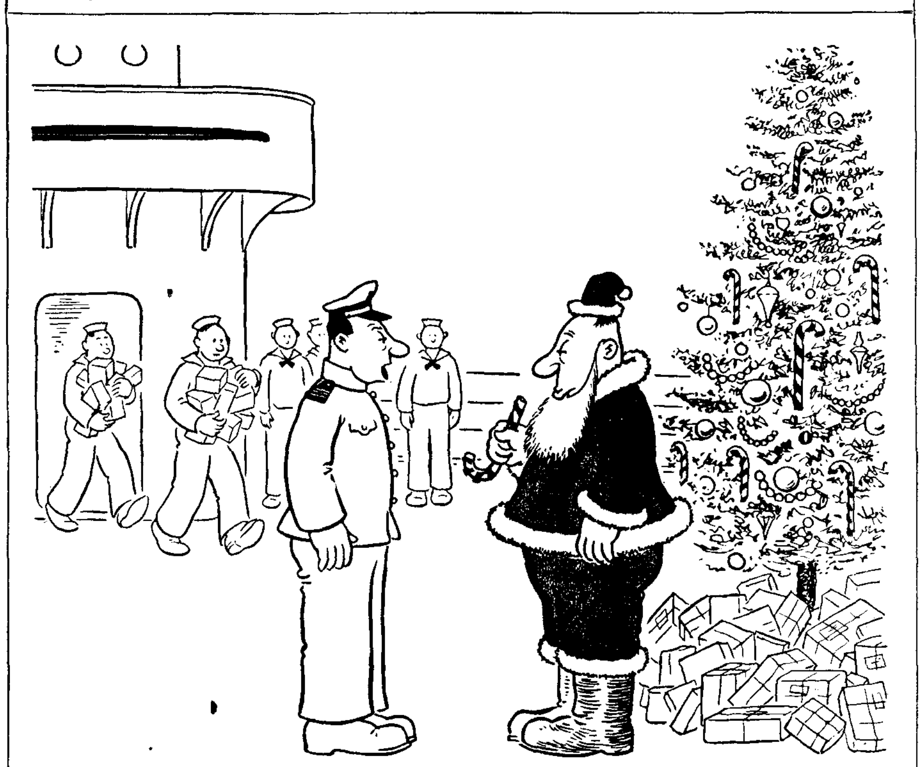
"It was the strangest thing," Cecily told Fred that night. "Willie just lay there as if he had a stomach-ache, and Gus licked his face, looking for all the world as if he expected Willie to bite him again."

"Maybe Willie did have a stomach-ache," Fred said from the depths of his newspaper. "He's been eating like a hog lately."

"That must be it," said Cecily, and the matter was forgotten.

But it was not an isolated incident. Day by day, Willie's temper seemed to grow shorter and Gus' solicitude increased. By day, Willie lay quiescent in the shade by the incinerator, while Gus knocked himself out digging holes of epic proportions for Willie's amusement. At night, Willie slept on the pallet and Gus slept on the bare floor, arising hourly to inspect, and to lick Willie comfortingly. But at mealtimes, Willie's lassitude disappeared, and, with appetite unimpaired by inactivity,

ALFRED **by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE**



"Stop eating those candy canes, Alfred! You are not to be sick again this Christmas when it comes time for you to distribute the packages"

COLLIER'S

Willie gulped down food until it seemed that his stomach could hold no more. And daily Gus' happiness increased, and the faintest hint of a swagger crept into his gait, despite the fact that his ribs began to show distressingly.

"Gus acts like a medical hero during a plague," Cecily told Fred. "He's getting thinner every day, and the thinner he gets, the more attention he pays to Willie and the cockier he seems to be."

"Gus Arrowsmith," Fred said.

"I'm serious," Cecily insisted. "And I won't let it go on. I'm going to find out what the trouble is."

She took Willie to the veterinarian's the next morning, and she sat in the vet's office with Willie on her lap and explained the symptoms carefully. "I've thought it might be glands," she suggested hopefully. "Mary Lou Miller's youngest boy behaved the same way."

The vet glanced at Willie. "In a sense you're right about the glands," he said slowly. He picked up the paper knife from the desk and turned it over and over in his hands, studying it intently, while the corners of his mouth twitched. At last he looked up at Cecily. "Tell me, Mrs. Robinson," he asked gently, "are you acquainted with the facts concerning the birds and the bees and the flowers?"

CECILY told Fred that night. "It's preposterous," she said. "I called Emily Bronson and told her and she just laughed. She says that dachshunds usually have four or five puppies at one time and what on earth are we going to do with four or five Guses and Willies?"

"We could give Willie away," Fred said thoughtfully, "before he—she produces."

Cecily shook her head. "In her condition Willie needs sympathy and understanding," she said stoutly; "and I'm not going to turn her over to strangers, no matter what."

"I wonder what they'll look like," Fred said. "Willie looks all right, but Willie's background is a Central Avenue crap game."

"I don't care," said Cecily. She did care and the thought had tormented her ever since her talk with Emily Bronson, but she said: "I don't care if they have five legs apiece. They're Gus' children."

"Now we're in the breeding business," Fred said resignedly. "The Robinson Maternity Hospital. How your friend Emily is going to love it."

Willie's waiting period was a trying time. Willie asked for no sympathy, but Cecily had other ideas. Instead of the bare dirt out by the incinerator, Cecily prepared a soft pallet on the living-room porch for Willie's daytime comfort and equipped the pallet with a bowl of water, a bowl of milk and a bowl of prepared dog food guaranteed to be vitamin-enriched. Willie drank a little of the water and ignored the milk and sneered at the vitamins and trotted purposefully out to the incinerator yard where she lay down in her accustomed spot in the shade and watched Gus dig a small hole.

Cecily consulted books on diet. She bought powders, liquids, pills and liver oils and mixed them cleverly into Willie's food and Willie, instinctively sensible, ignored the mixtures and continued her practice of eating everything set out for Gus. . . . Her happiness remained unimpaired. Gus, on the other hand, reduced to a state of partial starvation by his wife's extraordinary appetite, resorted to the scientific concoctions designed for feminine consumption and gobbled down the minerals and vitamins and brans and oils and anything else he could find. His ribs receded and he went about the yard with a perpetual grin on his face, setting down his feet with the concentrated deliberateness of a drunk.

As Willie's time approached, Cecily's efforts increased frantically. She obtained a large box and, with Joe's help, she lined it with two of Fred's old sweaters and a crew shirt. She painted it a soothing green and hauled it around the house, trying it for size in various locations. Eventually, the delivery room was established on the back porch. She kept, moreover, daily telephone contact with the veterinarian, and twice Willie was taken to the hospital for unnecessary examinations. The date was established, by a sort of practical scientific occultism and Cecily was assured that everything, up to and including a Caesarian section, would be done if necessary.

But Willie's appointed time arrived three days ahead of schedule. It may have been a first taste that evening of Gus' inebriating diet, it may have been sheer perverseness or even natural causes. At any rate, it happened quite suddenly at seven o'clock of a Sunday evening.

FRED was reading by the fireplace. Cecily was knitting on the sofa. Gus announced the advent of labor by scuttling into the living room like a mad drunk thing and scrambling up onto Fred's lap and yapping loudly in Fred's face. Behind him came Willie trotting with serene and dignified haste for the stairs, up which she climbed slowly and with care, hoisting her swollen body over each rise with effort.

Fred jumped up from his chair, spilling Gus into a tangled heap on the hearth. Cecily dropped her knitting and sprang up from the sofa.

"No!" she cried at Willie. "No! You mustn't go upstairs!" She flew across the room and seized Willie from the third step. "It isn't time yet!" she cried, but some deep knowledge told her that it was. "Out on the back porch then! Everything is ready there!" And she tried to lift Willie from the stairs.

Willie struggled once, then turned her head and opened her mouth and displayed her sharp white teeth and out of her throat came something akin to a snarl. Gus untangled himself on the hearth and shot across the room like a small black rocket, and mounted to the second step and faced Cecily. His sturdy bowed little forelegs were widespread, the short hairs on his bulky little shoulders stood up straight and the silly grin was gone from his face and his growl was menacing. Behind her husband's protection, Willie resumed her dignified ascent.

Cecily fled to the telephone. She dialed the veterinarian's number and while she waited for answer, words tumbled ceaselessly from her lips: "I never heard of such a thing. I have the box all fixed for her with padding and privacy and everything anyone could want and she ignores it and does everything ahead of time and you, Gus, you help her and—oh, why doesn't he answer?"

"Call Joe," Fred said. "He gets along with Gus better than anyone. Tell him to hurry out here."

"But he lives clear downtown!" Cecily cried. "And he couldn't—oh, all right!" She disconnected the line and called Joe. Joe was home and available and anxiously amenable. "Hurry!" Cecily cried. She hung up.

She approached the stairs again. Willie was disappearing over the top step and as Cecily watched, Willie headed for the bedroom. Cecily shrieked: "She's going to the bedroom! Willie! Gus!" And she moved toward the stairs, but Gus stood his ground fearlessly. "Oh!" Cecily howled.

"Emily Bronson," Fred said. "She knows all about dogs. Call her."

And under the stress of emergency, all resentment of Emily Bronson died. "Yes," Cecily said. "Yes. Emily." She seized the telephone and dialed furiously, and from the bedroom came strange sounds to speed her flying fingers.

Emily could and would come, but while they waited, the sounds continued from the bedroom, Cecily sat stiffly on the sofa with her handkerchief to her nose, Fred paced back and forth in front of the fireplace, and Gus stood anxiously on the second step with worry written plain on his face and determination obvious in his shoulders.

Emily and Joe arrived simultaneously. Emily took in the situation at a glance. She advanced fearlessly, but with respect, to the stairs. "Gus," she said gently, "Gus, may we go upstairs to help?"

Gus eyed her suspiciously. From the bedroom the sounds increased.

"We can help her," Emily said, and Gus came down off the steps. "Thank you," said Emily, and she marched up the stairs and Cecily followed.

Gus watched them anxiously. At the top of the stairs, Emily paused and looked back. Gus started toward her. "No," Emily said. "This is no place for men." And Gus halted reluctantly and heard the bedroom door close.

Joe said: "Whoosh!" He looked at Fred and scratched his black head nervously.

"I don't know about you," Fred said. "But I need a drink."

"You is thinkin' mah thoughts," said Joe. He looked at Gus. "An' little diggin' dawg don't look too happy."

"You, too, Gus," said Fred. "We men have to stick together at a time like this."

Fred mixed highballs in the kitchen and he poured Gus a bowl of milk and laced it heavily with bourbon. Gus, inured to exotic tastes, lapped it up absently.

Fred said: "After we get them born and weaned, then we'll have to try to find homes for them." He looked meaningly at Joe. "I like Gus," he said. "But I'm not sure Willie was such a good idea."

"Little diggin' dawgs," Joe said. He set his drink down on the sink. "Real good little diggin' dawgs. You can sell 'em."

Fred shook his head. "You can only sell them if they're pedigreed."

Joe hunted through his pockets and came up at last with a worn, folded piece of paper. "Like Ah commenced to say when Ah brought little Willie out heah," he said. " 'Long with little Willie Ah won this paper." He handed it to Fred. "Ah rolled me a natural to get that," Joe added irrelevantly. . . .

THE waiting time ended eventually, as all waiting times do, and the men of the house were allowed to view the five progeny. They lay, squirming, against Willie's warm stomach, looking like so many small sightless rats and Willie licked them happily and grinned at Fred's and Joe's dismay. Gus crept forward tipsily and extended his nose and sniffed his children with caution. Willie touched his face briefly with her pink tongue and murmured a low, warning growl when Gus advanced farther. Gus retreated hastily and sat down and looked up into the faces of Fred and Joe and Cecily and Emily Bronson, and the lines of worry were deep in his forehead.

"Migod!" said Fred. "Are those pups all right?"

Emily Bronson faced him belligerently. "They're perfectly beautiful pups," she snapped. "If they came from anywhere but the gutter, I'd buy two of them this minute."

Fred swallowed. He held out the worn paper. "This—" he began, and then he swallowed again.

Emily took the paper. She opened it and read it swiftly. "It's an AKC certificate," she said slowly. "For Wilhelmina Elzbeth Lena von Grandview. Wilhelmina—Willie." She turned to Cecily. "I thought there was something funny. Those aren't gutter pups."

"Gus will never be a show dog," Cecily said happily. "But his children can—they may even be champions."

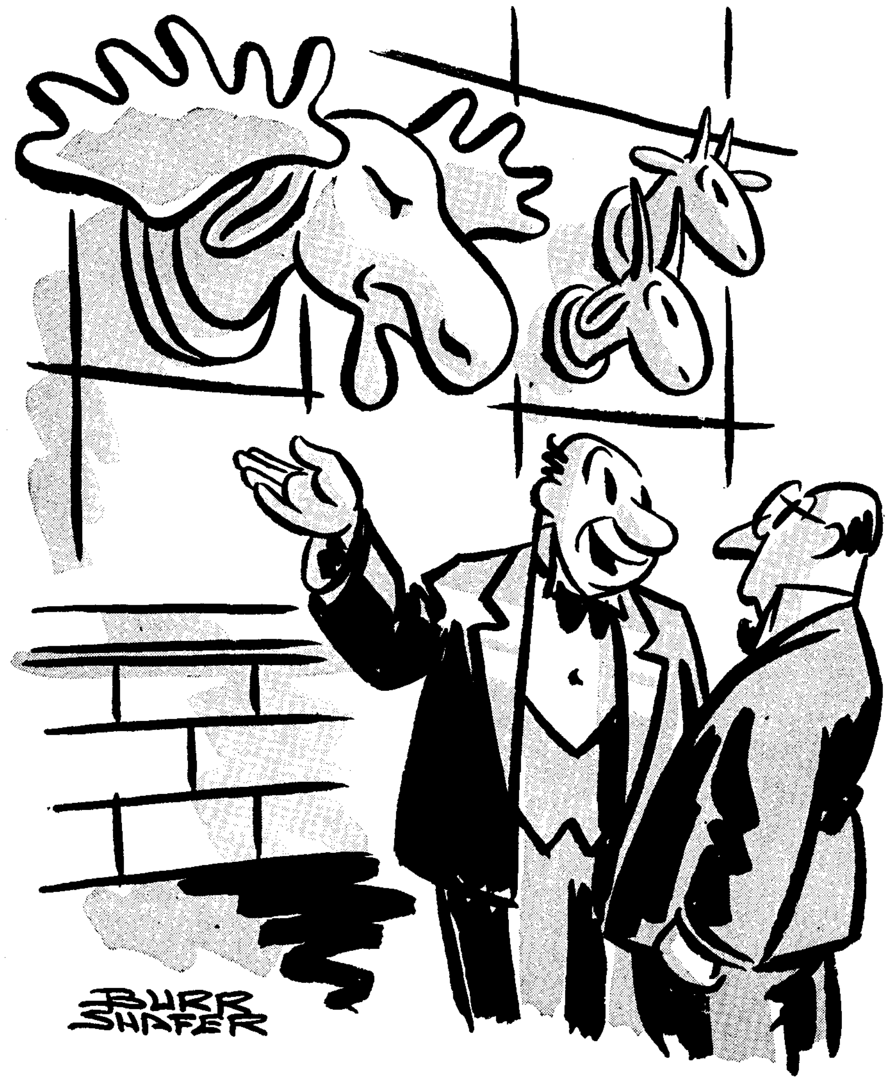
There was a bumping sound from the stairs. It was Gus taking the last four steps in one sprawl in his haste to get to the garden. There was a hole to be dug. Not an ordinary hole such as any fool could contrive. This would have to be a chasm of truly heroic proportions, a gulch of which he could be proud—in celebration of the birth of his children and of the proof of his wife and of the security of his own exalted place in the household.

THE END

LET THE CHIPS FALL WHERE THEY MAY

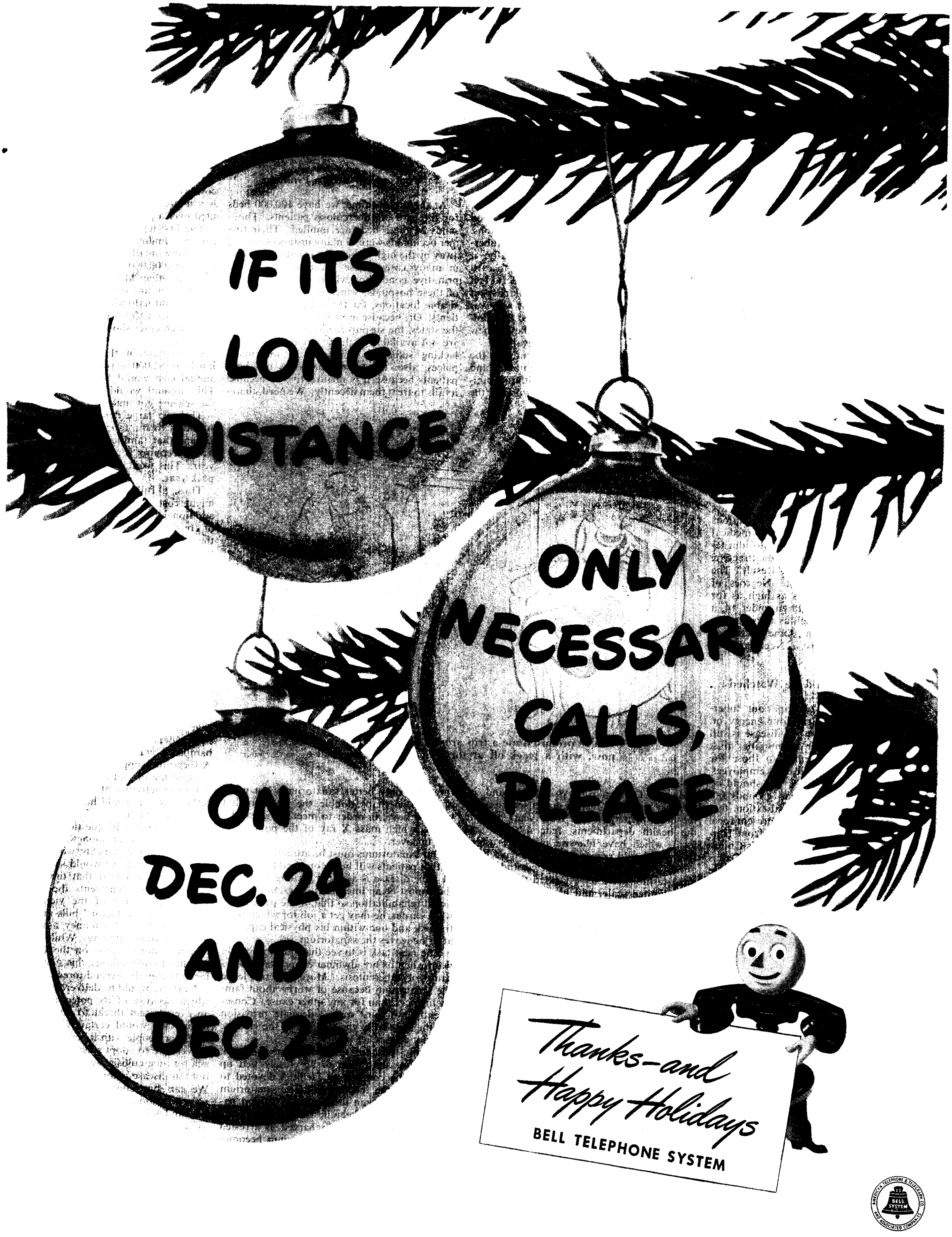
My mate's the sort who cannot be
Induced to buy a Christmas tree
Unless it's so obese and tall
It won't come in the house at all
Until he manfully attacks
His helpless victim with an ax.

—MARGARET FISHBACK



"This is one my wife got—she was shooting at a tin can on a post"

COLLIER'S BURR SHAFER


IF IT'S LONG DISTANCE
ONLY NECESSARY CALLS, PLEASE
ON DEC. 24 AND DEC. 25
Thanks—and Happy Holidays
BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM
AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
BELL SYSTEM

Let's Wipe Out Tuberculosis

Continued from page 17

job that he should have to insure his staying well, and he is watched carefully.

All this is considerably different from the usual experience of returned sanatorium patients. With few exceptions, the average sanatorium patient who returns to his community is a forgotten man. He shifts for himself. He finds the best job he can. He cannot always pick the one that his physical condition requires. Too often, his tuberculosis history is against him. He gets little if any continuous medical supervision. He often breaks down under the new strain and goes back to the sanatorium even worse than before. The result is actually a waste of the enormous asset of the sanatorium facilities of the country.

In the development of its tuberculosis program, the Metropolitan did more than meet its own problem. It showed the rest of the country the way in which this disease should be handled. If the lesson had been taken seriously and learned, we would not now have 55,000 deaths each year and about 650,000 cases of greater or less invalidism. We would have instead only a very small fraction of this toll.

Let us take a look at the job we have still to do. Whom does the disease strike? Where are they located? What do we need to do?

The greatest reservoir of infection is in the nonwhite population—among the 13½ million Negroes, the 350,000 Indians, and among the Orientals in our large cities. Tuberculosis also takes a very heavy lethal swipe at the Latin Americans, most of whom live along our Mexican border. In San Antonio, for example, the death rate from tuberculosis is seven times as high among the Mexicans and over three times as high among the Negroes as it is in the other segments of the city's population.

New York's Harlem and Chicago's Black Belt are typical sore spots. Standards of living are low. Distressing housing conditions exist. Negroes get a fraction of the medical services they need. The cities' sanatorium facilities are woefully lacking and unattractive. They do not hold their patients. Result? The tuberculosis mortality for the Negroes of New York City is five times as high as for whites. Among colored children under 14, it is from 10 to 15 times as high as among white children. Similar conditions, some a little better, some much worse, exist in Negro areas in our other cities.

Groups That Should Be Watched

In a national effort to wipe out tuberculosis, we must concentrate our energy on these groups among whom the disease is still rife. For these people, our communities must set up provisions comparable to those the Metropolitan made available to its employees. Nothing less will do the job. We should do this not only on humanitarian grounds but we should do it with the realization that these groups of the population represent focal points of infection. A nursemaid from Harlem, a houseboy from San Francisco's Chinatown, a Mexican factory worker in Dallas will spread their disease to those who are near them.

For our own protection, if for no other reason, we should be as interested in stamping out tuberculosis among the underprivileged as we are in stamping out crime. The tubercle bacillus is, after all, a real criminal.

Money alone will not solve the tuberculosis problem. This glaring fact has been brought home to us by the unfortunate experience of our previous Veterans' Administration in its care of the tuberculous veterans of the first World War. Here, we have an example of *what not to do.*

Of the four and a half million men discharged from the Army and Navy after the first World War, well over 200,000 contracting tuberculosis received federal care, chiefly in the hospitals of the Veterans' Administration. Here was a large number of men who should have benefited from the good will and generosity of their fellow citizens. Money was spent freely in their behalf. Modern, well-equipped hospitals were built especially for their care. Generous disability pensions were paid to those with dependents.

Yet, what was accomplished? Practically nothing! Only three per cent of the patients left the hospital with their disease arrested, and the rest were discharged with little or no permanent benefit. There were several reasons for this deplorable situation. The veterans in government hospitals were not subject to the discipline which is so necessary in the care of tuberculosis. They came and went as they pleased. Many patients were admitted and readmitted six to eight times; some as many as twenty times. The laws and practices relating to veterans often made it financially advantageous to leave the hospital or to stay away from it altogether.

Obviously, conditions so inimical to the welfare of the patients were destructive of the morale of the medical staff. Few good men would stay long under such conditions. Not only was it impossible to put these tuberculous veterans on their feet physically; it was also impossible to prepare them to earn their living in suitable jobs after they left. Is it any wonder then that the billion dollars spent on tuberculous veterans of the last war was so largely wasted? It is to be hoped that, under the direction of General Bradley, a new spirit and a new approach will prevail.

It is clear that what is needed now in the campaign against tuberculosis is a unified and mass attack on the problem. Without minimizing in any way the excellent work of the National Tuberculosis Association and its member agencies, which have spearheaded the movement these last forty years, and of the health departments, federal, state and local, which have likewise played a useful role, we should recognize that we have gone about the job in an unorganized and piecemeal fashion. We have tackled the problem on a limited scale, and have never gone all out in our attack on tuberculosis.

"You've promised me a trip around the world for years; now, with a week off at the office, there's no excuse" COLLIER'S GARRETT PRICE

Chest X Rays For All in U. S.

The first task obviously is to ferret out cases. The one effective way of doing this is through a systematic program of X-raying our entire population. Mass X-raying has been shown to be entirely practicable. Such programs have been carried out in schools, in factories and, in some instances, have covered whole cities. Fortunately, new devices have lowered greatly the cost of mass X-raying, and the goal of an X-ray examination of the chest of every person in the United States is a feasible one.

This means thousands of urban centers with facilities through which a person can get a chest X ray as easily as he can purchase a soda in a drugstore. It means trailers equipped with X-ray machines which can go into the country and backwoods areas to find hidden cases. A single mass X-ray campaign isn't enough. The procedure must be repeated every few years to catch any new cases that come along.

Until we carry out this country-wide search, we won't know where we stand. We won't know whose lungs are carrying the tuberculosis bacillus that is a threat to the community. Once we have this information, we will know where to attack.

The second task is to see that every case is brought under good modern treatment, whether at home under continuous medical observation or in our sanatoriums.

Unoccupied Beds a Problem

At the present time, we have 100,000 beds for the care of tuberculosis patients. Thousands of these beds are unfilled. Their former occupants were in many instances enticed away by the high wages of war industries. But, in many cases, these vacancies reflect the primitive conditions which prevail in many of these hospitals, which are often in undesirable locations, far from the homes of patients. Or, because most hospitals are run by the states, the surplus facilities of some states are not available to the tuberculous of states lacking sufficient facilities. In too many places, also, the sanatorium does not hold patients because it is unattractive or because it fails to treat them decently. We need, therefore, not only better sanatoriums but more of them, perhaps double the number that we now have, in order to meet the great demands which mass X ray of the population will uncover.

Our sanatoriums must be attractive enough so that patients will be encouraged to stay until their disease is arrested. Along with this, there must be an intelligent program of vocational rehabilitation so that, if the patient is a wage earner, he may get a job for which he is trained, and one within his physical capacity, after he leaves the sanatorium.

The next task is to see that no family is in want when its breadwinner is hospitalized because of tuberculosis. More patients leave the sanatorium because of worry about family finances than for any other cause. Consequently, we must make adequate provision for the support of the families of the victims, and not on a relief basis.

Finally, perhaps the most important task is for the sanatorium to be closely tied up with all the community facilities devoted to the care of the tuberculous. The sanatorium must co-operate in the campaign to find patients and it must keep in touch with patients after they have been discharged as arrested cases. In this way, the sanatorium becomes the keystone of a well-rounded community service, complete from the point of discovery of the tuberculous patient to his return to his usual place in the community.

All of this sounds like an exceedingly expensive program. Certainly, it won't be cheap; but it will be much less expensive than the way we have gone about it in the past. In its own limited sphere, the Metropolitan found that a thoroughgoing and broadly conceived attack is best in the long run. This organization found that going all out against tuberculosis paid large dividends.

What would such a program cost on a national scale? In making the estimates, we have been very liberal and the figures represent maximum costs. We must distinguish between capital expenditures to provide the necessary facilities and the annual maintenance costs to run them. We shall need close to 100,000 new beds to meet the load which a well-planned case-finding program will disclose. Even at $5,000 a bed, the construction cost would be $500,000,000. This, however, is a nonrecurring item and might be distributed over a period of four or five years.

The first item in the recurring expenses is for case-finding. This should be a comparatively small matter involving not more than $50,000,000 for the entire population. Not more than $10,000,000 can profitably be expended in any one year. The cost of treatment would naturally depend upon the number of cases which were found to require bed rest. Such cases should not exceed 300,000 at the peak.

If the care of these people required as much as $2,000 a year each, the maximum annual cost would be around $600,000,000. This amount would taper off rapidly after the scheme got under way.

The next large item of cost would be for subsidies to the families of patients. Let us assume that families of half of the patients would require support, averaging $1,500 a year. This would mean $225,000,000 in the peak year.

Thus, a full-scale attack on tuberculosis might cost, first, a half billion dollars for additional construction and an annual outlay of considerably less than a billion dollars at the maximum when the plan is going full tilt. Because of the amounts involved, and the need for a steady, assured supply of funds, the money will have to come almost altogether from public funds.

Existing Organizations Must Expand

Who would run this vast show, the most gigantic attack ever launched against a human killer? A skeleton organization already exists, but would have to be enlarged. At the top is the United States Public Health Service, which would act as co-ordinating agency. The Health Service is spending $6,000,000 this year on tuberculosis work. State and local health departments are similarly active, but hampered by lack of funds. The Tuberculosis Associations supplement and complement the work of the official health agencies.

Fit the activities of these organizations together and we would have the machinery to run the program.

Some people will question the wisdom of spending so much money on tuberculosis. Let us see what benefits would be derived.

For one thing, we would save most of the billion dollars a year that tuberculosis now costs us. This represents the value of the lost working time of the victims and the money spent on doctors' bills and on family relief. Much of this money now comes out of public funds anyway. While it is difficult to put a money value on the lives that are now lost to tuberculosis, this sum alone would far outweigh the expenditures.

Next, we would be delivered from a disease which because of its potential infectivity is an ever-present threat to our national well-being. We would certainly be happier and healthier people with tuberculosis eliminated.

Were we to adopt such an all-out program against tuberculosis, we could virtually stamp out this disease within fifteen to twenty years. We can buy control over tuberculosis any way we choose. We can do it on an expensive and long-delayed installment plan—just as we have been doing. On this plan, the disease will still be here to plague our grandchildren. Or we can buy control with a lump sum, expended over a relatively few years. On this plan, we could once and for all be rid of this plague and its debt collectors—invalidism and death.

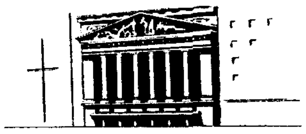
THE END

SPEAKING OF *Freedom*

Here in America, the foundation of freedom is—*free markets!* Here, all the toil of our people flows through the marketplaces—in the form of goods and money. From the very birth of our freedom we have known that if *our people* are to remain free, their markets *must* remain free!

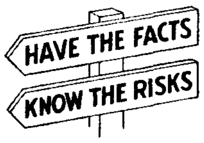
This was one of our strengths in the victorious struggle against nations where freedom of the marketplaces had died with every other freedom.

Of all our open and free marketplaces, none is more vital to our nation's welfare than this, the investors' marketplace, the New York Stock Exchange.



This free market serves the nation. Here, buyers and sellers, through their brokers, meet in open competition. Here, prices are arrived at in the time-honored tradition of the auction. Here, prices are determined by supply and demand—*in the market at the time orders are executed.* Here, prices are promptly made public—so all the world may know.

In *any* marketplace, the quest of gain involves some risk. Now, as always, *recklessness* magnifies the risk. Now, as always, recklessness, in any form, is an *abuse* of freedom! Now, as always, *facts* are the best hedge against recklessness! Now, as always, prudent buyers and sellers of securities *rely upon facts!*



Facts *are* available. Before *any* company lists its securities in this investors' marketplace, that company agrees to report, regularly, basic facts concerning its operations and financial condition. Such disclosure is the essence of this Exchange's policy.

In this investors' marketplace the possibility of human error is recognized. Elaborate precautions are taken to prevent it. And it is possible to say on behalf of this institution, its Members, Member Firms and their partners, that—*no other enterprise observes higher principles of business conduct.*

NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

ABBOTT MAGIC THEATRE

Magicians enjoy baffling one another, too. This group of professionals, waiting for the performance to begin, passes time by swapping secrets

Even the kids take magic seriously in Colon. Here Harlan Tarbell, world-famed teacher of magic, explains rope tricks to the small fry

In an impromptu street-corner performance, an endless stream of dollar bills appears from nowhere as amused youngsters look on

Home of Hocus Pocus

BY SIGMUND SAMETH

Magic is big business in Colon, Michigan, where skeptical citizens, for one week each year, refuse to believe anything they see

FOR fifty-one weeks a year the 780 citizens of Colon, Michigan, grow farm crops, operate a prosperous creamery, work in two busy factories, and lead industrious, quiet workaday lives. But for one week in each year their town becomes "the wackiest town in the world."

People then have their arms or heads chopped off—yet walk away alive. They loiter on street corners while pigeons and rabbits materialize from apparently ordinary hats. In bars and cafés they watch quite unimpressed while hundred-dollar bills are burned to ashes. Empty glasses gush bourbon—good stuff too. Colon's people, watching magicdom's greatest names put on impromptu acts year after year, have become casehardened skeptics when it comes to legerdemain.

For the people of Colon are, literally, makers of magic on a wholesale scale. Their tiny hamlet, 18 miles from a railway station, is the home of the Abbott Magic Novelty Co. And the occasion for the colorful gathering is the Abbott Annual Get-Together, which, each September, brings magicians from all over America to Colon for a week of buying and swapping tricks, talking shop, and generally showing off their stuff.

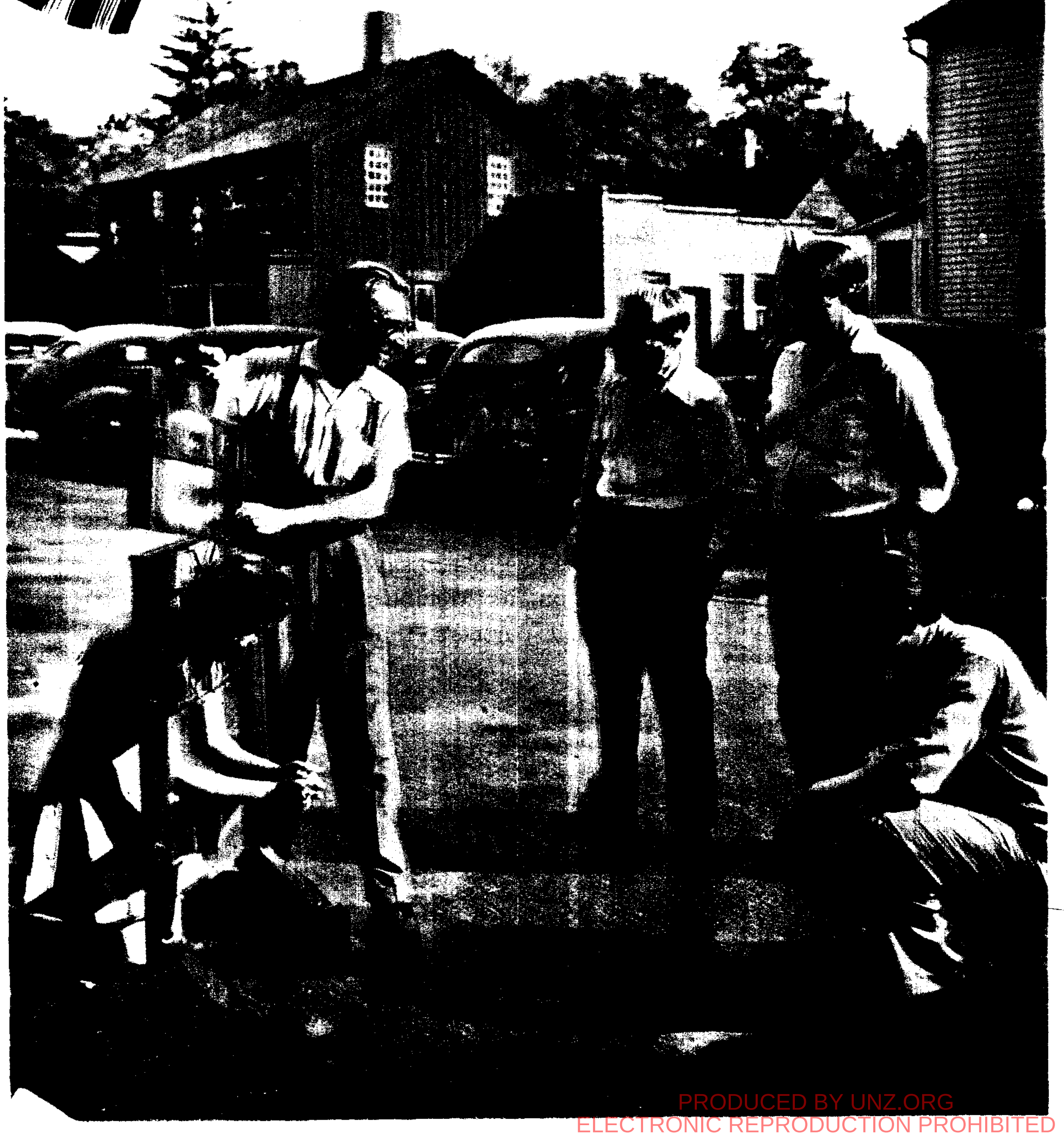
Started eighteen years ago by an Australian-born magician, the Abbott firm is the Sears Roebuck of the fool 'em trade. Five busy workshops turn out 1,744 different items sold largely by mail—$150,000 worth every year. If you've ever seen a magic show anywhere, the chances are you've seen Abbott merchandise. Magicians wait for new issues of the giant green-covered catalogue before having their handbills for the season printed.

"The Caliph of Colon," Percy Abbott, is himself an old-time magician. He played before audiences in China, India, Egypt and England. In Hong Kong, he once spent three weeks with street conjurers, exchanging magical secrets. In Calcutta, unable to buy a certain trick from a mendicant magician, he bribed a small boy to bring the apparatus to his room for examination. Other magicians may be more polished performers than he is, but few know as much about magic from the far parts of the world.

The Fisherman Who Got Himself Caught

In 1923, after he had opened a supply shop for magicians in Melbourne, Australia, Percy treated himself to an American vacation. A fishing trip brought him to Michigan —where he caught fish, and a Colon girl named Gladys Goodrich caught *him*. Today Gladys Abbott takes little part in the business but acts as a one-woman tryout audience for every new Abbott gadget and gimmick.

Around fifty Colonites are employed all year in the Abbott factory. The only other substantial pay roll in town is that of a knitting mill, which manufactures sweaters and is Percy's constant competitor in the labor market. Sometimes Abbott's gets so rushed with orders that local families serve as subcontractors and assemble bouquets of feather



Percy Abbott demonstrates a guillotine routine to prospective customers. The model, his secretary, is known as America's Most Frequently Executed Girl

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JERRY COOKE—PIX

The right holiday spirit!

SOMEHOW GOOD THINGS seem even better during the holidays. Good friends seem closer, old songs are more tuneful, friendly greetings a bit warmer. The heart of man comes closer to the surface and he is a little more gracious, more hospitable, more appreciative. ★ ★ **THE HOLIDAY SPIRIT** gives us a chance to tell our friends and neighbors how much we like them without feeling self-conscious about it. ★ ★ **SO AT THIS TIME** each year a good whiskey is more welcome than ever, for a drink between friends often becomes a rite and a long remembered occasion under the kindly spell of the holidays.

GOODERHAM & WORTS LIMITED, PEORIA, ILLINOIS

William Penn

William Penn
ORIGINATED IN 1898
William Penn
Blended Whiskey
BLENDED AND BOTTLED FOR GOODERHAM & WORTS LIMITED PEORIA - ILLINOIS

Blended Whiskey, 86 Proof
65% Grain Neutral Spirits

"You were more fun, Edgar, before you read that book on magic"

COLLIER'S GUSTAV LUNDBERG

flowers and other items requiring handwork in their own homes. The more skilled home workers average about $40 a week.

Many of the tricks Percy sells are his own inventions. He has a knack of adapting everyday objects to magical purposes. For inspiration he goes to Detroit or Chicago and browses through the dime stores. Some of his most successful tricks, from the point of sales, use 10-cent gadgets from Woolworth's.

Magicians rarely patent their tricks, depending more on professional ethics for protection. To steal another man's stunt would mean speedy ostracism in the magical world. If he particularly likes some effect which another magician is using, Percy may offer to buy the manufacturing rights. Several top-flight amateur magicians—one of them the millionaire president of a locomotive concern—hand over to Percy the exclusive distribution of their magical innovations in return for nothing more substantial than a line of acknowledgment in the catalogue.

The manufacture of magic requires woodworking, blacksmith, paint and machine shops, plus a printing department and a sewing and silk-dyeing room. The business is run like almost any other factory, with workmen fabricating small parts in metal and wood while deft-fingered girls assemble and package them. Only in the shipping department does the gaudy glamor of magic become apparent. Stacked in tiers to the ceiling are boxes of nickel-plated, dyed, and painted apparatus—the stuff that baffles people from coast to coast and keeps young and old standing hypnotized before "magic stores."

Percy himself is a smallish, bespectacled, graying man who wears a perpetually harassed look and claims to go without sleep for days at a time. In the showroom adjoining his factory is a full-size stage where visiting wizards can try out a trick before buying it and where Abbott himself can keep in magical trim by occasionally sawing a woman in half.

When a thousand-odd magicians descend on a town of 780 population strange things happen. You can find a visiting Hindu mystic from Brooklyn in a Yogi trance on Main Street. At any moment of night or day someone is likely to fan a deck of cards in your face and try a trick.

Attending an Abbott Get-Together is the equivalent of a postgraduate course in magic. It is also a hundred-ring circus with all rings running simultaneously. Here beginners meet and mingle with professionals and top-flight amateurs and study their methods at close hand. Every street bench has its knot of interested spectators. There are special cliques of billiard ball, thimble, cigarette and handkerchief devotees. Other magicos claim that nothing beats the entertainment value of a pack of cards. Even after the last café has shut up for the night, insatiable magicians cluster under Colon's street lamps watching ribbon restorations, coin vanishes, "birdcage body loads," and one-hand card cuts.

Although most magicians return year after year to the Abbott Get-Togethers they are not unanimously approving when it comes to Percy Abbott's business methods.

"See that trick," one of them said to me, pointing to an item in the catalogue. "Fifteen years ago I had to pay $50 to learn that trick from a magician. Today Percy will sell it to anyone for 75 cents."

In his own defense Percy explains that he popularizes only tricks which are already in magic's "common domain" and that his world-wide business has done more in the last decade to make people magic conscious than a whole century of jealously guarded secrets. Often a particular effect, like the Abbott Talking Skull at $95, will deliberately be priced high to keep youngsters and parlor magicians from buying it and learning the gimmick. Percy claims that he could make much more money mass-producing expensive items like the talking skull—but so far he has refrained.

Choosing His Customers

Although Abbott goes after new business aggressively, recently opening branch retail stores in Indianapolis and Detroit, there are times when he must turn down orders for magical merchandise. A thirteen-year-old wrote for a set of plans for an Underwater Escape Box but Percy returned his money order. The illusion of danger might have become tragically real in the case of a child. A shady character interested exclusively in "rigged" decks of cards was asked to take his trade elsewhere. Abbott's does not sell cards or other equipment which might be misused by gamblers. The most brazen request came from a minor chain of movie theaters. They ordered, but never got, a set of Bank Night boxes with false compartments so that the manager could control the night's winnings.

During the war many professional tricksters went into USO shows, which left the field wide open to newcomers. The kids were quick to take advantage of this situation and from their ranks have already come some of magic's future greats.

Abbott's continually gets requests to manufacture large stage illusions—the last was a 24-foot trellis for a Chicago theatrical production on which several thousand flower blossoms were made to appear, including two bouquets of roses apiece for the 26 girls in the chorus line.

Although the job paid Abbott $2,154, he swears that he will never manufacture such a trellis again. On the night before the delivery date, half of Colon stayed up making feather flowers.

Far more profitable are the smaller illusions used in "Horror Shows," which go over big with rural audiences. Abbott's makes "choppers" of various sorts which appear to cut through the flesh and bone of a victim's limbs . . . guillotines which are realistic enough to make the more impressionable members of an audience faint . . . cremation illusions . . . buzz saws . . . and spiked boards on which lovely ladies are impaled for dissection by surgical maniacs.

"Slowly and deliberately the magician forces knife through victim's wrist, as can be seen by the audience," an Abbott circular reads. "Yet we unquestionably guarantee that there is no danger to the victim, for nothing can go wrong. Do it within six inches of spectators with the audience all around you. Perfect for largest stages or any type of house."

Abbott's most popular trick in the field of pocket magic is an invention of his own dubbed Phantosphere. Here's the effect: With no get-ready preparation, the magician places a glass marble on a hard surface, covering it with an unprepared handkerchief and permitting spectators to feel the sphere through the cloth. He then shows both hands to be empty and lifting the handkerchief by one corner raises it completely away from the surface. A twelve-year-old can do the trick thirty seconds after reading instructions.

Businessman Percy has found that topical slants make tricks click. OPA point rationing brought a cleverly gimmicked ration-book routine in which removal of red point coupons produced a one-pound carton of butter. Two days after the Yalta agreement Percy came out with an up-to-the-minute silk-tying trick in which three squares of white cloth transformed themselves into the linked flags of the United States, Britain, and the U.S.S.R. Yet some Abbott tricks are literally older than the Sphinx. One is the Hindu three-way purse. In it a magician can place coins which even sober spectators cannot remove.

Abbott is proudest of the fact that the rankest parlor amateur can perform most of his tricks. He's a genius at developing inconspicuous gimmicks which the spectator does not see at all or which are taken for something else. Many of his best tricks, to use his own expression, "might be performed in a nudist colony."

The Dollar Super Duper

The super fooler-dooler of all time Abbott considers to be a modest effect listed at $1, in which four thimbles are first made to materialize one at a time from empty hands held away from the body. Then they are made to disappear as they came—without elastic pulls, threads, body holders, sleeve work, or thumb palming.

"Magic is fast becoming the most popular of hobbies," Abbott declares. "There are probably a million persons in the United States who like to dabble with magic of some sort and about 50,000 are professionals or persons who mix professional appearances with some other work. Doctors and dentists are well represented among practicing magicians, for they have skillful hands and magic offers them a pleasant relaxation from their regular occupation."

In addition, clergymen use feats of magic to illustrate Sunday-school sermons, and at least one portrait photographer uses magic to put difficult subjects into a jovial mood. Abbott even ships to an African witch doctor.

A New York night-club magician who does an act twice nightly owns, among other props, an Abbott rabbit. One night after his assistant had replaced the bunny in the valise in the dressing room a woman's piercing cry was heard.

"He's dead," she screamed.

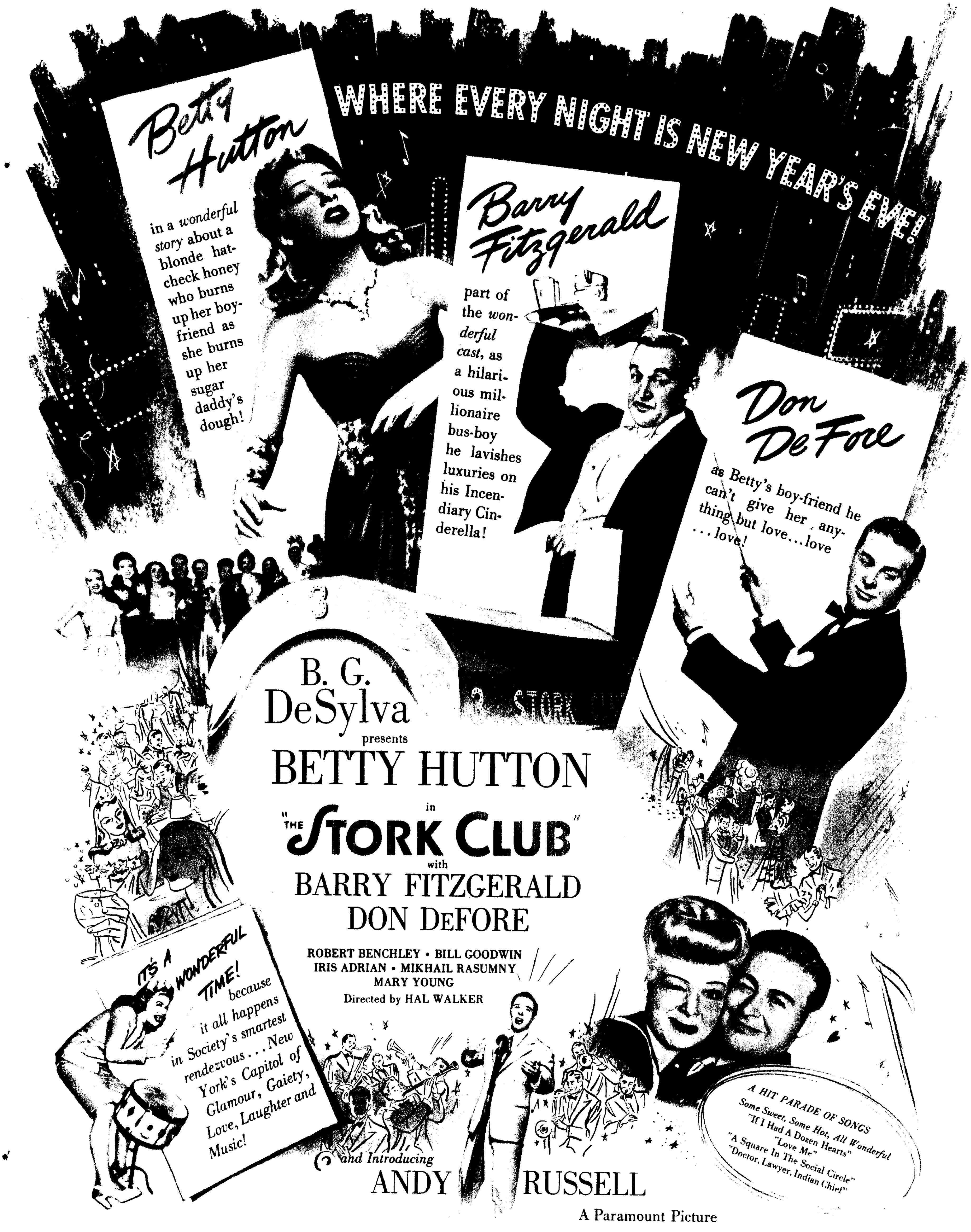
The magician rushed backstage to see who had been murdered. He found the cigarette girl shaking with sobs—holding the dummy rabbit.

"I only wanted to pet it," she explained, "and now it's dead."

"Which proves," says Percy with a salesman's logic, "that you can really fool 'em."

THE END

COLLIER'S "He's the same way on a diving board" ROLAND COE


WHERE EVERY NIGHT IS NEW YEAR'S EVE!

Betty Hutton

in a *wonderful story* about a blonde hat-check honey who burns up her boy-friend as she burns up her sugar daddy's dough!

Barry Fitzgerald

part of the *wonderful cast*, as a hilarious millionaire bus-boy he lavishes luxuries on his Incendiary Cinderella!

Don DeFore

as Betty's boy-friend he can't give her anything but love...love...love!

B. G.
DeSylva
presents

BETTY HUTTON

in

"THE STORK CLUB"

with

BARRY FITZGERALD
DON DEFORE

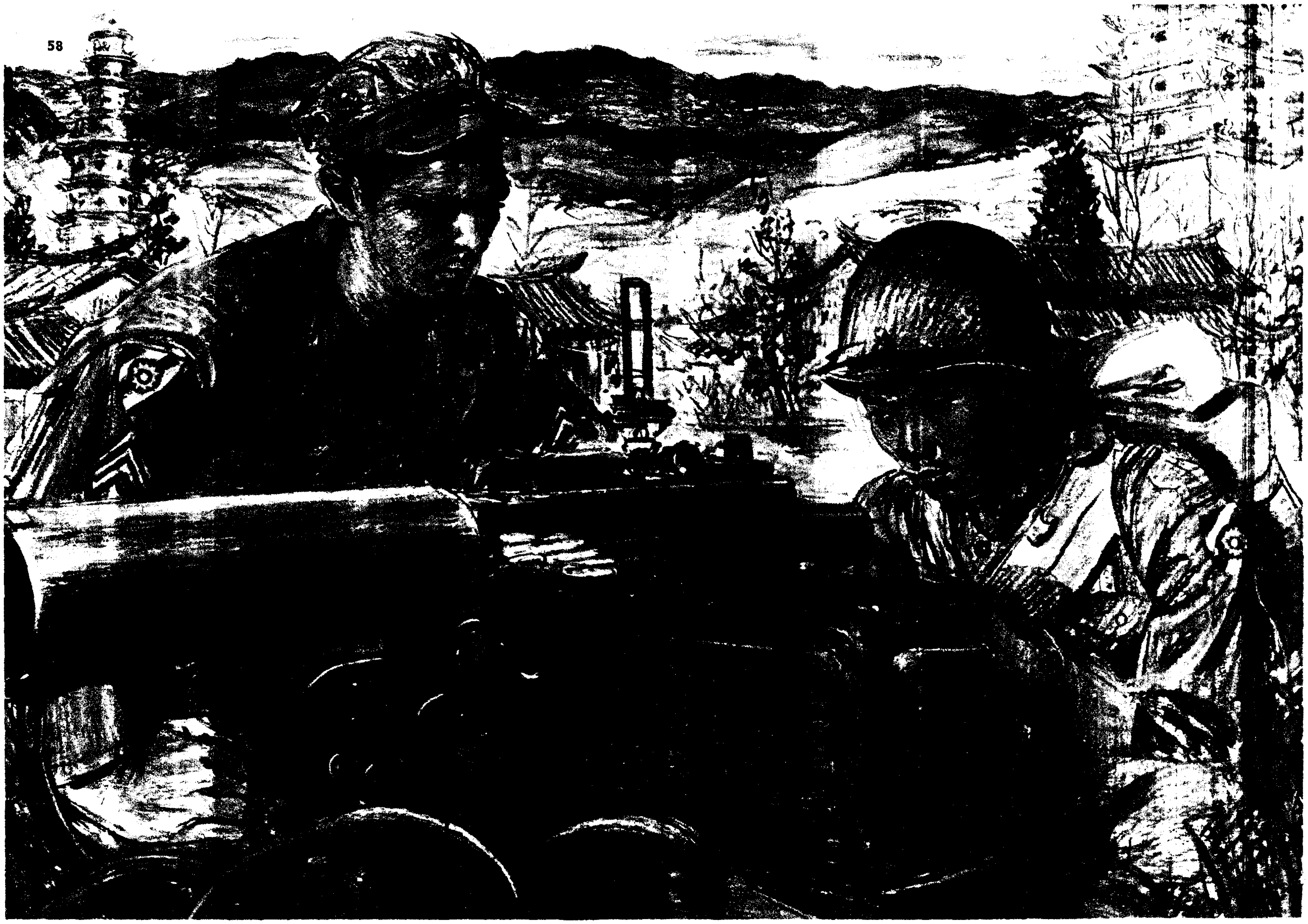
ROBERT BENCHLEY • BILL GOODWIN
IRIS ADRIAN • MIKHAIL RASUMNY
MARY YOUNG
Directed by HAL WALKER

IT'S A WONDERFUL TIME! *because it all happens in Society's smartest rendezvous...New York's Capitol of Glamour, Gaiety, Love, Laughter and Music!*

A HIT PARADE OF SONGS
Some Sweet, Some Hot, All Wonderful
"If I Had A Dozen Hearts"
"Love Me"
"A Square In The Social Circle"
"Doctor, Lawyer, Indian Chief"

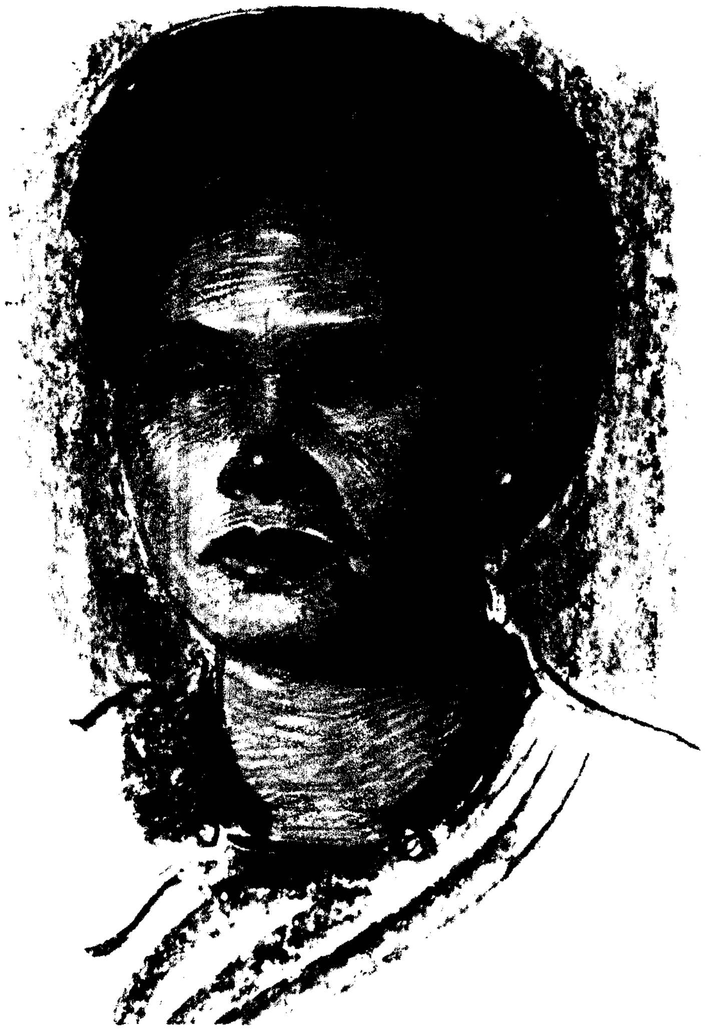
and Introducing
ANDY RUSSELL

A Paramount Picture

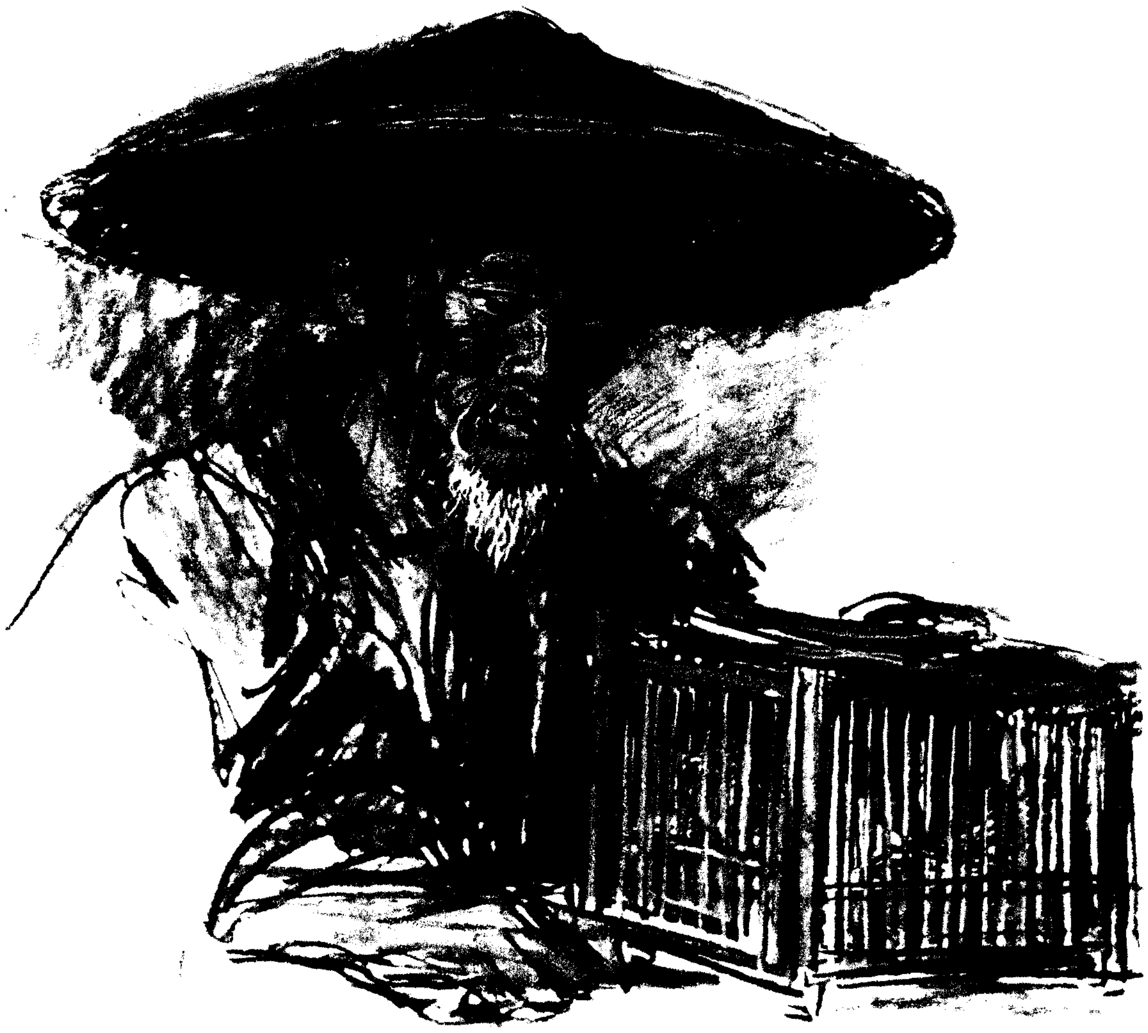


Private Houng Tze Ting learns to master the chatter of a Browning machine gun. The teacher is Sgt. Roger Banville, 25, of Allerton, Mass. Banville was a grocery clerk until he enlisted in November, 1940. G.I.s in Yünnan converted scores of thousands of Chinese soldiers into crack modern divisions. Some now fight Chinese Reds

This lady was angry. She is an upper caste pro-French Annamite. She didn't want to pose. The French ordered her to. She set her jaw, posed in silence. Her hip-length hair is wound around her head, encased in velvet



The Kunming fortuneteller studies his two mangy sparrows. The assorted greasy cards which foretell the future are spread out to his right. The wings of the sparrows are clipped. At the drop of a coin, the faker lifts the little bamboo door. One of the sparrows, trying to fly away, falls on a card. The card is read and returned. He snares few native customers



The Face of China

BY MARTHA SAWYERS

Collier's artist-correspondent was in Kunming just before the string of Chinese firecrackers went off to the north. Her pen and crayons show China today

THE ocher-colored hills around Kunming are quiet now. The men who played at war have gone. Private Houng, the grave Chinese at left, is one. So is Tang, the young man at lower right. They have not gone home. They have gone, in large measure, to fight their brothers in the north. They do not want to kill Chinese. But they will do as they are told.

If the hills could talk, they would tell you of the Americans who came last January as a "military mission." They came, with their officers and their technical sergeants who can take a mortar apart blindfolded. They came by the thousands, and the ragged, tired Chinese came by the scores of thousands. The job of the military mission was to convert the Chinese into modern fighting men. The job was done in eight months.

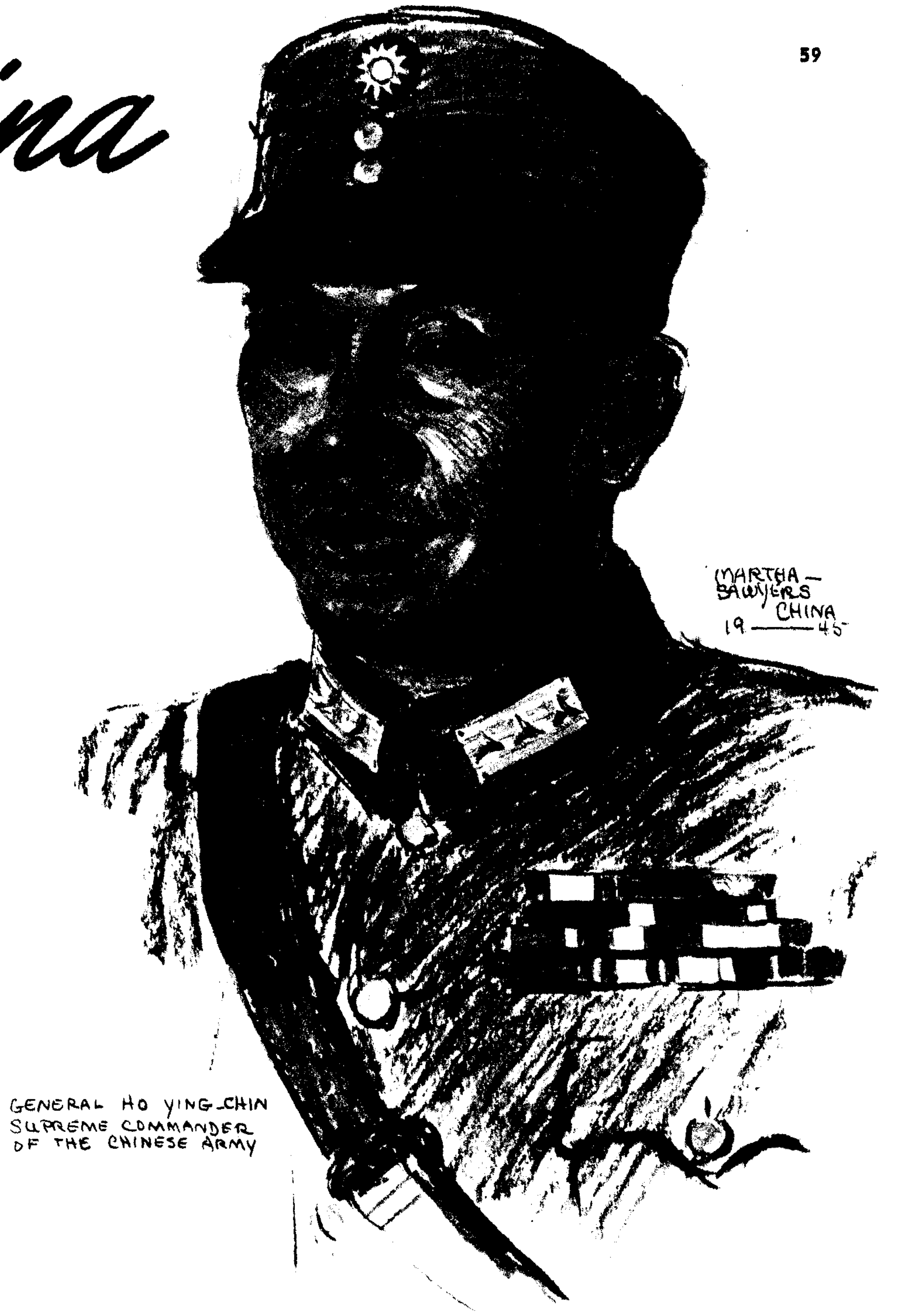
The place was called the Chinese Training Center. In truth, there were eight of them, but I saw the one in Kunming at firsthand. Under Major General Robert B. McClure, a jolly man and a great leader, and General Ho, Supreme Commander of the Chinese army, certain divisions were selected, taught, and made ready to attack the Japanese at the same time that the Americans were landing in Japan.

It was a good plan. But when the work was done, the Japanese Empire had collapsed, and there was no one to fight. It was then that the Chinese Communist armies began to pick up the weapons the Japanese dropped. There were forays into towns and ports. Clashes resulted. A few Americans were killed.

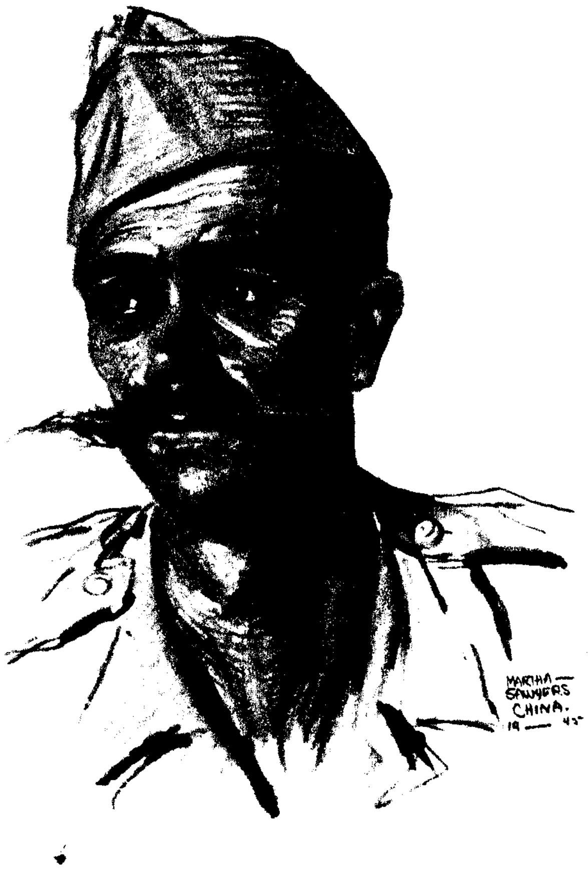
Meanwhile, representatives of the Communists and the Nationalists were in Chungking, trying to argue out their differences. The undeclared war grew in volume and noise, and the shrewd General Ho began to move his new, American-trained divisions north of the Yangtze. They fought well. They won towns. The U.S. Air Forces, pretending not to see the civil war, flew other crack units to strategic seaports and airports, ostensibly to take over from the Japanese. This also kept them from falling into the hands of Chinese Communists.

Officially, American brass tried to steer shy of the civil war after transporting Chiang's Nationalists. The Russians, who promised to get out of Manchuria by November 15th, couldn't withdraw their forces that fast and, in some cases, withdrew from cities at the moment that, by coincidence, Chinese Communists moved in. The thing developed into a race between the Nationalists and the Communists to occupy the industrial north.

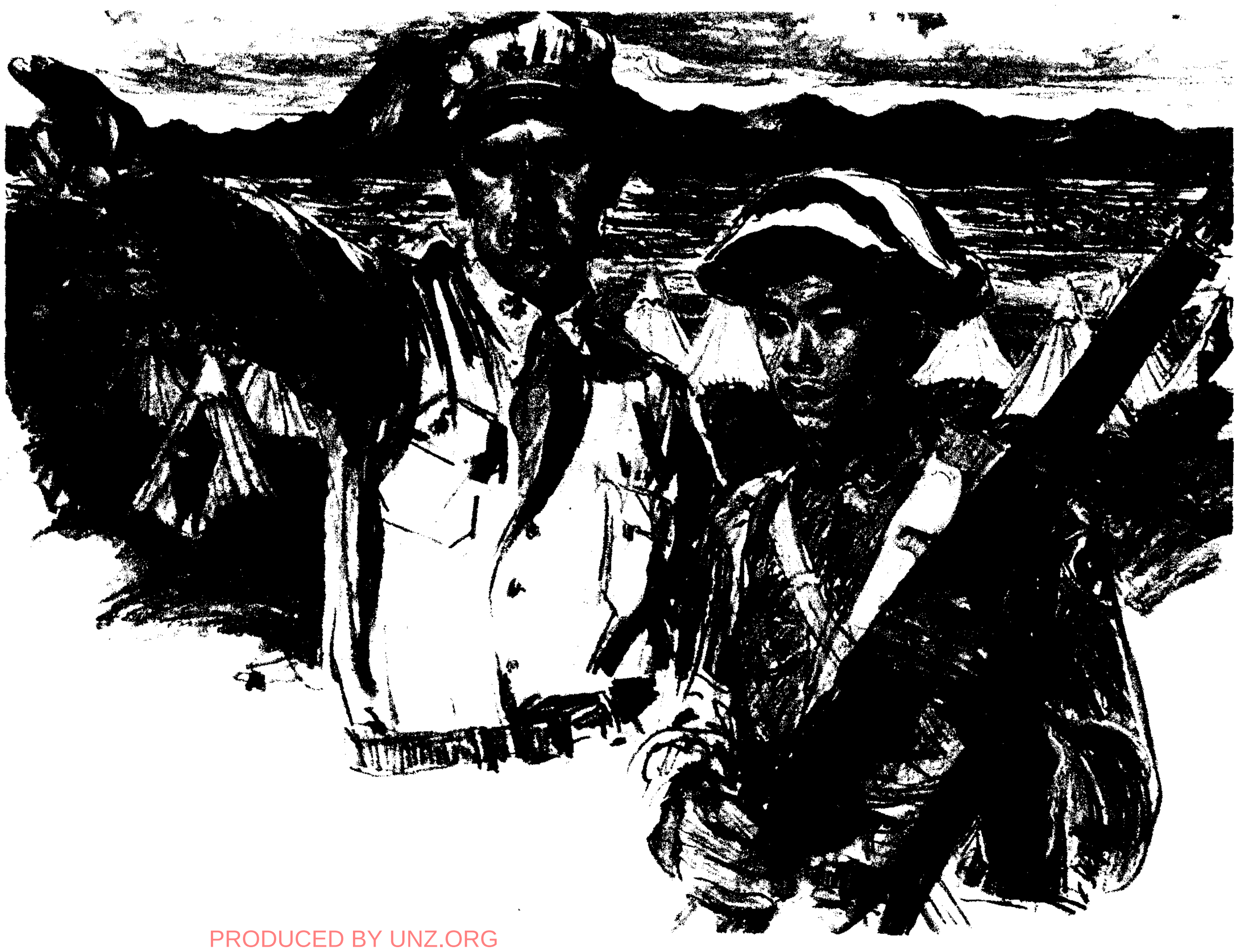
Some people, even in China, were not much interested in these events. They were content so long as their little world was not disturbed. They were fed up with war. They didn't want to talk of war or think of war. If war was



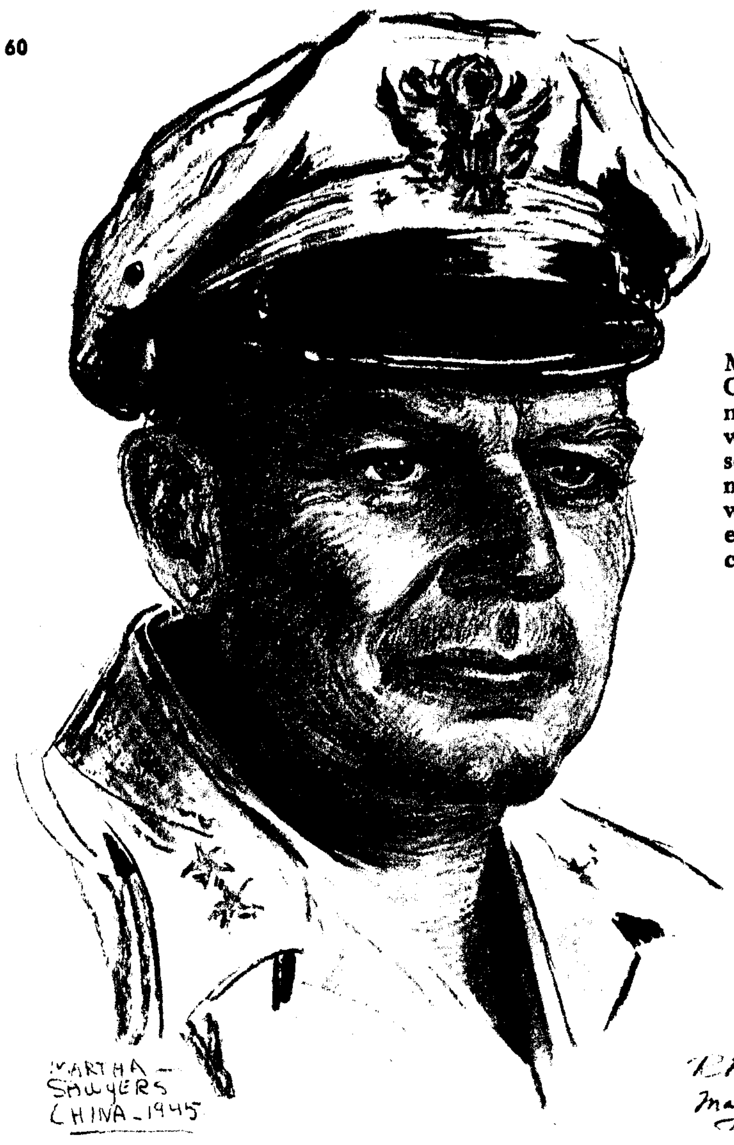
General Ho Ying-chin was chief of the General Staff when he posed for Miss Sawyers. His aides begged the artist not to speak English to him because he doesn't speak it well. Once alone, Ho spoke English—poorly



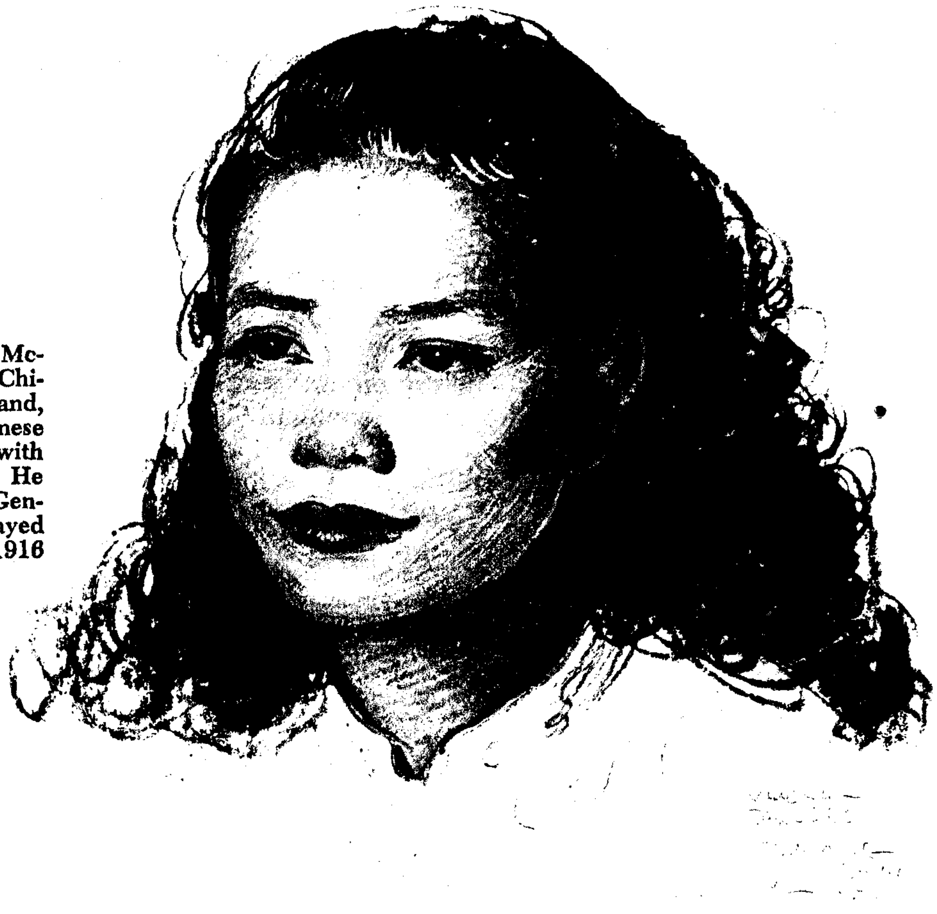
This French Foreign Legionnaire is 6 feet 4 inches tall. The artist is a scant 5 feet. He refused to pose. Miss Sawyers begged him. Finally, he followed her silently, a sort of worried-looking tiger behind a kitten. He sat silent and scared, refused to give his name



The blue-and-white helmet covering on Tang Yun Cheng shows that he is an advance scout. Major William Hemming, 28, of Sheboygan Falls, Wisconsin, points out the objective at the Chinese Training Center



Major General R. B. McClure commands the Chinese Combat Command, which teaches Chinese soldiers how to fight with modern weapons. He works closely with General Ho. McClure played center for Navy in 1916



In Kunming, U. S. Army men stood behind Miss Sawyers while she did this portrait of an Annamite princess. The girl is 22, has a child, 3, who kept swinging around the bottom of her white cut velvet gown. She is the wife of a French official

brewing to the north—well, let it brew, just so long as the ping of bullets and the rippling whine of shells was not within earshot.

The attractive young lady at upper right had nothing more important to worry about than the soldiers who stared at her while I did her portrait. She pretended not to like it, but, if I know women, you couldn't have moved her from the spot with a rifle.

The old lady at right is a symbol of what is left of ancient China. Only two things worry her: dollars and ancestors. She sells flowers, and it might have taken her all day to get rid of the pitiful armful she held, if I hadn't come along and bought them all. But she wasn't satisfied. She wanted money for posing. I gave her that. Then she worried aloud about what her ancestors would think of all this. I think that she wanted me to placate them with a contribution. I didn't.

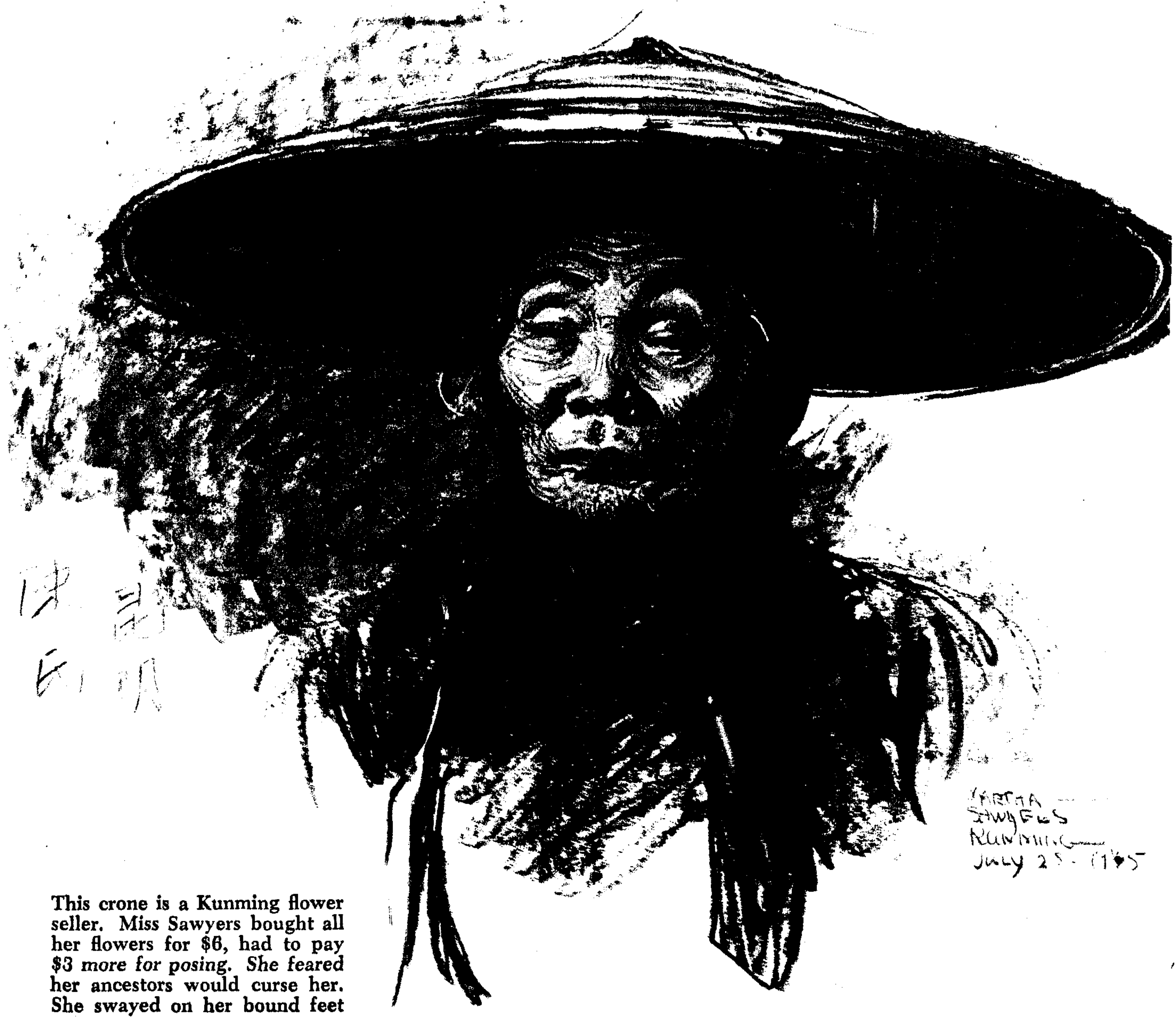
Money is a more important commodity in China than anywhere else on earth. The least important thing is life. Sometimes, the Chinese combine the two, as on the occasion when they dumped a body on the doorstep of the Office of War Information in Kunming.

When the men came to work, they had to step across the body to get inside the office. No one dared to touch it, because then the body would belong to them and they would be responsible for burial. The body lay there four days, and it got to be very unattractive. So the office paid two coolies several thousand Chinese dollars to take it away.

The next day there were two more bodies on the doorstep. And by the end of the week, there were three more, including the original body.

General McClure looks rather grim in my portrait at top. But he isn't. He's jolly—a storyteller and a laugher—and he spent considerable time teaching General Ho to say "Okay." Now General Ho uses it to cover all sorts of situations. After that, General McClure tried to teach General Ho to say "He's on the ball"—but that didn't take. You can show Ho a ball, and explain to him that someone is on it, but he just shakes his head and decides, Orientalwise, not to include English among his accomplishments.

THE END



This crone is a Kunming flower seller. Miss Sawyers bought all her flowers for $6, had to pay $3 more for posing. She feared her ancestors would curse her. She swayed on her bound feet

Passing Showman

Continued from page 21

deep flat, out to his right," recalls Thomas. "Gilmer took the ball and faded back, sorta weaving. Suddenly he jumped up to throw to the halfback. He saw, in the instant of leaping, that the halfback was covered. In mid-air, Gilmer twisted back to his left and threw dead on the head to the left end, who was coming across the middle. I knew in that very second I had seen what I never believed possible."

A Notre Dame quarterback in George Gipp's day and now rounding out a quarter-century of coaching, Thomas is positive that Gilmer is the all-time high as a heaver. He doesn't class him with Dixie Howell as a runner, for he's slower and not as elusive, but Harry has averaged better than eight yards per try and against Kentucky made touchdown runs of 95 and 60 yards.

"The boy has only one fault," Thomas revealed. "He doesn't call his own signal enough. When we get down on the ten-yard line, he's almost a cinch to give the ball to some other back two or three times before he calls himself. He's supersensitive to some imagined criticism of hogging the spotlight."

Gilmer's chest is as flat as an ironing board, but ropy with muscle. He has wide shoulders and meaty hips. Set on a pair of adequate legs and modest feet, the body appears to weigh nearer 180 than 160. His fingers are longer than most people's, and the right or throwing hand actually appears a mite bigger than the left.

"Harry can knock the wind out of you with those fireballs right into your chest," says Rebel Steiner, Alabama end, "but his long throws are soft and feathery. Most of the time it's just like picking grapes."

To 'Bama receivers, the most phenomenal item about Gilmer is the way he spots them. With three or four scampering in, out, through and around a posse of defenders, Harry always seems to peg to the most open and eligible teammate.

It's a combination of extraordinary vision and trigger reaction. He surveys the entire field at one last quick glance and tabs his man. No potential pass catcher ever stands free and uncovered, yelling for Gilmer to throw to him.

This season and last, Alabama has boasted no exceptional pass receivers, but in 1944 Harry completed 40 out of 72 tosses for a total gain of over 500 yards and this year has averaged three connections in every five flips. The pay-off fact is that Gilmer rang the bell with eleven touchdown throws in four battles—Duke, Louisiana State, Tennessee and Georgia.

Cpl. Chas Cartwright
TRIXIE

"I still say this is asinine, just to give her a rubber bone"

COLLIER'S CPL. CHARLES CARTWRIGHT

In every game Harry confuses the defense by the simple expedient of making a couple of complete fakes—bringing the ball forward exactly as if to pass, only to keep it. The motion is done at full speed; there's nothing shy about it.

When Harry makes these fakes, often the majority of opposing linemen who normally would be charging after him reverse and take off to their rear, presumably hoping to provide escort for a defending back who might intercept.

The tantalizing thing, though, is his leaping act, which Harry says enables him to see over the heads of charging linemen and get a bead on his receivers. Usually he's two to three feet off the ground when the ball leaves his hand.

"You think you have him cornered, you let go with an all-out tackle to crush his bones, and what happens?" says Charley Wildman, a Tennessee end. "You come up with a mouthful of shoelaces and turf."

So befuddling is Gilmer's jump, tying the defense in a knot with onrushing tacklers not knowing when to commit themselves, that many opposing coaches consider it unsound to rush him. But when their linemen lag back, that's when he breaks forward on first down gains. In any role, he's a threat.

Gilmer has been remarkably lucky about injuries. He has averaged 50 minutes of play in all important games of the past two seasons.

"That leap he takes prevents most tacklers from getting a solid whack at him," observes Shaky Kain, one of Dixie's top referees. "After passing the ball, he has a knack of falling soft, of giving and rolling. The contact isn't sharp."

On defense, however, Gilmer is a smashing, all-over-the-field tackler who likes to mix it up in head-on meetings.

A Poor Customer for the Trainer

Quite annoying to Trainer Smokey Harper, of Alabama, is Harry's evasion of the repair ward. He has been there exactly once in two years, then for a bruised leg.

"Wonderful competitor, that boy, but he's no friend particularly," says Harper with what goes for a twinkle in his homely face. "I never see him, except out of the window. And I really would like to know him."

Gilmer has to eat carefully and sometimes stick to a special diet. When called for induction in the spring of 1944, he was classified 4-F because of stomach ulcers.

Harry has developed an unusual psychological attitude toward a game. Before the team goes to the stadium, he may be found whittling on wood while other Alabama players go gently mad inside. He doesn't interfere with the others, but he doesn't like to worry as they do.

Just before taking the field, Gilmer seems to tighten a bit, talks some and moves a little quicker. Once on the field, he's alert, nervous and reacts quickly. Then after the first few minutes of play, the first contact, he's relaxed, and after getting the opposition flak-happy with his passes, he almost slouches around like a professional. And that's what he intends to be, when he's through school in 1948.

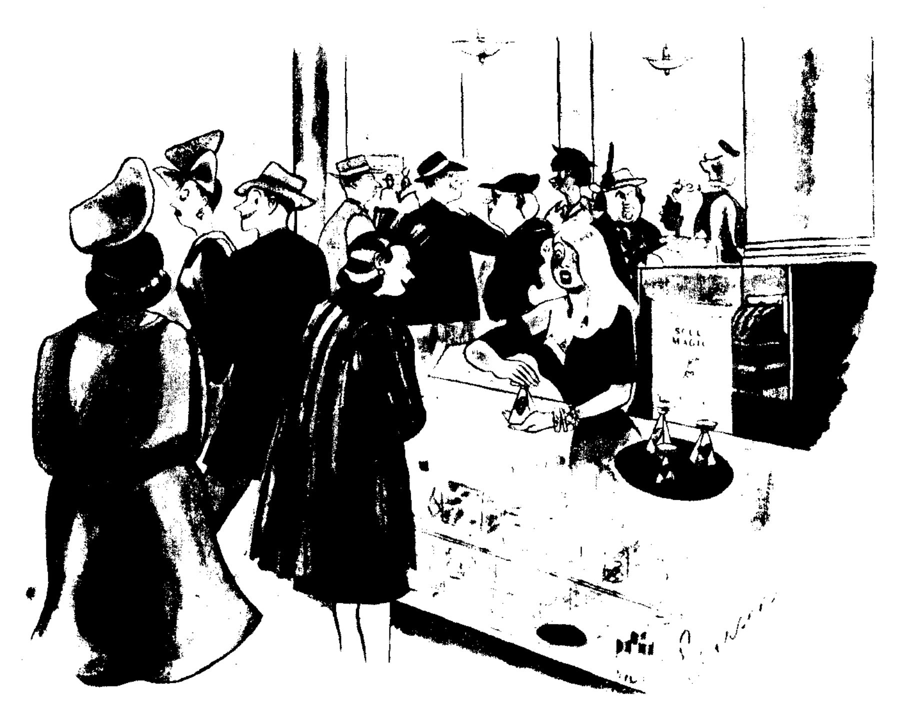
Unlike the ordinary player, Harry doesn't "give" when play is over. He's restless, seldom getting to bed until after midnight. The butterflies in his stomach put in their appearance after a game, but by the next day they're gone and he's back in the groove.

Last year young Gilmer was a new species of burr in the practice trousers of the coaching staff. It seemed that he was in love with a Birmingham girl who attracted him back to the home town as if it were just across the street from the Tuscaloosa football barracks.

Finally, last February, Gilmer married the girl, Miss Katherine Reem, and has lived contentedly ever since. Gone are the days of moping, trekking to Birmingham, and class-cutting.

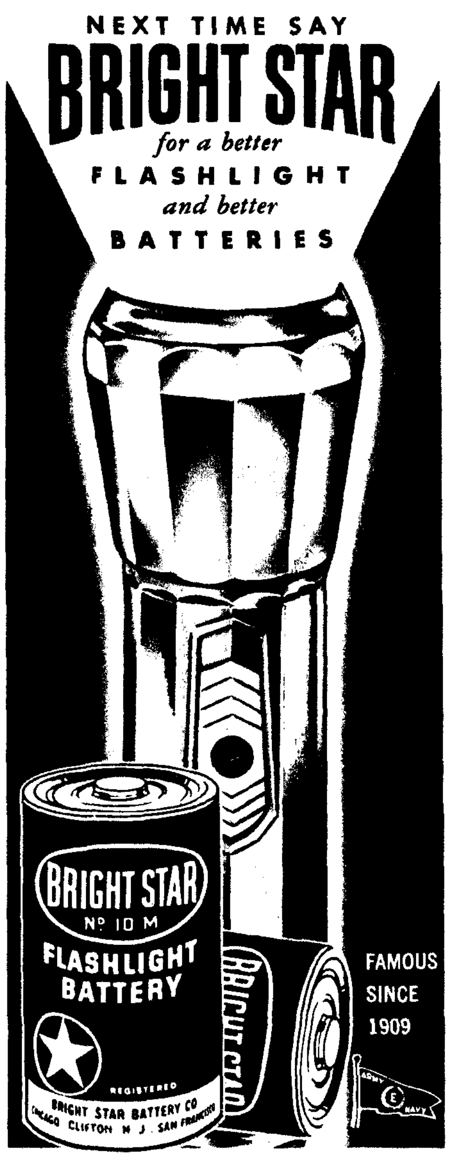
His happiness is reflected in Coach Thomas, who now believes in marriage for halfbacks—if they can pass like Gilmer.

THE END



"You've got to take my word it's terrific, lady. I'm not going to open it again"

COLLIER'S CHARLES PEARSON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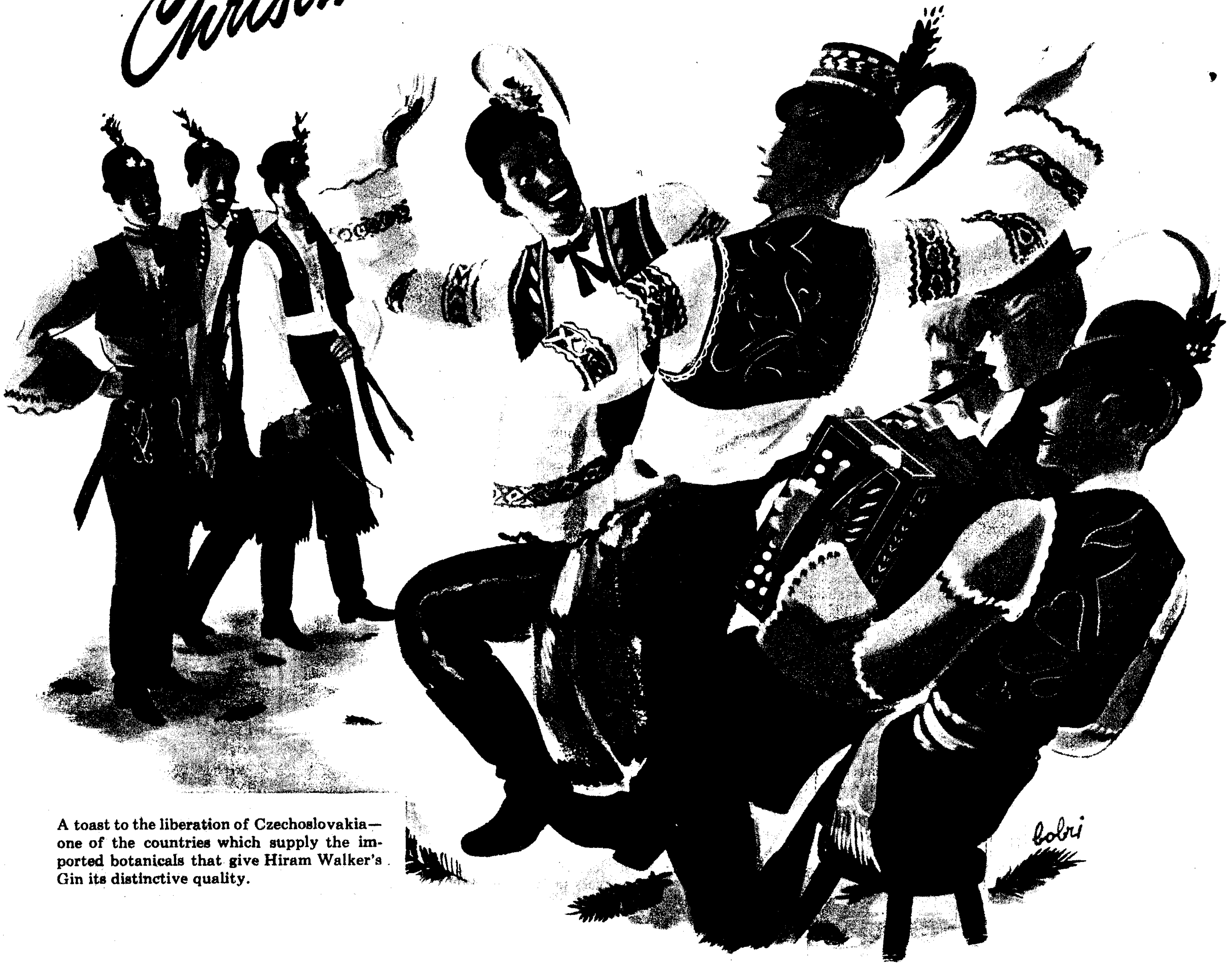
"Merry Christmas" ...even in Czechoslovakia



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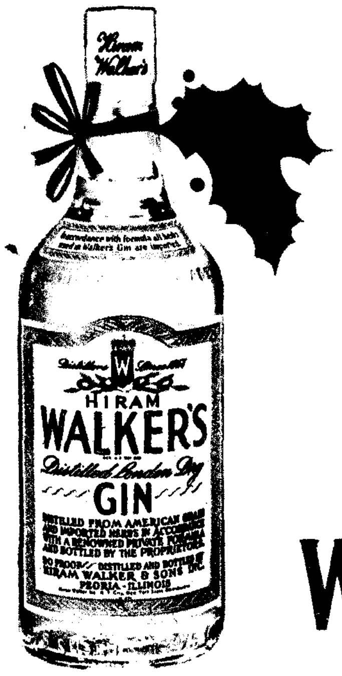

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The Sea Shell

Continued from page 45

wanted to cry to him that it did mean something to her—maybe more than anything else. Blue and shining water, it meant, as far as she could see. . . . The wind, cool in her hair. The motion of a boat sailing smooth ahead. . . . And nothing to stop her. . . .

"There's no harm in it," she said softly. "He told me he was going to send one—sometime. He told me that way back then."

Bill said shortly, "Way back then was different. You were cutting up like a kid—like a crazy kid. I guess that's what he took you for. But it's different now, a sight different."

His meaning was clear and she hated him for making it so.

"If he could see you now," Bill said quietly, "he'd know he's got no business thinking about you."

She wanted to get up and walk over to him and hit him with all her strength. She did get up; but she stood by the chair, her eyes black with the intensity of her feeling, her cheeks drained white by it.

"I know what I look like now," she said in a soft bitter voice. "I was a fool to get like this—to let it happen. But when it's all over—" she took two steps toward him, her arms straight down and rigid, her hands clenched—"I'll be like I was before. A crazy kid!" Her voice rose then. "And I'll be free—and nothing to stop me!" She stepped up to him and her mouth twisted as she cried to him. "You hear? Nothing to stop me!"

Bill felt the cold anger coming over him but he held it back. He spoke to her heavily, "Nobody'll try to stop you," he said. "You're just a no-good rebel—not worth his weight in oats—who wouldn't take a bit even if it fit." He turned and left the kitchen.

He took care not to slam the door but Sooner heard him. He began to bark and jump around the way he did when he thought they were going hunting. Bill said, "Heel, Sooner. Heel."

Lulie heard the quiet command. She began to laugh. Then she choked, catching her breath, and the laughter turned to sobbing. She snatched up the sea shell and sank into the chair by the table. She held the shell cupped in her two hands and she bent low over it, her eyes closed, laughing and sobbing.

WHEN Bill had checked the temperature in the three barns, and told Edna and Hadgepatch they could quit for the day, he went to the ordering pit beneath the pack barn. The pack barn was nearly empty of tobacco now; what wasn't in the pit was curing in the other barns.

Bill went down the ladder into the dark cellar. The pit was bricked up on four sides but there was solid earth underfoot—damp, cool earth from which the tobacco would draw the moisture that would make it possible to handle and grade it. "Getting in order," they called the absorption of the moisture; it was brought directly here when it had cooled enough to be moved.

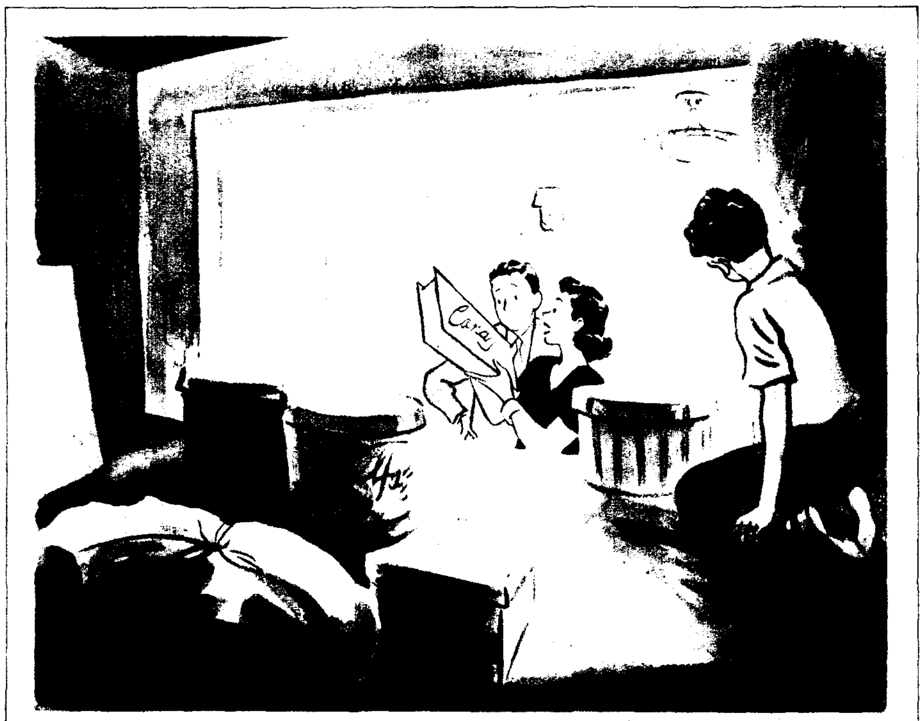
Bill felt a leaf. He didn't need to see it to know if it was in order. A good part of the crop was ready for grading now, but they would wait until the market opened and the price got right. He picked another leaf from a later curing. It was still crisp, ready to crumble between his fingers. Ordinarily he would have tossed it back where it belonged but now he stood there by the ladder and deliberately crushed the dry leaf in his hand. He dropped the pieces to the ground and leaned back against the ladder.

The sweet pungent smell of tobacco filled the pit. He drew a deep breath of it. He had a right to be proud of this crop; he ought to be happy. Yet he couldn't remember when he had been so miserable. Even when Pa had died. Death was clean-cut and you went on afterward, accepting a parting you couldn't have helped. But this misery, this parting between him and Lulie, it was different. He didn't understand what had just happened to them and he was afraid for both of them; this noon they had been happy together and he had thought there was a good chance they would make a go of their marriage. Then, suddenly, they had pushed apart and let anger and harsh words fill the space between them. And it had all happened because of the sea shell.

Bill could see the sea shell again. He hated it—the cool and curving look of the thing, the way it turned from white to a secret pink, deep inside. It was a thing foreign to the inland fields and woods that were his; it didn't belong to brown furrowed earth, but to smooth white sand; it belonged to waves restless in a salt wind, not to swaying pine tops, singing in a dry summer breeze. Such a thing as the sea shell, if it had life, could never live here; it didn't belong here.

BILL stood away from the ladder, brought upright by a new and sharp understanding of the sea shell; it didn't belong here and it had not been sent to stay here. It had been sent as a token, as a symbol, a sign leading the way from the fields and woods to the bright and shining sea. It had been sent to lead the way for Lulie. . . . And she would follow where it led, follow its promise of wide free waters and a dancing love—the love of a black-haired, dark-skinned fisherman.

Bill stood there in the dark pit and saw Shaw Latham clear again, saw the lean strong body, graceful and quick. He saw Lulie, too, light as a hummingbird—moving up to that body, with it, away from it and back again. He remembered, painfully, the joy they had found in their dancing; he knew now why she had been stubborn and angry afterward. She hadn't wanted to leave Shaw Latham. She had hated coming home to the bed that had bred her bondage and that she knew would hold her pain.



"We'll hide it up on the closet shelf. He'll never think to look for it up there"

COLLIER'S KIRK STILES

He understood it all now; he was no longer afraid or angry. He felt sorry for both of them and for the baby that would grow up in a home with no mother, but most of all he felt sorry for Lulie. She was stubborn and wild—just a crazy kid—but she didn't mean to do wrong. She couldn't help it; and he couldn't help her. He'd given her everything he had, done all he could—and it wasn't enough. She wanted to be free. And like the little squirrel he'd told her about, she would fight him and try to hurt him, until he set her free again.

Bill climbed the ladder and closed the trap door behind him. He walked across the clearing and down to the lower field where the last of the tobacco was ripening. On the far side of the field he could see a figure stooping and straightening, moving slowly between the rows. Through the dusk, he could tell it was Hadgepatch. Bill smiled, watching him. The old man was picking off the horn worms in the cool of the evening, dropping them one by one in the can of kerosene he carried. He remembered Hadgepatch shaking his grizzled head, saying, "You spray 'em on top and they climbs underneath. You spray 'em underneath and they climbs on top. You spray 'em all over and 'fo God I don't know where they goes! Ain't nothin' gets them tobacco worms but hand-pickin' and a good soakin' in kerosene."

Bill skirted the field slowly. On some of the plants the small top leaves were still green; on others the pink blooms reared high on naked stems. He stopped when he reached the corner of the field nearest the house. He didn't look that way, though. He knew Lulie wouldn't be sitting under the chinaberry tree, watching for him.

It was deep dusk now. Hadgepatch was moving out of the field and Bill watched him go. When Hadgepatch reached home his cabin door would be standing open. Edna would have pulled the old one-armed rocker out onto the sand in the front yard. She'd be sitting there, rocking, waiting for him, watching the children play. The children would be waiting, too, squeezing sand still warm from the day's sun up through their bare toes; when they saw their papa they'd come running and yelling. And he would smile at them, smelling the fatback and turnip greens keeping warm for him over the cook fire.

Bill turned toward his own home, walking slowly. He dreaded going back in the house. Lulie would keep her head down, her mouth set, and her eyes would be dark, the way they got when she was angry. When she was angry she wasn't pretty any more; lately, she'd been beautiful and a sweetness had come from her—a strong sweetness, as strong as the smell of fresh-cut clover with the damp of evening on it. He felt a sudden tenderness for her, remembering her like that. She had shown him a part of herself that was deep and true and fine; even if it was no longer there for him he was glad to know of it.

Feeling as he did now, it was easy to be good to her. He found her standing by the stove, stirring something in the iron pot.

"What's cookin'?" he asked, smiling, keeping his eyes clear.

She looked up quickly. She was surprised at his tone. She had thought he would be stony-cold and hard, the way he was when he left.

"Brunswick stew," she answered him slowly.

"Smells mighty good," he said. He walked over to the old wardrobe. "Want a glass of blackberry cordial, Lulie?"

"I reckon so." She looked puzzled, going back to her stirring, but her mouth was no longer set in a tight line.

Bill poured out the glass of wine and then he reached for the whisky bottle. "Think I'll have something a little stronger," he smiled.

Lulie left the pot and came over to the table. She picked up the glass of wine and looked at it. It was a rich dark purple color except where it caught the light and then it turned garnet red.

Bill watched her turn the glass in her hand. "Sit down, honey," he said softly. "You're tired."

Lulie raised her eyes; they were dark because of weariness, not anger.

"I am tired." She lowered herself into the chair carefully.

Bill took his drink neat and sat down near her. "How come you're fixing Brunswick stew, for just the two of us?"

"Edna wanted to make some. She brought me half a hen, and I figured stew would keep—and you'd have something to eat on if I couldn't be cooking."

Bill was looking at her fixedly. "Lulie, you think it'll be soon?"

Lulie flushed and drank more of her wine. "I don't know. I reckon."

Bill hitched his chair closer. His hand rested lightly on Lulie's knee. He raised his head and looked deep into her eyes. "You're not scared, honey?" he asked softly.

She felt his tenderness drawn about her like a soft warm blanket and it made her at once strong and weak. Quick tears rose to her eyes and her mouth trembled but her eyes, in his, were clear and steady. "No, Bill. I'm not scared."

He saw her again, then, as she had been before the sea shell came—strong and sweet and true.

"Don't be scared, Lulie," Bill said deeply. "You're going to be fine." He pressed her hand hard. "And don't worry about—afterwards. It's all going to be just like you want it. So don't worry."

His kindness let her weakness win out and she covered her face with her hands. She cried quietly, without moving, and he wouldn't have known she was crying if the tears hadn't seeped through her fingers and run down her hands.

He leaned over and put his arm about her shoulders. He held her tight against him, bending down to her.

"Don't cry, Lulie," he murmured. "It's all going to be just the way you want it."

"Bill," she sobbed then, pushing her face against his shoulder, "Bill—I want to do right. And be good. Honest, I do. But there's something in me, fighting all the time. I don't know what it is but it makes me want to do wrong; it makes me want the wrong things. And I can't help it!"

"I know, honey," Bill said, his voice soothing her. "But you musn't worry about it—because it isn't wrong. It isn't wrong to want what you want, Lulie. Fun, and dancing, and laughing, and going all sorts of places. You're young, honey; you don't want to give it all up and settle down. I know it. I don't blame you, Lulie."

Lulie's voice was steadier now: "But I ought to give it up. I ought to give it up and do right."

Bill took her hands in his and held them tight. "Doing right is worse than doing wrong if it doesn't make anybody happy."

Lulie lifted her eyes and they were big, understanding his words. When she spoke, it was quietly, simply, as if everything was settled and the fight was over.

"I wanted to make you happy, Bill," she said. "I tried. I tried so hard I almost forgot about everything else. I almost forgot all the things I hated giving up to come here. I almost forgot I wanted to go back to them."

BILL sat down again, but he stayed near her. "I know," he said. "For a while I thought you had forgotten. I thought you were happier forgetting. But when the sea shell came I knew I was wrong. The sea shell brought it all back . . . and the wanting was strong on you again."

Lulie's eyes were sad, gazing at him. She said in a low voice, "You don't need me. You've got your land, your home place. You're steady and good—not like me. You'll be glad when I'm gone, Bill. And you'll have someone to keep you company."

He wouldn't let her see the pain her words did him; he reached for her hand again and held it tight, smiling at her.

"Don't you worry about me," he said. "I'll be all right."

She gazed at him steadily, searching his eyes and the truth behind his words. It was true, she told herself; he would be all right; he didn't need her.

Lulie dropped her eyes then and her hand

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grew limp in his. He had set her free—but the freedom had come so suddenly, and it was such a big thing, she felt frightened by it and lost in it. She said, "If I died, everything would be easier. There wouldn't be any gossip. . . . And you'd have the boy." She spoke almost like a child, lightly, of grave matters, not knowing their gravity.

"Hush up," Bill said brusquely, but smiling at her. "Don't talk foolishness."

Lulie finished her wine. "I'll put supper on the table," she said.

She rose heavily and went to the china press for the dishes. She started back toward the table, one plate in each hand. Suddenly, she stopped, just short of the table. She leaned over and the plate fell from her right hand. Her hand came up to her body in a quick gesture. Bill swung around on the crash but Lulie had already straightened up.

"What happened, honey?"

Lulie's eyes were wide and dark.

"Bill," she said, "Bill—"

There was the sound of someone running across the back yard, plunging up the back steps. The porch door slammed. And there was Hadgepatch, his eyes wild, his arms sawing the air, his mouth open in terror and frantic speech.

"Lord God, Mister Bill! Lord God, come quick! The near barn's burnin'. The other ones is catchin'. And no way to stop 'em!"

Bill didn't wait to hear him finish; he had passed him and was running down the path when Hadgepatch stumbled after him down the steps.

Lulie got as far as the porch door. She could feel the words beating inside of her, trying to get out. "Bill! Bill!" she wanted to cry to him. "Don't leave me now for anything! I'm scared!" But the words stayed in; she kept them there, as she watched him running through the lot, taking the short cut to the barns.

SHE could see the red glow of the fire against the dark cliff the pines made. She could see the smoke billowing high, thick, and pink with the light of the fire.

She was afraid of fire, always, but now the fear of it was nothing beside the fear of that pain she'd had when she dropped the dish. Nothing beside the fear of what that pain meant—more and more pain to come.

She was trembling, standing there with her two hands pressed tight against the doorjambs. She moved slowly back to the kitchen and sat down in a chair by the table. But she had no sooner sat down than she rose again, quickly, bending over, her face going white as the pain took hold of her.

Finally, she let her breath out in slow relief. She sat down again. She gazed at the one empty plate she had laid on the table; unseeing, her eyes traced the flower pattern carefully. She was thinking that if she went down to the barns Bill would be angry with her, because he would be worried about her. "Hold on," he'd said, "until my crop is safe and sound, so my worrying won't be divided."

Lulie moistened her lips. But she wouldn't get in the way. She'd tell him that. She wouldn't try to help. She didn't want to help. What she wanted was not to be left alone, here in the house, with the pain coming on her time after time. It took hours and hours to have your first baby, folks said. But if the pain was like that, hour after hour, she knew she couldn't stand it, not without screaming. Screaming was shameful. Mom had said. Only white trash screamed, she said, but decent folk—never.

Lulie bit her lips. It was coming again. She knew it had to get worse before it let go. She stood up and gripped the table edge. She leaned over and closed her eyes. Her breath was caught tight in her throat.

After a long moment her breath came out in a deep sigh and she sat down again. There were little beads of perspiration on her forehead and upper lip. It wasn't supposed to be as bad as that right off, she was sure. It couldn't be right for it to be that bad. She grew pale then, thinking, Suppose it came quickly, the way it happened sometimes, and she was alone—all alone?

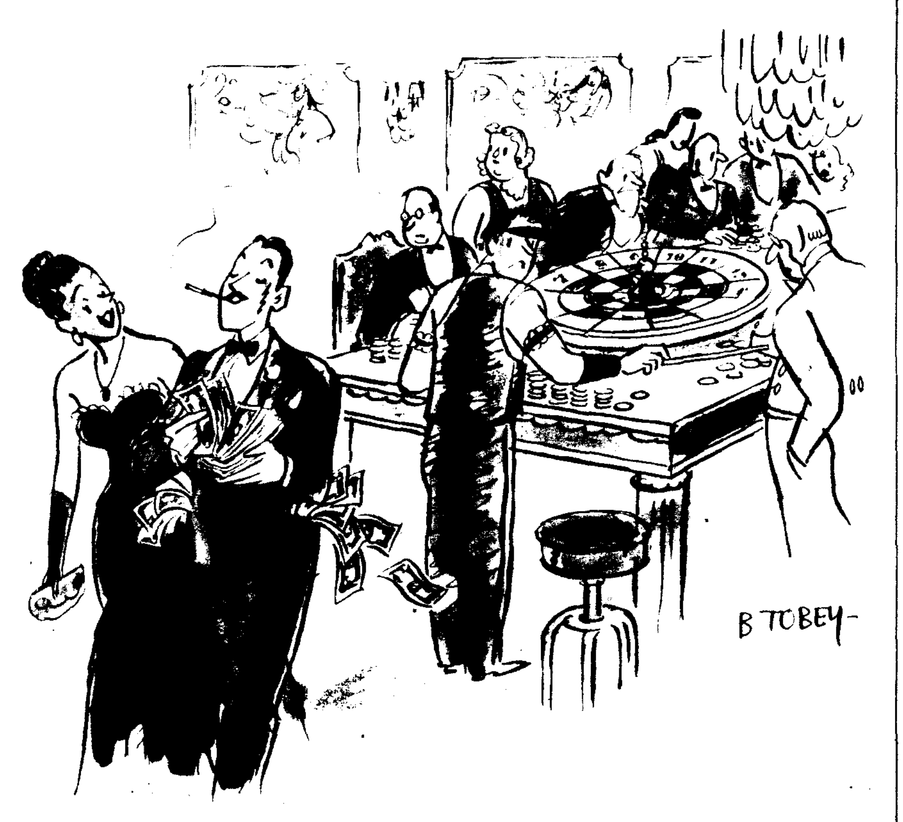
She began to shiver. She mustn't stay here alone. She must go down to the barns and tell Bill what was happening to her. He would go for Doc Meade then, even if the barns were burning. He wouldn't let her go on being hurt and frightened.

She went to the wardrobe for the flashlight. She took the path through the lot as Bill had done, because it was quicker. As she drew nearer she could see the barns burning; the flames were high and wild, whipped by the night's breeze. The first barn looked like one great bonfire. The roof of the one below it was burning fast, and she could see little flames licking at the side logs of the last barn.

There was a strong acrid smell of tobacco burning up. She walked faster, and felt the heat coming to meet her. She saw figures running around and she heard the explosive sizzle of a bucket of water thrown on the flames.

Then she saw Bill. He was standing high on a ladder by the last barn, throwing buckets of water at the flames that leaped from the next barn and tried to take hold on the roof of this one. His shirt was torn and his face was blackened and he worked with a speed that was panic controlled and put to use.

Lulie started to call out to him when the pain rose in her again. Her voice was held in her throat with her breath; she leaned over when the vise tightened on her; when it was released her breath came out on a sharp gasp; her knees wanted to buckle but she held them rigid by sheer determination. She walked forward slowly; she no longer had the strength to call out loudly.



COLLIER'S "Oh, Mr. Dalton, you play divinely" BARNEY TOBEY

WHEN she was closer to the barns she could tell from the activity that they had given up hope for the first two barns and were doing all they could to save the third one. Hadgepatch was beating at the side logs with a bunch of wet rags that he dipped in a bucket of water. The older children were scooping up sand and throwing it on the foundation logs wherever a spark took hold. It was Edna who reached the buckets of water to Bill from a washtub on the ground.

Lulie was close to Hadgepatch now, but he didn't see her. No one saw her; the light of the fire was bright in their faces and she was on the outskirts of it, in the dark. She could hear Hadgepatch, talking to himself while he worked. She paused. He wasn't talking to himself; he was praying. With each swipe he made at the burning logs he cried softly, "Lord God, help us! Lord, the devil's let loose the fires of hell on us. Lord Jesus, don't let this barn burn—it's all we got left!"

He kneeled to dip the bunch of rags in the bucket. But in the midst of the work he stopped suddenly and lifted his head. He was looking at Bill, she could tell, watching him lean in close to the fire as he tried to douse it. Then she saw Hadgepatch drop the rags in the bucket and clasp his hands. He looked heavenward, and when he spoke, it was softly, and she could hear the tremble of tears in his voice:

"Please, Lord Jesus, have mercy on Mister Bill, over there burning hisself up to save his tobaccy. He's a good boss man, Lord, and he's worked hard on his first crop. But he needs your help now, Lord. We all does. We can save this barn, Lord, if you'll help us. Amen."

HADGEPATCH got to his feet slowly and picked up the dripping rags. He went to work again, beating at the side logs with grim determination.

For the first time, the fire was real to her; for the first time she realized the great disaster that it was—the heartbreak it must mean to all who had worked to make this crop the finest yet. The terrible loss to them all was clear now, through the old man's prayer, and the desperate hope, too, that the one remaining barn might be saved.

But what could the Lord do to help? The sky was clear. Clouds could not form and rain fall in the next few minutes. And even if the breeze died down suddenly it would be too late, because the inferno of the second barn was what the last barn must be saved from.

Lulie still stood where she had paused to listen to Hadgepatch. She was still in darkness and no one had seen her. She walked forward slowly now, getting closer to Bill, but keeping in the rim of darkness.

Bill was working fast and recklessly now; it seemed that if the barn must burn he was determined to burn with it. Several times Lulie saw him wince and draw back from a close-licking flame; several times he clapped his hand to his head where the fire singed it. His face was black but his lips were drawn back as if in dreadful anger and she could see the white gleam of his teeth in the bright light. He was like a madman—with a terrible strength and no sense of fear.

The fear that should have been his became Lulie's. She was suddenly aware of a deep, blind terror of the fire that was reaching for him, the pain that was in the fire, burning him. An uncontrollable impulse to yell to him, to warn him, to beg him to leave the fire, rose up in her. The words were on her lips when the pain struck her again, and much harder this time. The pain wrung the cry from her but it was unintelligible, lost in the great sucking gasp of her breath as she bent to take the pain. Her hands knotted and against her will, her eyes closed. But she was not afraid of her pain now; she was angered by it, because it held her silent, because it made her blind, so that she could not see if, in that instant, the fire had claimed him at last.

When she was able to straighten up and open her eyes she saw that the flames on the roof of the third barn had been subdued some; she saw that the side of the barn where Hadgepatch worked was black but no longer burning. She saw that everyone was working harder than ever, encouraged by the great hope of saving the barn; and she knew then that if they went on working like that they would save the barn. If everyone of them bent every effort they would succeed and Hadgepatch's prayer would be answered.

Lulie stepped farther back into the shadows and, although she was weak to the point of being dizzy, there was a little smile around her mouth. The Lord had helped them and in a strange way—through her. He had sent the pain to keep her quiet when she would have called; He had made her weak when strength would have sent her to Bill and begged him to stop working; He had turned her fear for herself into fear for Bill, so that she no longer needed the help that would take him away from his fight with the fire. And He had shown her, through Bill, what courage was, had shown her how pain could be borne in a good cause.

Lulie walked back toward the house without using the flashlight; if he saw that pinpoint of light Bill would know she was there. He would stop working and come running. He would leave the barn to burn.

She picked her way carefully along the dark path. She stopped twice, on the way, and stood still, bending over, holding her breath, waiting until she could go on. Her eyes met the darkness without fear, when she opened them and found her way again.

WHEN Lulie reached the house she was tired but she didn't want to sit down. Once in the kitchen she began to walk up and down slowly, circling the table, passing in front of the hearth and then around again, by the stove. She thought of the stew, cooling there over dying embers, and she went for a chunk of wood and thrust it into the stove. She stirred the stew and set it to simmer again. Bill might want something later on. . . .

She knew she ought to lie down now, for the pains were frequent and hard. She knew that what she had at first feared was happening—the baby was coming quickly, and while she was alone. But she wasn't afraid any more.

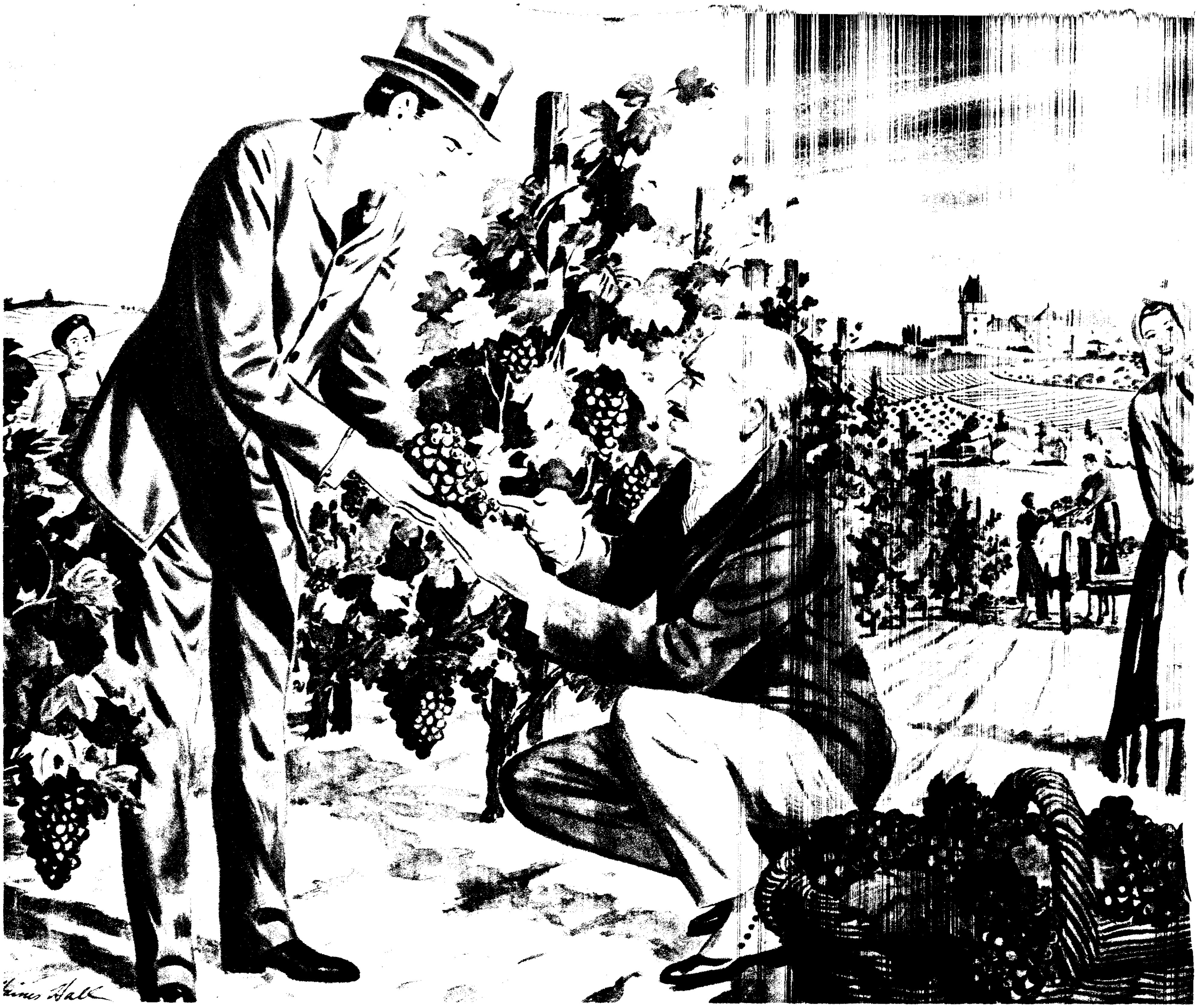
She stopped by the hearth on her next turn of the room and leaned over, holding hard to the back of a chair. When the pain passed she rested there, easy for the moment, staring into the empty hearth, remembering back to another time when she had seen it cold and dark like that. She remembered the spell that had come over her, her feeling of helplessness, her strange and unmoving acceptance of something she didn't understand at all, except that it was bigger and stronger than she was, and she was weak before it, knowing that it was inevitable and right for her.

Lulie lifted her head then, and her gaze left the hearth. She was remembering something else now, something that had happened much later. Bill's angry eyes, his voice hard, saying, "You're a no-good rebel. You wouldn't take a bit even if it fit!"

Tears sprang to Lulie's eyes and her mouth trembled. He had hurt her, saying that. She knew now why it had hurt so; it was because he was wrong about her. She had taken the bit; she'd taken it the first time she sat here by this hearth and let the spell have her. She'd taken it for good, in there, in that room with the wedding-ring quilt and the lowered shades.

Lulie's eyes grew big and dark and she sank slowly into the chair she stood by. She had taken the bit, not even knowing it, and not knowing it, she had acted as if it wasn't there. Dancing with Shaw Latham, listening to his talk—and to the sea shell he sent. The bit had never hurt her until she fought against it, not knowing it was there. There, where it belonged.

Lulie's head came high and there was a



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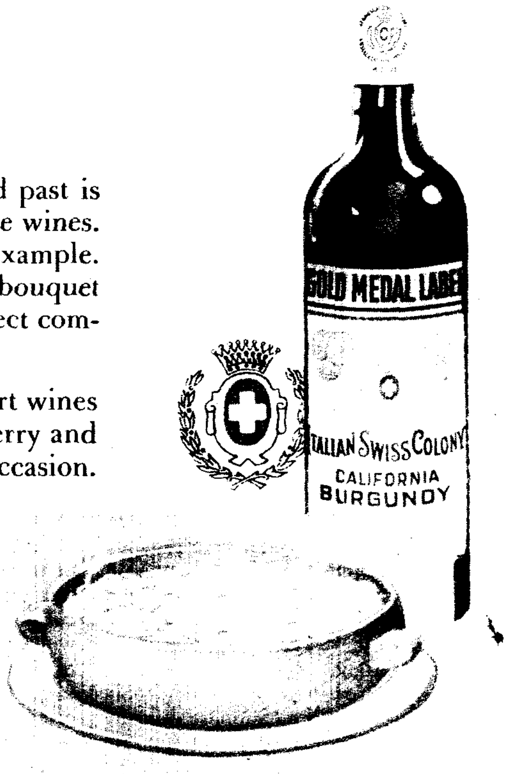

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Next Week

MIGNON G. EBERHART'S LATEST MYSTERY ROMANCE

MURDER HAUNTS THE SHIP

The ship was an American hospital ship. It saved the girl, her lover and their companions from the imminence of slow death in the lifeboat. But death followed them aboard the rescue vessel, and terror stalked their days relentlessly

deep glow in her eyes. Knowing how things stood made you sure and strong, and it was good to know what was right for you, good to know that you had done right without ever thinking it out that way. There was so much about God, the way Pa had talked of Him, that was frightening. But there were some words she'd never heard him speak and because of that they were sweet and true for her, full of wisdom and faith: "*The Lord is my shepherd. . . . He leadeth me into green pastures. . . .*" Lulie drew a deep breath and raised her head high. She was quite sure now that it was the hand of the Lord that she had felt laid on her head when she sat here that first time, the hand of the Lord bidding her stay and take the life that was right for her. Bidding her take life and give it back in a full, rich and never-ending cycle.

The pain brought her to her feet on a deep-drawn breath; when it had passed she moved over to the stove and set the stew far back, so that there was no danger of it burning. Then she went into the bedroom and undressed. She didn't want to go to bed, even now, but she knew she had to. She wanted to fight the pain, walk it off—but she couldn't do that any longer. It was stronger than she was; it was right that it should be and she must do right by it.

As she climbed into the feather bed a grim smile drew the corners of her mouth. Heel, Lulie, she told herself. Heel. She didn't hate the word any more. Everybody had a job to do—and do right—and that word was a part of the good training that made doing a good job possible.

She had spread the wedding-ring quilt on the bed and as she pulled it up over her she laid a hand on it, on the design of the rings, one within the other, unbroken and inseparable. She smiled, tracing the pattern with a finger tip. That's the way it was when you gave your life to someone and they gave theirs to you—one within the other and no seeing where they were joined, no way to take them apart. And each one with the strength of the two.

WHEN the terrible pain came again she closed her eyes and in the darkness she could see the bright roaring flames of the burning barns. She could see Bill's blackened face, his lips drawn with pain. Remembering how close he was to the fire she grew frightened again, desperately frightened, and it seemed to her that her pain was his and she must save him from it. She rolled her head from side to side and the sweat poured down her face; she forgot where she was. She saw only the flames, leaping higher and higher, reaching out to engulf and burn. . . .

"Bill!" she screamed. "Bill!"

He turned at her cry but it was not his face she saw—it was her father's! And it was her father's voice she heard, stern and exultant, above the hissing flames, "Leave him be—let him burn—for he is agonizing finely!"

Then she knew that Bill would burn to death in the agony of searing flames. "Bill!" she screamed again. "Bill!"

Crossing the back yard, Edna heard that frightful cry. She ran the rest of the way, bursting into the room where Lulie lay, blind with pain, tearing at the bedclothes.

Edna didn't stop to say one word; she turned and ran back as fast as she could, down the path, through the lot and to the barns. Bill was sitting upright on a bucket by the third barn—the one they had saved. He had sent Edna to see if Lulie was all right and when he saw her returning now, at a run, he leaped up.

"What's the matter?" he yelled, running to meet her.

"It's Miss Lulie! She's havin' her baby, Mister Bill—and havin' it too fast!"

Bill yelled, "Hadgepatch! Take my car and get Doc Meade. Quick! Tell him for God's sake to hurry up!"

Hadgepatch fled without a word and Bill took after him, running the distance to the house. When he went up the back steps he forced himself to a slower pace; he went into the bedroom quietly.

Lulie was lying still and for one awful, tearing moment he thought she was dead. Then he heard her sigh, like an exhausted child, and he approached the bed softly. Her eyes were closed. Her face was white and damp with sweat and her dark hair lay in a tangled wet mass about her face.

"Lulie," Bill breathed, bending over her. "Lulie, baby, I've sent for Doc Meade. You'll be all right now."

Lulie opened her eyes; they were dazed, but as she looked at him they grew slowly clear. They grew dark with deep joy and gratitude.

"You're all right!" she cried softly. "You're not burned!"

"Of course not," he said quickly.

THE pain came back then; she looked bewildered. The pain had been his and she had suffered for him. Now she realized that the pain was hers, hers alone, and that it was she who was in torment.

"Bill!" she cried, "help me! Help me!" Her eyes closed and her head twisted from side to side.

"Oh, God," Bill groaned and his arms went around her tight and he held her head tight against his shoulder. "Lulie. . . . Lulie, darling. I'm here. I'll help you! Lulie! Lulie!"

The pain subsided and Lulie opened her eyes. Gradually they cleared of the glaze of pain and she saw him again; she saw his face torn by an agony as great as her own—greater, she realized now, for no pain hurt as much as the sight of another's whom you dearly loved. Bill was suffering more right here than if the fire had really reached him. Now, as then, she wanted more than anything to save him from that suffering.

"It's all right, Bill," she said, making her voice steady. "I'll be all right now—because you're here."

She saw that he was crying. She reached up to hide his tears with her hand. "No," she murmured. "No, Bill. Don't."

But he couldn't stop. He lowered his head and the tears streamed down his face. When the pain came again Lulie moved with it, trying to hide it, keeping it out of her eyes, away from the strained smile on her lips.

"Bill. . . ." She forced the words out, breathing hard, "I'm all right now. See? Don't be scared, Bill."

"Lulie. . . ." Bill's words were muffled for he had shoved his face in close against her neck. "Lulie. . . ."

In the midst of this pain, torn and ridden by it, she saw clearly how much he loved her. The depth of her suffering was not nearly so great as the depth of his love and his suffering for her; his need of her, measured by that love, was greater than any need of hers, except, perhaps, her need of that love and the strength and courage it gave her.

There was the sound of a car driving up outside.

"Bill," Lulie said quickly, trying to smile at him. "Wipe your face." Then she picked up a corner of the quilt and wiped it herself. "Get up," she said, giving him a little shove. "Do you want Doc Meade to see you acting like a crybaby?"

Bill got up as Doc Meade strode into the room. He came over, glanced quickly at Lulie, and then laid a hand on Bill's shoulder.

"All right, son," he said. "You go along now." He saw Lulie nod at Bill, saw her effort to send him out with a smile. "Lulie's going to be all right, Bill. She's made of good stuff; she'll do the job right."

Bill walked from the room blindly, every muscle and nerve in his body straining, pulling him back toward Lulie, crying out against leaving her. But he knew he had to go.

He found Edna busy in the kitchen, heating water and washing up things. He went and stood by the dark hearth, holding his hands clasped tightly behind him, waiting for any sound from the other room.

Presently Doc Meade came in and, without a glance at Bill, spoke to Edna, "All right, Edna. Bring the things—and I'll need you too."

Bill crossed the room quickly. "Doc," he said, "she hasn't made a sound. Is she all right?"

Doc Meade gave him a direct look. "Lulie's not one to yell, Bill. She knows it would scare the daylights out of you. She figures you're scared enough already."

Bill was pale, his lips drawn tight. "I'm scared to death," he said.

Doc Meade smiled at him briefly, hanging his coat over the back of a chair.

"Well, she's not," he said. "She's as good as they come, son. You ought to be proud."

When Doc Meade and Edna left the room Bill went and sat under the chinaberry tree. He hardly noticed when Sooner came to him sleepily and lay down at his feet.

THE night was cool and dark. He stared into the darkness, his hands clasped loosely between his knees. He sat very still, thinking. Doc Meade was right; he ought to be proud of Lulie. He'd never realized, until tonight, how fine and brave she was. He should have been proud of her all along; he should have known that just because she was prettier, gayer and brighter than most women—with a shining, glowing love of living to make her so—she was no less good and strong than other women. A woman didn't have to be plain, and always bent over a job, to prove her worth. . . . But he guessed he'd made Lulie think he didn't know that; maybe he hadn't known it until now.

He straightened up a little and leaned his head back. No wonder Lulie had wanted the wide blue spaces of the open sea—the singing wonder of a sea shell that promised a happy, dancing love. No wonder. Lulie, as light as a hummingbird, drinking hungrily at every sweet flower that offered—she wasn't meant for him. She wasn't meant for the hard work the land demanded, the hard job he'd asked her to do as the wife of a farmer. Lulie had given him her love and it should have been enough, but he had wanted more—much more. He had wanted her whole life, bound to his, following a pattern he set, without regard to the sweet, high spirit that was hers. He'd been a fool; he'd tr that spirit and when he couldn't her a no-good rebel. Well, she'd h to be. Anybody could tell you you a rebel if you tried to break a horse with a curb bit.

When Lulie left he wouldn't hate her, for he understood her now. She wouldn't be deserting this home place for she had never given herself to it. She had stayed true to herself, fighting for what she wanted. And when she took the sea shell and left—her head bent to the song of it that promised a wide, free life—she would be doing right. When she was strong, he would tell her that; he would tell her that he understood at last.

"Mister Bill! Mister Bill!" Edna was calling to him from the back porch.

He was cold with fear until he heard the laughter that followed her words, "Come see your boy, Mister Bill!"

FOR three days Edna stayed at the house, taking care of Lulie and cooking for Bill. The baby was strong and healthy and took his bottle with authority and gusto. Lulie wasn't able to nurse him and Doc Meade said it was because the child had come so quickly and under circumstances that had put a great strain on her. Bill didn't say anything but he thought it was just as well she couldn't nurse the child. It would be easier on both of them when she left.

They hadn't talked about the future since the baby's arrival. Doc Meade had told Bill to keep Lulie quiet and happy. When she asked about the fire he lied to her. He told her only part of the crop in one barn had been lost. He didn't want her to feel sorry for him; with his new knowledge of her strength and spirit he knew she would stay with him, out of pity, until he got on his feet again.

Once or twice Lulie tried to talk to him, to tell him something. But he wouldn't let her. He'd lay his hand, gently, on her lips and smile and say, "Doc's orders, honey. When you're strong we'll talk."

He knew she wanted to tell him about leaving. And he knew it was his strength he was waiting on; the pain of losing her grew deeper every day but somehow he would find the strength to bear it and set her free.

Lulie kept quiet, as she was told, but there was a strange, soft look in her wide eyes as they followed him about the room, or watched the changing expressions of his face. She seemed to be resting happily, and she smiled at him often. He guessed, with freedom so close at hand, she was content to be patient.

On the morning of the fourth day, Edna cooked Bill's breakfast, fixed him a cold lunch, and fed the baby. When Bill had gone down to the barns she straightened up Lulie's bed and then placed the cherrywood cradle near by. Sitting up in the bed Lulie could lean over and look into the little boy's face.

Edna stood at the foot of the bed and smiled at Lulie, who was reaching a tentative finger to the tiny groping fist. "Jes' like Mister Bill, ain't he, Miss Lulie?"

Lulie nodded, leaning back against the pillows. "Edna," she said, her eyes soft on the colored woman, "you've been so good to me—to all of us."

"Honey," Edna said, "that's natural. This here's our home place—same as Mister Bill's—and we all helps each other when the time comes. When Hadgepatch broke his back, cutting honeysuckle out of a tree, Mister Ed nursed him like a baby. Had him put in one of them casties, too; but Hadgepatch wouldn't stay put. Doc Meade told him it 'ud kill him if he got out, but Hadgepatch said he'd as leave be in a pine box as one of them things. He took him a pair of shears and cut it off and hid it in the ice pit."

Lulie's eyes were big. "What happened?"

"He's been fine ever since," Edna said proudly. "I rubbed his back with sassafras and possum oil."

She gave the cradle a gentle push to start it rocking and spread the quilt smooth on th foot of the bed. "I'll be back later on t evenin'. Meantime you rest easy and that chile. It's lovin' that makes folks he and strong."

Lulie was looking at Edna gravely

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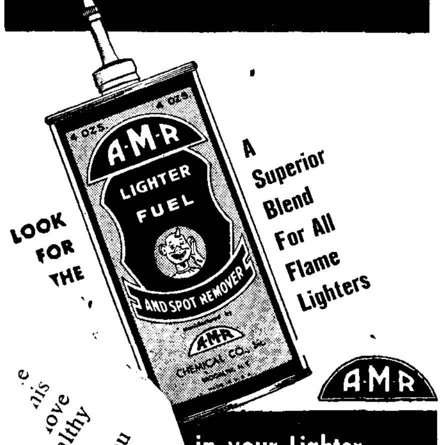

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mean doing the loving—or being loved?"

Edna cocked her head. "Well, it's a good thing either way, Miss Lulie. But when it's all mixed up and no tellin' whether it's comin' or goin'—that's the best of all."

Lulie lay back in the bed when Edna had left and thought about loving. Just thinking about it was a good feeling. She turned her head comfortably against the pillow and the dark curls slipped down on her shoulders. Dreaming about it was good, too. And soon Lulie and the baby were both fast asleep.

When Edna had given the baby his bottle late that afternoon, she glanced out of the west window and said, "Sun's hidin' behind the tall pines now. Mister Bill will be up soon. I put the corn bread in a slow oven and put the peas and ham on the back of the fire. He'll help himself when he's ready to eat."

"No need for you to stay on, Edna," Lulie said, trying to keep the eagerness from her voice. "You've got your own family to look after. We'll be all right."

"I'll be up in the morning," Edna said, leaving the door open behind her.

Lulie waited for the back door to slam; then she flung back the sheet and put her legs over the side of the bed. She thought she might feel dizzy at first and she waited. But she felt fine. She stood up then, keeping her hands on the bed's edge. When she found she didn't need the support she let go and took a step forward. Still no dizzy spell, so she took another and then another. She was surprised and proud of herself; a sense of exhilaration swept over her. She was strong.

She walked over to the wardrobe slowly and took out a clean, flowered dress, one she hadn't worn in months. She dressed slowly, smiling to herself, happy in the surprise she planned.

Standing before the mirror over the dresser, brushing her hair, she felt weak for the first time. She sat down in the rocker by the cradle and finished the job like that. She rested afterward, leaning back, regathering her strength for the next move.

FINALLY, her long hair falling dark and soft down her back, her eyes glowing with excitement, she walked across the hall, through the kitchen and onto the back porch. She went out the back door, taking care not to slam it. Her flowers, on either side of the steps, were in full bloom. She smiled at them. Then she crossed the yard and sank down on the bench under the chinaberry tree.

The sun had fallen very low behind the pine trees but the light of it still showed through in curious shapes, in high, uneven shafts of color. Lulie looked down across the fields. Faintly, the odor of the tobacco blooms drifted up on the breeze. She had never known that tobacco blooms had such a sweet smell. Or that the pink of them, touched now to a richer pink by the sunset, was so beautiful. All at once she felt shy, realizing that they were the same shade of pink as the sea shell where it curved in on itself, deep down. She had thought it a rare color. But here was a field of it, and all of it hers.

Then she saw Bill coming homeward, skirting the field, walking with his head down as a person does when he neither looks for nor expects a greeting. He had nearly reached the tree when Lulie said softly, "Bill!"

His head jerked up and he stood stock still; then he ran to her, dropped down beside her and took both of her hands in his.

"Lulie!" He looked frightened and he pressed her hands hard. "What are you doing out here—out of bed?"

Lulie smiled, letting him squeeze her hands hard. "Waiting for you," she said simply.

"Lulie. . . . Lulie . . ." Bill shook his head, his eyes dark with anxiety. "Lulie, you've got no business—" He felt his voice going rough with his worry and he stopped short. He made his voice gentle, urging her, "Honey, you've got to go back to bed. . . . You'll hurt yourself."

Lulie just shook her head at him and went on smiling in that sure, sweet way. "I'm all right, Bill. Honest. Can't you tell?"

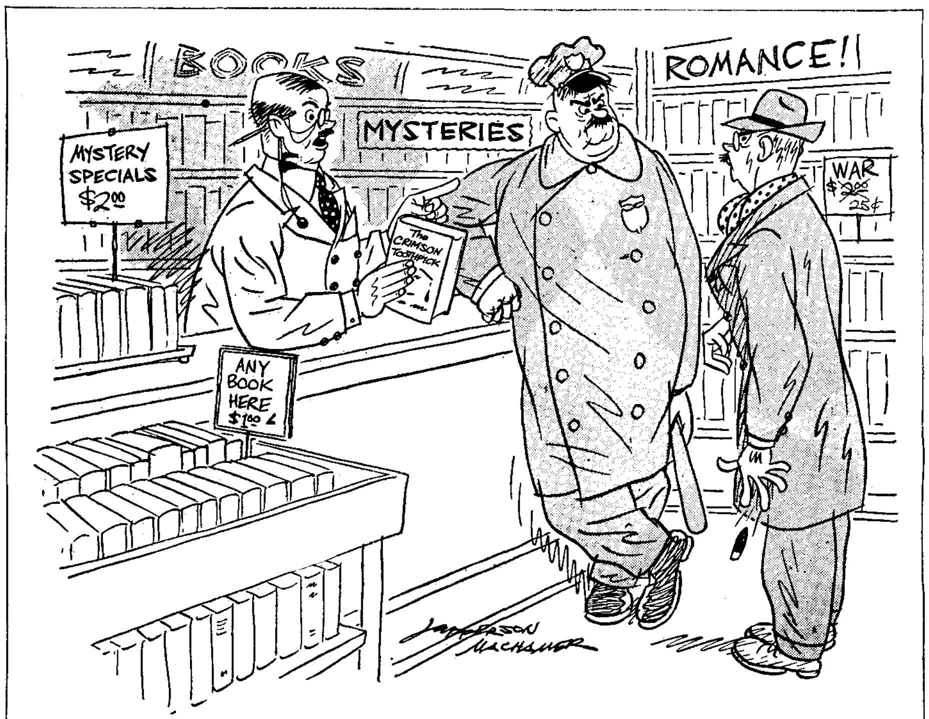
He looked at her fresh face; her cheeks were pink, eyes rested and clear, and he saw that she *was* all right. He understood then; she was strong enough to go—anxious to go—and she was here to tell him so. He released her hands then and sat back farther on the bench, saying evenly, "You don't have to rush things, Lulie. I've been wanting to tell you—tell you that I wouldn't try to keep you when you were strong enough to go."

Lulie was looking at him gravely. "I'm strong enough now," she said. "If I want to go."

His eyes came up quickly; he searched her face and on his own there was a look almost of apprehension. As if he doubted her good sense—or his own.

"Sure you want to go," he said then. "Sure you want to go. This is no place for you. You want a different kind of life, Lulie, a free life, full of fun—new people and new places. Music. . . . And dancing." His voice was deep and his eyes were direct and sure with the meaning of his words. "You know what you want, Lulie—and you've got the courage to take it."

Lulie looked at him for a long moment, seeing clearly his purpose and his suffering through it, seeing his determination to sacrifice his happiness for the sake of hers. She felt tears behind her eyes but she blinked them down and reached her hand to his. She spoke gently:



"He goes with each copy. The reader turns out to be the murderer!"

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER

"Sure I know what I want." She turned her head and looked down across the field of pink blooms to the sunlit wall of pines.

Bill looked that way too, his gaze drawn by hers. When she turned back to him he looked at her, waiting, knowing that what she said now would be true and final for them. Well, he was ready; he had the strength now.

"I want you, Bill," Lulie said, her lips trembling, her eyes deep and tender. "And your home place." She couldn't bear that look of incredulous, uncertain joy on his face. She dropped her eyes and leaned close, so that her head rested against his shoulder. "And I know it," she added softly.

SHE had reached for his hand again and she felt his fingers gripping hers tightly now, as if by holding onto her he could keep a hold on himself. "Lulie," he said, and his voice was rough again but he couldn't stop it this time. "Lulie, you're saying this because you feel sorry for me, because you won't let me down now, knowing I've had some bad luck. But, Lulie," and he made his voice urgent, "the tobacco I lost doesn't amount to anything—honest—and—"

Lulie interrupted him then and she was laughing at him, too. "I know just what it amounts to," she said. "Both barns and half your crop. It amounts to borrowing on next year—and not painting the house."

Bill swung around then and faced her. "How did you know?"

"Because I was down there when it happened. I came to ask you to go for Doc Meade. But when I saw you fighting the fire I knew that I mustn't call you—that you had to save the tobacco and I had to take care of myself."

Bill was looking at her steadily. "When you dropped that plate," he said slowly, "you knew it had started. . . . When I left I saw that you were frightened but I thought it was the fire you were afraid of."

Lulie's eyes were wide, remembering. Her voice was low: "When I saw you so close to the fire I was afraid of it—terribly afraid. . . . I guess that was when it came to me that what had been true for us in the beginning was still true—underneath."

BILL put his hands on her shoulders and looked into her soft eyes. "I would never have left you alone—not for all the burning barns in the world."

Lulie smiled up at him. "I know. That's why I didn't call you. I knew you had to save what you could so we'd have something left to go on next year."

Bill's hands tightened on her shoulders and he gazed at her in wonder and surging happiness. She had said "we" in the way that he had longed to hear her say it, as if they belonged together and always would. As if they shared this fight for a good life.

"Lulie. . . ." He had to ask her if she was sure—but before he could speak she did, lifting her arm to point toward the horizon.

"Look, Bill. Look how the sun's turned the whole field pink, as far as you can see."

As they watched, a flock of doves crossed their line of vision, swift in their flight toward the pond that lay behind the big pines. Lulie stood up to watch. Gray doves against a pink sky, she thought dreamily. It reminded her of something. She couldn't remember what; anyway, it didn't matter.

Bill had risen with her and put his arm around her waist, making her lean on him for support. She felt the strength of his hand, there at her waist, and she smiled up at him.

"Wasn't that a pretty sight?" she asked, looking back to the last of the flock, dropping down behind the trees.

With the setting of the sun the evening breeze had come up; it lifted the dark curls on Lulie's neck. She felt it cool there and she leaned her head against Bill's arm. She remembered the west windows that were open in her room, and thought of the draft that would cool the cradle, perhaps too quickly. . . .

"There's a breeze come up," she said. "We better go in."

As they walked, close together, toward the house, Lulie felt Bill's lips come down to her hair. She sighed and smiled, watching their feet make steps side by side. She was very happy.

THE END

the Veek's Work

Nancy Shores with her husband, Alex Du Val

IFOR THOMAS

YOU regularly read the fiction of Nancy Shores (she wrote Light the Candles, p. 11), you'll discover that she al- s puts a cat, a dog, or a recipe in every she writes.

started doing it for luck," she says. "the Alfred Hitchcock always puts himself every picture he directs. I've had luck. guess I'll keep on doing it. I like cats dogs and cooking."

ut she wouldn't be writing stories at all. or without cats and dogs, if she had had plete control of her destiny. She would, ead, be building bridges in Peru.

iss Shores, who was born in Stiles Junc- Wisconsin, three miles from where the s whistle as they go by, discovered along ut the fifth grade that she had a talent for hematics, so, with childish logic, she de d to apply that talent to mammoth en ering projects, preferably in romantic eign lands. She wanted to go to the iversity of Wisconsin but her mother n't approve of coed schools. Instead she olled in engineering at Marquette Uni ity—the only girl in her class. She aug ted her engineering knowledge at the versity of Chicago, collected a couple of rees, and sat around waiting for a Peru n commission. But this and all other ernments apparently had a deep-seated udice against women bridgebuilders.

When she got tired of waiting, she found self a job at Marshall Field's writing ad- rtising, and took to the business so well pretty soon she was copy chief of a cago advertising agency.

Marriage and the birth of a son inter- pted her careering, and then there were ne trips to Paris and some living in New rk and around and about. She accom hed three or four short stories during these rs, and some soap opera radio scripts.

When her Army hus- nd was ordered to anila in 1939, she ayed wifely bridge ery afternoon for as ng as she could stand and then found her- lf a real project: the tting up of a new ra- o station—Station ZRH, in Manila. She ranged broadcasts in ur languages: Spanish, nglish, Chinese and agalog, which is what ey speak most in the hilippines.

She could already eak Spanish, and she on picked up a fair nowledge of two Chi- ese dialects and Taga- g.

She stayed with her station until her boss told her she must leave.

Back in this country, with her husband and her 18-year-old son off to the wars, one in the Pacific, one in Europe, she figured she might as well work again. "A literary agent told me that if I'd put my somewhat fluttering attention to it, I probably could write fiction."

She took the agent's advice one year ago last month, with spectacular success. She has sold more than a dozen stories, many of them to Collier's.

"It was my luck that all the good writers were in the Army," she says.

Her next Collier's story, due to appear soon, has an Army-New Guinea setting. She wrote it in collaboration with her husband, Alex Du Val, who has just returned from the Philippines.

DR. LOUIS I. DUBLIN, co-author with J. D. Ratcliff of the article, Let's Wipe Out Tuberculosis, p. 17, probably has influenced your life to a far greater degree than you would suspect.

Perhaps you have noticed his name in news stories, where he was quoted as an authority on statistics of one kind or another; possibly, if you are interested in public health, you have read some of his books.

But his influence reaches further than his fame. His work, as chief statistician of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, as consultant to city, state and federal governments, as lecturer, teacher and writer, is an element in many of the nationwide health plans which public and private agencies make for all of us.

Dr. Dublin, now second vice-president of Metropolitan, organized that company's statistical bureau in 1911, and has headed it ever since. That bureau is now the only organization which gives a month-to-month picture of the health of the general population of the United States and Canada, and it presents a yearly health survey far ahead of any other source.

Dr. Dublin has originated many improved methods of gathering accurate statistics, and his findings as to birth rates, population trends, and health trends are considered authoritative. He has taken active leadership in the campaign for better public health, with particular emphasis on the control of tuberculosis. . . . A. P.

Dr. Louis I. Dublin

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Any Week

Continued from page 4

in the throes of a common cold. Two years ago Mr. Tom Smiley of Karnes City, Texas, attorney and former county judge, threw away his shoes. Up to that moment Mr. Smiley had been a chronic sufferer from colds, bronchitis, tonsillitis and sinus infection. Hasn't coughed, sneezed, sniffled, hacked, choked or hawked since. "When I wore shoes," reports Mr. Smiley, "I wheezed, strangled and whooped all night. Couldn't get a wink of sleep. Now I sleep like a babe. Shoes never did me any good. I don't ever intend to wear them again."

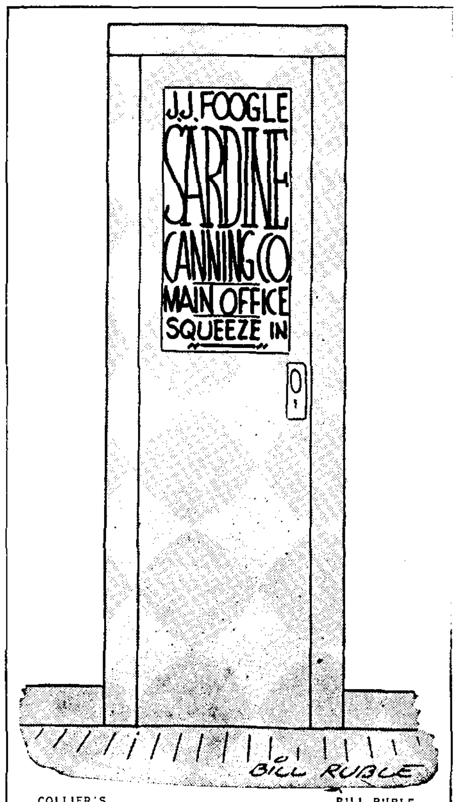
WE AGREE with Mr. Harry Shalldrip of Tacoma, Washington, that it is high time the Army stopped worrying about what is to be done with drafted dogs (K-9s) who refuse to quit snarling and don't seem to understand that the war is over. Mr. Shalldrip says that the confused brutes are only emulating their masters as usual. "Of course," agrees Mr. Shalldrip, "you just can't go around shooting rabid statesmen and snarling politicians but all the same it doesn't seem fair."

WE'RE reliably informed by a friend of ours that a group of children were "playing hospital." Anyway, the nurse told the doctor that his patient was very low indeed and that it would be nice if he sent her some nose drops right away. "Okay," said the doctor. "What color?"

ONE of Washington's most voracious wolves, a State Department official, left his office in a determined hurry saying that he wouldn't be back. "Another crisis?" asked his secretary. "We-e-e-ell," he began. But she interrupted: "Russian or French? The Brazilian one's been trying to get you on the phone all morning."

MR. JOHN N. ALLETTE of St. Louis, Missouri, doesn't know what was going on or what was going to go on. But he says that he passed a large hall on which there was a large sign with this announcement: "Swell show Saturday night. Ladies free—OPA ceiling."

HERE'S one addressed to "The Author of The French Fight to Live by Quentin Reynolds." Mr. Reynolds says that he will try to locate the guy. Who knows? It might be this one who signs himself A Constant Reader and begins: "I am now searching for writing to do for your magazine. Please send me your particulars. Sometimes I get very discouraged." . . . W. D.



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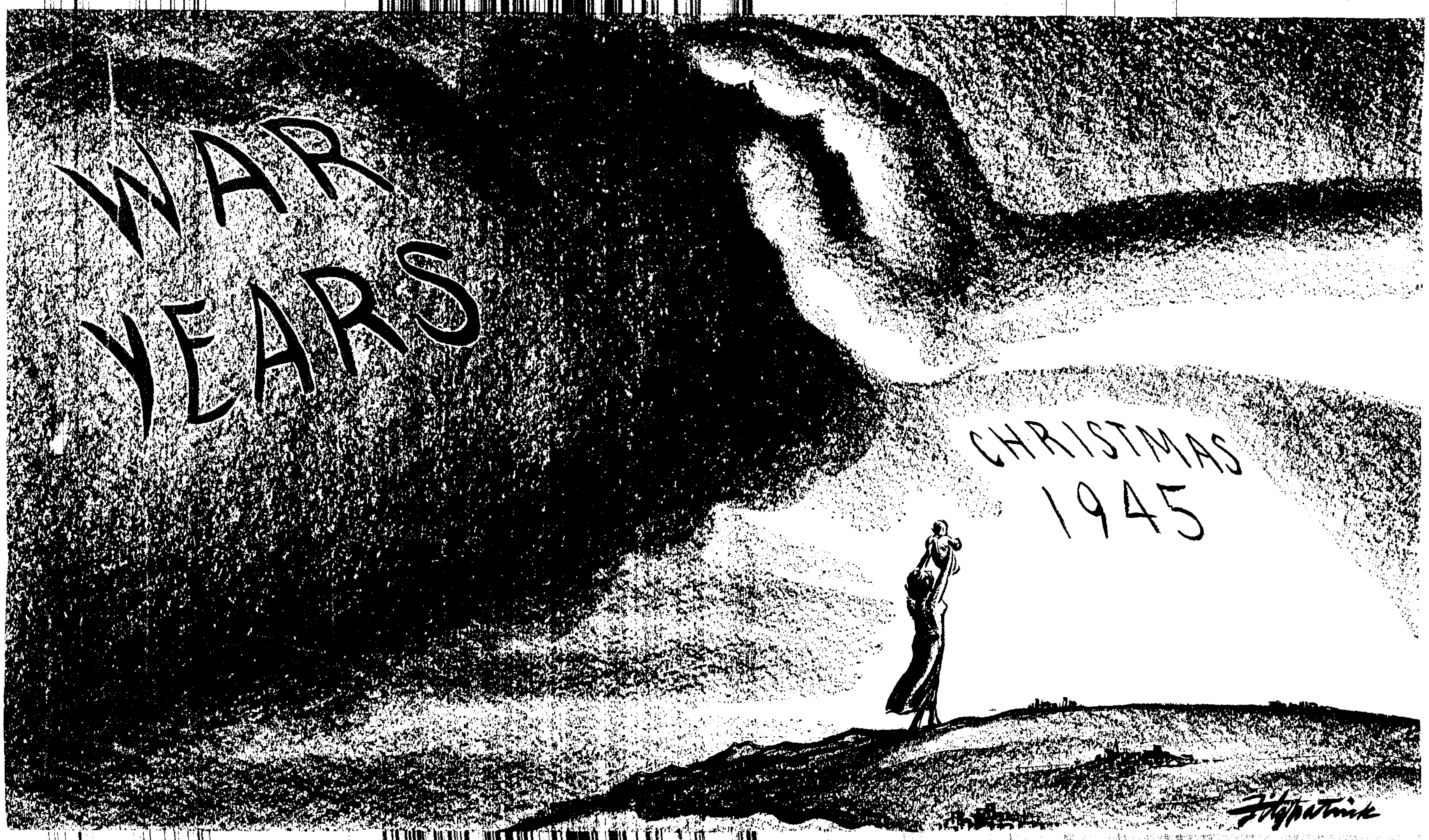

Happier Christmas—for Americans

FOR all the current troubles in the United States—strikes, strike threats, reconversion halts and jerks, partial inflation and the persistent threat of worse inflation, worries about what to do with the atomic bomb secrets, etc.—Americans seem slated for a happier Christmas this year than in any year since 1938.

We should treat this good fortune with the respect and gratitude which it deserves. It's smart always to treat any piece of luck that way; but this year there is the additional and tragic fact that most of the rest of the world cannot expect a very happy Christmas.

Our own, however, should be a glorious contrast to the six Christmases last past. At all Christmastimes in the years 1939-44 inclusive, as ill luck would have it, things were in such shape as to shadow the holiday season for Americans with dread and foreboding.

In December, 1939, the European war had been going on for more than three months. It was in its "phony" phase then, with all of us suffering the nerve strain of waiting for Hitler to drop the other shoe, which he didn't do till the following May 10th with his invasion of the Low Countries after his grab of Denmark and Norway. Russia, however, had attacked Finland at the end of November, 1939, and waves of helpless rage were sweeping over the United States.

In December of 1940, France had long gone down, and England was writhing under the Big Blitz. Though Hitler's hopes of invading England had been dashed the preceding September 15th, when the RAF got its record bag of 185 of Goering's planes over London and southern England, there was still a great deal of apprehension that Hitler might yet invade the British Isles via England or Ireland and make the invasion stick. If he had done so, it is anybody's guess what the status of the war would be at this Christmastime, 1945; or what, more interestingly, the status of the United States of America.

December 7, 1941, was the Sunday whereon the Japs arrived at Pearl Harbor with some 105 carrier-based bombers and dealt us the worst single defeat we have ever yet suffered by land, sea or air. Christmas, 1941, was the blackest Christmas in the memories of most Americans now living.

We didn't know but that the Japs might invade Hawaii any day or night—and if they had, they almost certainly could have taken it. Our West Coast, with its airplane factories strung out in dangerously exposed locations, was filling up with comparatively raw troops for its defense, but the antiaircraft and coast guns were arriving a good deal less rapidly than the troops.

Half of our battleship strength—though this fact was bruited about only via wild rumors and speculations at the time and for long after—was crippled at Pearl Harbor. MacArthur's Philippine forces were obviously doomed; and no one could then foresee Lieutenant General Jonathan M. Wainwright's triumphant return more than three years later from a series of Jap prison camp hellholes. Our British allies had lost their great battleship Prince of Wales and their big battle cruiser Repulse to Japanese air power.

In December, 1942, we had recently invaded North Africa. But the first gamble to grab Tunis had failed, and the campaign was settling down into a long and bloody struggle. Our first small offensive in the Solomons, down in the Southwest Pacific, was not going too promisingly.

In December of 1943, the bloody Salerno landing in Italy was behind our men, as was the Sicilian campaign. But Anzio was ahead of them, and the rest of the long, heartbreaking push up the Italian boot. To make matters a little more nerve-racking that Christmas, a lot of chair-borne strategists on the home front were berating Eisenhower for being, as they saw it, too deliberate about trying to crash into northwest Europe.

We don't suppose any of us have yet forgotten the apparent shape of things in western Europe at Christmastime last year, 1944.

A long series of Allied victories had followed D-Day, June 6, 1944. But on December 16th, Von Rundstedt had opened his Ardennes counteroffensive. He was being contained and bent back by Christmas Day, General Omar N. Bradley telling correspondents that the Germans "cain't" widen their break-through over the resistance of the 1st, 30th and 4th Divisions at Monschau and Echternach.

The public at home didn't know all that, though. The holiday air was smoggy with horrific rumors of a catastrophic Allied reversal in western Europe, of whole divisions diced up or captured, of a deadly threat to our big supply base at Liége, and of a great increase in probable length of the German part of World War II. As for the Japanese war, some were talking of its running into 1949. Christmas, 1944, in most Americans' memories, is the next blackest to Christmas, 1941.

All that is past now. Germany is flat on its back. So is Japan. The casualty reports have stopped appearing in every Friday's morning papers, with their messages of grief and gloom. The guns are silent on Okinawa, in the Ruhr, on the great battleships that at the last were bombarding installations on the coasts of Honshu itself.

About 260,000 of our finest young men will never be coming home alive. Many others have been maimed for life. But we are still a free and independent nation. For the time being, at any rate, we are the most powerful and least war-scarred nation in the world. Though we had potent allies in our latest war, our own efforts were such that we can take a deep, lasting and justified pride in them.

We should not—and most of us will not—forget the manifold miseries which afflict Europe and Asia as one result of the war. Starvation and disease and fear are abroad in Europe, even though the guns are quiet. In Asia and the Indies, armies face each other on bloody battle lines. We should do what we can, without bankrupting ourselves, to help the rest of the world toward a happy Christmas, 1946, and give humble thanks for our own blessings.

Bearing all those considerations in mind, let's treat ourselves to the happiest possible Christmas under the circumstances. Let's also renew our V-E Day and V-J Day resolves to charge ahead and lick all our peacetime problems with the same dauntless courage, energy and ingenuity that we were able to call to our aid in the winning of our part of World War II. To paraphrase British Prime Minister Clement R. Attlee, we didn't fight to victory in two major wars at the same time only to be defeated by economics.